

for 1925

Yearbook of American Poetry

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B. J. BRIMMER COMPANY

1925

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TO the American poets, and to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from which I have selected the poems included in the *Anthology*, I wish to express my thanks for the courteous permissions given to make use of copyright material in the preparation of this volume.

I wish, also, to thank the *Boston Transcript Company*, for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of the *Evening Transcript*.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology*:

Boni & Liveright: "Field Magic," from *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, by Dorothy Dow.

B. J. Brimmer Company: "Cape Cod Memory" and "Trees Write Their Thoughts," from *Windy Skies*, by A. Pearle Carter. "Tenants," "And One Is Two?" "Makin' Rhymes," "Wimin's Work," "Poor River Drivers" and "Brandy Pond," from *Backroads Maine Narratives—and Lyrics*.

The Christopher Publishing House: "Victoria" and "A Hat Trimmed by a Mad Woman," from *Archways*, by Ruth Mason Rice.

Edmund Vance Cooke: "Ruth" and "David," from *The Book of Extenuations*.

George H. Doran Company: "The Mountain Whip-poorwill," from *Tiger Joy*, by Stephen Vincent Benét.

Dorrance & Company: "At Dusk," from *New York, and Other Poems*, by Mary Dixon Thayer.

Doubleday, Page & Company: "You Who Love Beauty" and "Warriors of the Dream," from *Ladders Through the Blue*, by Hermann Hagedorn.

Harcourt, Brace & Company: "The Spinners," "San Michele Di Pagana" and "Alcestis," from *The Long Gallery*, by Anne Goodwin Winslow.

Harpers & Brothers: "Heritage" and "Threnody For a Brown Girl," from *Color*, by Countée Cullen; "Northern Earth Mood" and "Whim Alley," from *Earth Mood*, by Hervey Allen.

Henry Holt & Company: "Feud," "Requiem For a Croesus" and "Words," from *Slow Smoke*, by Lew Sarett.

Alfred A. Knopf: "Of Mountains," "Ballad of a Lost House," "Bavarian Roadside" and "To a Song of Sappho, Discovered in Egypt," from *Fiddler's Farewell*, by Leonora Speyer.

Erskide MacDonald: "Blue Heron," "The Song of Joseph" and "Fragments," from *The Eternal Quest, and other Poems*, by Mary Brent Whiteside.

Elkin Mathews; "The Halt in the Garden" and "Black Magic," from *The Halt in the Garden*, by Robert Hillyer.

The Mosher Press: "Chorus-Girl," "In the Antwerp Gallery" and "Silver Sleeves," from *Ropes and Threads*, by Mary Atwater Taylor.

The Poetry Society of Texas: "The Mountain," from *White Fire*, by Grace Noll Crowell.

G. P. Putnam's Sons: "Blasting," "White Birches of New England" and "The Torquoise Bowl," from *Golden Pheasant*, by Kathryn White Ryan.

Simon & Shuster: "Epilogue" and "Prayer After Youth," from *You Who Have Dreamed*, by Maxwell Anderson.

Viking Press: "Mo-Ti," from a volume by Lola Ridge to be published early in 1926.

Harold Vinal: "Body," from *Poems*, by Mabel Simpson; "Time Mends" and "Seth," from *Nor Youth Nor Age*, by Harold Vinal.

Yale University Press: "Symbols," from *Along the Wind*, by Chard Powers Smith.

INTRODUCTION

THIS is the thirteenth annual volume of the "Anthology." The work grew out of the annual summary of the year in American Poetry which I began to print in the "Boston Evening Transcript" in 1905. Going back to that year one has a generation under scrutiny, and will note as a matter of course, many changes in the growth and character of the art in these United States. It has been, however, much less in the temper than in the manner, which the changes of those years have brought about. The temper, is it true, was unpredictable, but the manner has been surprisingly more impressive. When I made the first signal in the "Boston Transcript" in 1905, on the capacity of America for poetic utterance, the pronouncement was less intended to stir a potential poetic power into expression, than it was to force a recognition from the public that the power was there, hidden behind the general indifference to the poets and their efforts.

During the years leading up to 1905, it was obvious to the discerning that the shadow of the great period just receding was blanketing the new inspiration. It took the young intellectuals of the second decade of the twentieth century to rescue John Donne from the shades of the mighty Elizabethans. Will Richard Hovey fare as well with Time, that placed his singing cradle in the sunset of the New England group? The "New England group," in the spirit of culture as well as pride, was accepted as the fairy godmother, blessing the cradle and bestowing gifts, of the infant poets of the eighteen-nineties; Whitman and Poe, to the same mind, which was the prevailing mind of the country, were the bad fairies,—with the curses, of revolt against the traditions of form and conduct, and the repudiation of the moral conscience as an essential quality of the imagination. And the consequence was, that the real poets in their formative experiences either went to European sources for their inspirations, or reacted boldly to Whitman's ideas—since his social idealism *did* have a kind of conscience—in a traditional and not over-inspired manner of technique. Edwin Arlington Robinson certainly found in the acid realism and gloomy structure of Crabbe's tales a sympathetic imaginative interest; William Vaughan Moody found in Shelley's elusive flames of an ideal society an igniting influence for his own reserved philosophic glow; and Richard Hovey, with a Gallic lucidity of logic, broke some perfect crystals from Whitman's globular democracy, helping more effectively than any other poet to start the new American tradition.

The newer America however, which was painfully evolving from the expansion of the Spanish war, was still, at the beginning of the century, but a vague blur

on the poetic horizon; and even poets like Moody and Hovey, while playing the roles of spiritual rebels, could only see the vast turmoil of America in terms of a national glory. Mr. Edwin Markham alone, at the close of the last century, in a piece of inspired rhetoric, saw that the significance of American art was to be in disengaging the details from the flat national landscape of the American people. The passing of that so long dominant illusion of achieving "The Great American Novel," so prevalent in all minds up to the beginning of, and lapping over into, the twentieth century, was a sign that literature in this country would advance in power and perfection, as the artists became conscious of the variety and richness of intimate detail in the American life and scene. Not only in poetry, but in fiction as well, has this truth been proving itself in the course of the last decade. As the novelists have been absorbing their local backgrounds, we have been gaining a distinct variety of individual types, created out of the experiences which only could exist in the environment and atmosphere in which the characters have lived.

So with the poets. They are growing more sectionally imaginative. And this in spite of the fact, that often the surface symbols are gathered in from alien sources for their associative and glamorous values. Study carefully the impulses and emotions, the psychology of their apperceptions, of the poets who live in the East, and it will be discovered that the quality of their moods and the pliability of their temper are colored and sharpened by Eastern life. It is a great mistake to suppose any longer that this influence extends Westward. The critical antagonism between the American poets today and their British fellow craftsmen is a difference, in respect and appreciation, for the Victorians. The Victorians from Tennyson and Browning to Arnold and Clough are no longer sacrosanct to the modern American poet any more than are the New England group from Longfellow and Lowell to Whittier and Aldrich. Just as the Victorian epoch is erased for the poets of Eastern America today, and is thereby a sign of complete artistic independence, so the poets of the Middle West, the Pacific Coast, and the South, are in complete independence of the standards and influences of the poetic lordship of Eastern America.

The Mid-Western poets have an entirely different primary emotion, a different focus for the vision. Farther West, and up into the Northwest corner of the country, the temper changes again. The Pacific Coast presents still another imaginative solution for mountain, climate and Western Sea, through which to win an outlet for image and harmony. And swing Eastward through the Southern States, stopping at such literary centres as Dallas, Texas, New Orleans, Nashville, and Charleston, and observe a process of local development in poetry which

is fundamentally different from other sections of the country. In materials, experiences, character and temper, America is as various as her forty-eight States; and her arts will grow greater as each detail of this variety is made a whole in itself, and not the fragment of a whole which can never be represented as a unit.

What I hoped for twenty years ago, when the first of the annual articles in the "Boston Transcript" was printed, and with some confusion prophesied, has come about in temper if not in manner. A bit of survey as to the materials it has been necessary to deal with from then on, will tend to indicate the voluminous accumulation of poetic interests and performances. In the original summary, six magazines supplied the materials for a poetic survey of the year, and among them was not a single one devoted entirely to the interests of poets and poetry. While "Poet Lore," then ably edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen Clarke, existed, its main devotion was to the drama, with considerable attention given to translations from foreign dramatists. For the current year I examined over sixty periodicals, and among the number were twenty-six, published throughout the country, whose sole interest is the printing of poetry in their pages, with reviews of books of poems and articles about poets. In 1905, the total number of poems I read in the six magazines were 265, while for the current year in the sixty magazines, I read over six thousand poems. In 1905, in the course of the year some forty or fifty serious and competent articles and reviews of current books of poems would appear in the periodicals and literary newspapers; the number today reach well over a thousand. The year, a generation ago, that produced thirty or forty new worthwhile volumes of poems made a lively record; today, between three and four hundred new volumes are published, and from them one can select a substantial body of work as a permanent contribution to American literature.

There can be no doubt that the American poetry magazines have been a great harvesting agent for the poets. They have also had a healthy influence upon the general magazines, which are now quite anxious to print without stint of space, the works of poets without a thought of the collateral value of their names on their table of contents. Though "Poetry" of Chicago, edited by Harriet Monroe, was the first in the field it was soon followed by others in ever-increasing numbers; some of which were not long, despite their financial handicaps, a handicap Miss Monroe's magazine originally did not have to contend with in winning an importance that challenged "Poetry's" supremacy. Harold Vinal, who started his "Voices" in Boston, and it now publishing it in New York, has brought the magazine through its uncertain and difficult beginnings, to a leading position, and the promise

of a future prosperous career. This year, for the first time "Poetry" is replaced as the largest contributor of poems to the "Anthology", and the distinction of leadership in this respect is transferred to "Voices." "Contemporary Verse," which has had an influential career under the editorship of Charles Wharton Stork, passes to the editorship of Henry M. Robinson, who is associated with the English Department at Columbia University. Mr. Stork deserves the highest commendation for his able and genial guidance at the helm of "Contemporary Verse" during the last ten years, and in his release of it, he has earned the leisure it will give him for the practice of his own excellent art.

Among the new poetry magazines started within the year, none has impressed us so deeply as "The Mesa," edited by A. H. Dachler, and published at Colorado Springs, Colorado. The high quality of verse in this publication, limited as it is in quantity, makes it of decided importance to all interested in the art. "The Gypsy," another newcomer, published at Cincinnati, and having on its editorial board that delicate lyricist, Miss George Elliston, has beside its excellent original verse by contemporaries, the value of printing rare bits of unpublished verse by poets immortally dead. To "The Fugitive," of Nashville, Tennessee, I want again to offer my congratulations for producing the most distinctive poetry magazine in America. I think it is the best edited of them all; its editors are a group of poets including John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Stanley Johnson, Laura Riding Gottschalk and Allen Tate, every one of whom is a poet of rare significance and achievement. If the group has a metaphysical tendency, beneath and quite close to the surface, the crystallized expression is a strange and fascinating variety of intellectual coloring. They have dared confidently, and with alluring power, to employ forms both teased and forced out of various metrical elements, and are romantically aided by a symbolically vivid selection of uncommon words, achieving a result that has more spirit and verve than is to be found in any other group-expression in the country. "The Lyric West," of Los Angeles, California, has greatly improved under the editorship of Roy Towner Thompson and Grace Atherton Dennen, and is the most influential poetic force on the Pacific Coast. Under the editorship of William Russell Clark, "The Buccaneer," of Dallas, Texas, has taken its place among the best poetry magazines, and is nourishing successfully the poets of the Southwest into national attention. "The Lyric," of Norfolk, Virginia, should be commended for the better quality of its 1925 contents over that of 1924. "The Measure" also lost during the year its devoted founder and sustainer in Louise Townsend Nicholl. Though its editorial activity has been conducted by an editorial board with a quarterly change of personnel,

Miss Nicholl has been the dauntless commander of its fortunes through good days and bad. Mr. Padraic Colum's tribute, in a summer number of the magazine, to her services and sacrifices, was a beautiful honor well-deserved. "Verse, The Quarterly Review of Verse," published in Philadelphia and edited by "Tod" with the assistance of William Berry, is an addition to verse periodicals. Established on a practical and professional basis, its purposes are much broader than any of the other poetry magazines. It is edited not for any "group" or "tendency," but for the general reader. The departments it carries indicates the sound judgment of its efforts to popularize the art.

Among the new poets of the year Milton S. Rose of Colorado Springs, whose work has only appeared in "The Mesa," is, I think, the most impressive. Mr. Rose is a native of Maine, but lived until after his graduation from Harvard in 1921, at Fitchburg, Mass. He is at present a member of the English Department at Colorado College. Those who study the examples of his work I have included in the "Anthology," will find that he possesses a clear visual power, which lifts significant symbols out of common objects and invests them with a suggestive meaning that is of singular quality. As a technician, he gives to his rhythms a precise value in the pattern so that the form is always well-designed and the symbols well-balanced. His art is finished, but impregnated with substance of a fine imaginative content. Another poet, E. Ralph Cheyney, should be noted for the quality of his poem "Dark Encounter."

Two other poets, while not new in quite the immediate sense of Mr. Rose, deserves a note of high approval. Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery, the author of "Scarabaeus," has a sensitively exquisite gift. She has a clarity of tone in the mood that is vibrant with a commingling spirit of rapture and irony. She stands at the threshold of an important career. Mr. Chard Powers Smith is the other poet who commences his career auspiciously. Naturally endowed with the gift for poetry, he is elaborating the symbols of that gift with intellectual speculations which promise to result in some torch-like achievements. His mind probes into the mysteries of human life and experience and as he overcomes some reluctant secret of man's history, his aesthetic experiments stand alertly prepared to clothe it in an arresting expression. A careless and frivolous attitude I think, has been taken toward Mr. Eli Seigel's prize poem in "The Nation," "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana," by most of the critics. Let one consider that the poem was a groping after some thing, that something the most significant aspiration towards a realization of man's universality,—and a profound respect should be awarded the achievement. Extravagant in many respects yes, the poem certainly is; over-

crowded with allusions that hardly blend with a Montana mood, but underneath is a smothered and brooding echoing of an age-weary cry for the spiritual and intellectual unity of man. Whitman's example, perhaps, has done the poem more harm than the eager and turbulent visions which run up and down its course with such startling confusion. One of the rarest of the shorter poems in the "Anthology" is Julia Boynton Green's "The Cantalope." It is a piece of "still life" done in all the richest tones of a master's brush.

In the Middle West Margaret Perkins Briggs has emerged with a group of sonnets "In Autumn Tones" for which she was awarded the Kansas Authors' Club 1925 First Prize. They put her in the foreground of national attention. Mr. Whitelaw Saunders, the second prize winner in the Kansas Authors' Club awards, is another Mid-Westerner to be noted. With the addition of May William Ward, of Kansas, also, the State is maintaining with its newer writers the standards set by much established poets as Nelson Antrim Crawford, Harry Kemp and Willard Wattles. Turning attention Northwest, we note that Portland, Oregon, which only a few short years ago began to point with pride to its single poet of national reputation, the lamented Hazel Hall, can now take pride in the fast-growing reputation of such poets as Ethel Romig Fuller, Ellinor L. Norcross, Ada Hastings Hedges and Howard McKinley Corning. In Oregon, is Verne Bright, and in Washington, Joan Dareth Prosper. One interesting fact discloses itself in recollecting the themes used by the poets during the year, and that is; "Roses," once the symbol of all that is beautiful and perfect to the poet's imagination, has given place to the "Apple," celebrated in more than a dozen first-class poems for the year. Elizabeth Morrow's "The Proudest Fruit" is the best of them, and Lewis M. Knapp's "Apples for Sale" is a good second. Perhaps, this newer symbol of perfection is the turning from old-world ideals of beauty and romance to a distinctively American ideal of perfection and reality.

I have commented on the poets who are among the new-comers. Many of the longer-established poets are represented by pieces that are of their best. Elinor Wylie's "Miranda's Supper," William Rose Benét's "Whale," Robert Hillyer's "The Halt in the Garden," Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Whippoorwill," Olive Tilford Dargan's "The Bugle," Lew Sarett's "Feud," William Alexander Percy's "Cretan Idyl" and "Delphi Humoresque," Witter Bynner's "A Buffalo Dance," Leonora Speyer's "Of Mountains" and "The Ballad of a Lost House," Charles Erskine Scott Wood's "Cradling Wheat," Clement Wood's "Out of Singing Days," John Hall Wheelock's "Reverberation" and "The Dark Memory," Genevieve Taggard's "Three Mornings" and Corinne Roosevelt Robinson's "Refusal." Often reviewers in direct-

ing a convenient arrow at the shortcomings of the "Anthology" have mentioned the omission of this or that well-known poet from its pages, without taking the thought to consider whether the poet in question had printed during the year. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Robert Frost, acknowledged as the leading American poets, have not published verse in the magazines during the year. Edgar Lee Masters had but two or three pieces, none in his best form; the same was true of Sandberg. Edna St. Vincent Millay did not publish with her accustomed frequency. The posthumous pieces of Amy Lowell that have seen the light, in most instances, were positively bad, and would have better served her memory by remaining unprinted. Vachel Lindsay's published record for the year was small, and far below the standard of his best work. The "Anthology" for the most part represents the new figures, men and women who are giving the art a fresh vigor by their beginnings.

The year has been distinctively rich in the volumes of poems published, and the richness has not been due to the contributions of the older and better-established poets. Mr. Ridgely Torrence, from whom the public has been eagerly awaiting a volume for twenty years, satisfied his admirers with "Hesperides" during the year and made it infinitely richer by his heavily-visioned and subtly rhythmized poems. Mr. John Crowe Ransom's "Chills and Fever," advancing him a great distance in his career as one of the most originally emotioned poets to follow Robinson and Wallace Stevens. "The First Poems" of Edwin Muir have a sombre power of their own. Maxwell Anderson's "You Who Have Dreamed" is a volume full of delightfully pure poetry tinted with a melancholy which adds to its appeal, and serves to heighten the imagery breaking forth from the veils of dreams which he throws about his nature-forms and the delicate abstractions of human experience. Frederick R. McCreary's "Northeast Corner" is a book of New England, and out of New England America, the reverberation of a spiritual trumpet note. At the core, here is a tremendously brooding energy prophesying rebirth, a re-awakening of that mighty inner turmoil which gave to New England its conscience, and wherever and whenever that conscience came into conflict with passion, physical tragedy and spiritual romance. In making these poems the poet has worked with patient care to build a flexibly adequate form to express his visions. Mr. Van Doren's first book, "Spring Thunder," adds in these days, in America, the first individual note of reflective beauty to the common and familiar scenes of country life. His work in both the lyric mode and the short blank verse pastoral, has a beautiful touch and atmosphere. Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét's "Tiger Joy," is a sane but deeply exciting collection of ballad narratives and singing lyrics with fresh raptures. Mary Atwater Taylor's "Ropes and

Threads," with its grave inner temper, blossoms forth in songs and ballads with a surprising expression of grace and charm. Mr. Lew Saret's "Slow Smoke" sustains with increasing power the reputation he earned with "Many, Many Moons" and "The Box of God." His emotions are tipped with a mentality that pierces with a clean imaginative thrust the evil bastions of human experience. Anne Goodwin Winslow's "The Long Gallery" is a first book of a very high quality; it is bright with a culture which places her mental heritage in line with the patrician sensibilities of dream. E. E. Cummings' "XLI Poems" continues with even more distinction the mode of "Tulips and Chimneys," in which, with a faun-like perversity, he gives to the most obvious sentiments and instincts, an unconventional brilliance. Marianne Moore, whose "Observations" was the resultant testament of her worthiness for receiving the 1925 Dial Award of two thousand dollars as a distinguished contributor to American letters, shows to what pitch irony and allegory may be pushed if one gives perfect freedom to a strong intellectual arrogance. The result in her case leads to sprawling, a vice which Mr. Cummings, with a more disciplined psychological poise, is never guilty of. Mr. Hervey Allen's "Earth Moods," is a book of profound understandings of the river of life running through man's blood sweeping across climes and generations. Through it beats the pulses of epic notes, stunning on its accents with a lyric melody that is arresting. From this poet the world will receive early this coming near a study of Edgar Allan Poe which promises to be the true portrait of the character and career of this much misunderstood and supreme lyric poet. Grace Noll Crowell's "White Fire" and Dorothy Dow's "Will-o'-the-Wisp," offer a high grade of craftsmanship in giving expression to a genuine store of spontaneous emotions and poetic ideas. The "Collected Poems" of "H. D." is a precious cargo of sense-impressions, colored by Greek feeling and sympathies, but hardened in fact, with a modernity that has escaped all but a very few of the most penetrating critical eyes. She has disciplined herself to exclude from her art every element that is not primary to the color, the mood, the harmony of her subjects. She polishes every word that goes into the pattern of her verse with the mood or the dream that possesses her, and the words become the very thing that she feels or visions, and not the symbol of it; her symbolism, which is a rarer projection than in the art of the finest modern poets, is the quality of fabric in which the verbal ecstasy of her verse is embedded. And this is so because she recognizes first of all that beauty is the essence out of which she must distill those forms, natural or experiential, which make the image of emotion of the verse itself.

The two volumes that have brought the largest immediate attention to the poets, are "Roan Stallion, Tamar,

and Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers, and "Color" by Countée Cullen. Mr. Jeffers published a volume, "The Californians," some three or four years ago, which recommended him as a poet to be watched. His present book is full of immense power, and has aroused enthusiastic praise. For intensity of passion he has been compared to Keats, with much of the latter's Greek temper. He has the welter and surge of oceanic forces in his lines which often concern themselves, as in "Roan Stallion," with homely details of character and event. Mr. Cullen is a young colored man, a graduate of New Work University last June, and who is now working for his Master's Degree, at Harvard. Since his book "Color" has been published he has won the Young Poets' Prize awarded by the Chicago Poetry, and the first prize awarded by Witter Bynner for the best poem by an undergraduate in the American colleges. Mr. Cullen is an undoubtedly gifted poet of brilliant ability, but he is also gifted with facility, and to achieve the highest in the future he must curb his Pegasus. He is also an intensely racial singer, another, in my opinion, limitation, which may negative, by narrowing, the fine powers he possesses. He stands at the threshold endowed to prove much, and if he looks deep enough into the heart and soul of man—America should by all counts give him that privilege—he has the power and should take the opportunity to solve much.

A book that is attracting remarkable attention is "The Book of Negro Spirituals," edited by James Weldon Johnson, with musical arrangements made by J. Rosamond Johnson and Lawrence Brown. In this book is the pulse of American folk song. Six books have appeared during the year dealing with these folk songs, and their beauty and pathos in the expression of religious aspiration are the most notable things of their kind in the world's literature.

The most provocative pronouncement of the year concerning the nature of poetry, came from the venerable novelist, George Moore. It may be that like Mr. Hardy, Mr. Moore has regarded the first literary interest of his youth as the most permanent, and would have his spirit shine with a flash of that lost youth amidst the shadows of his declining years. I do not recall whether Mr. Moore was a formal poet in his youth as was the case with Mr. Hardy, but at least on his own confession, poetry was a passion with him. He would have been an artist rather than a poet, I think, could he have been either. As a critic of art in his youthful Parisian days, he certainly was a keen appraiser of convention and an enthusiastic discoverer and champion of modern work and tendencies. But after all, he became what he could not help being, a novelist, and a novelist of so high an order that no one can dispute his claim to a place beside Thomas Hardy

and Joseph Conrad, as one of the three greatest English novelists of the Twentieth Century.

I am inclined to believe that Mr. Moore's "Anthology of Pure Poetry," was intended as a paradox. His long introduction to the book, made up in part as a "Conversation in Ebury Street," participated in by Walter de la Mare and John Freeman, prefaces a collection of seventy-four poems, ranging from John Skelton's "To Mistress Isabel Pennell" to Swinburne's Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon"—"When the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's Traces"—which he sets forth as examples of "pure poetry."

What does Mr. Moore mean by the term "pure poetry"? He means this, and he means it emphatically, as he takes sixty pages of Introduction to prove it (he certainly doesn't prove it by the examples which make up the collection), that because

The poplars are fell'd; farewell to the shade,

And the whispering sound of the cool colonade
these lines "will be admired by men of letters and by whomsoever shall happen upon these lines, for there are always poplars in the world and men will always enjoy the whispering sound of a leafy avenue; but all that is essentially Cowper, his thoughts, his meditations, his ideas, have passed away, never to return. Wherefore the lines I have quoted do not undermine, rather do they uphold the belief that time cannot wither nor custom stale poetry unsickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." In other words poetry must be objective, and the object with which it deals must be some visible and eternal image or sound of nature.

What a fallacy is thus presented by Mr. Moore. And he builds it on an assumption, stated in the next paragraph of the introduction, which shows how narrowly a great mind can sometimes look upon things. "What the modern world lacks," he writes, "is not instruction (of that it has enough and more than enough), but innocency of vision, a gift that our ancestors retained from the cradle to the grave." Innocency of vision is only possessed by mystics, and none of the great mystic poets have been objective. In every image they have seen the symbols of their passions, their thoughts, their feelings, of the Divine Beneficence. And it is not an especial quality of our ancestors, as Mr. Moore would have us believe, though he takes no account of the infinitely simpler conditions of human existence, but is shared in a goodly measure by the moderns who have thousands of abstract forces to contend with in the most intimate details of daily life which our ancestors would have feared as malign and supernatural.

The mistake that Mr. Moore makes is to think that poetry can exist outside of the consciousness of the poet. To put a poplar tree into a verse the poet must have

either an emotion or an idea; the poplar does not exist as an image of poetry without first one or the other of these primary factors; and that emotion or idea has something significantly to do with the private state of the poet's life at the time. But poplar trees and whispering sounds are not eternal in the sense that Mr. Moore would have us believe that they are as the only true material for pure poetry. What is eternal is that state of consciousness in the being which passes on from generation to generation the recognition of poplar trees and whispering sound, with which to symbolize objects in expressing and making articulate the spiritual and physical desire of man. And out of this quality of human innecency of vision comes the power to write pure poetry. They are the primary instincts which are the purest instincts, and which determine the quality of purity that sustains the character and permanency of the poem. If Cowper's thoughts, meditations, ideas, have passed away, never to return, as Mr. Moore believes, what he doesn't say is, his manner of expressing them have, and while fundamentally, as all poets must, in some way express the same thoughts, meditations, ideas, Chaucer's, Shakespeare's, Milton's, Burns, Blake's, Wordsworth's and Browning's thoughts, meditations and ideas, have not passed away, and the purest poetry these poets have written deal not with the objects which a constantly changing natural force can remove but with the passions which have eternally been in the soul of man.

There is no formula for pure poetry. Mr. Moore cannot establish one though he may marshal much lore and present it with subtle logic. Neither can it be accomplished by the advocates of scientific criticism and a mechanistic theory of cerebral excitement.

A word should be said for three collections of the year. Mr. Benét's "Poems for Youth" is a collection the reviewers have not always considered from the point of view for which it was gathered. The contents were carefully selected to meet from several angles, the need of the mind and spirit of American youth; and Mr. Benét wisely omitted authors whose work was not appropriate, and included others who were not as good poets but most perfectly offered the special kind of material. Mr. Burton E. Stevenson's monumental "Home Book of Modern Verse," is a masterly piece of editorial labor that is rapidly taking its place with his "Home Book of Verse" as an institution. The "Independent Anthology," which is designed to be an annual affair, is an unique experiment in verse collections which promises to grow of historical as well as literary importance.

Of the critical books, Mr. Clement Wood's has proved the most stimulating. It is decidedly the work of a man who makes his own standards, and these are based quite as often on prejudice as well as upon discernment. What

it lacks in soundness it makes up in the provocative attitude of the essayist. Marguerite Wilkinson's "The Way of the Makers" intends to reveal through the poets themselves the secrets of their creative functioning, supplemented by the critical statements of well-known authorities. But any such book that fails, to name one instance, to quote so penetrating a student of poetry as J. W. Makail, has at least one blemish upon its usefulness.

The death of Amy Lowell in the Spring removes a vigorous personality from the field of American poetry. She, as is well-known, had labored titanically upon her life of "John Keats," which appeared shortly before her death. As an example of "amateur biography," in the opinion of John Erskine, it was the most notable achievement known to the world of letters. She was a poet who never got beneath the surface of life; if Mr. Moore's British prejudice would permit, he might have taken the entire body of her work as an illustration of his theory of "pure poetry." Summing up her work in a review of the posthumous collection "What's O'Clock," Louis Untermeyer declared: "The truth—at least, as far as this appreciator of her poetry can see the truth—is that "What's O'Clock contains almost the same proportion of technical *tours de forces* and rapid improvisations of tactile successes and flawed failures as her other volumes. It is, in fact, a condensed epitome of her creative life."

The recent death of L. Frank Tooker was deeply felt by the poets of two generations. Poet and story-writer, his passion for the sea gave notable substance to both forms of literature. For nearly half a century his editorial association with "The Century Magazine" of which he gave a delightful record in his autobiography "From An Editor's Desk," brought him into intimate contact with all the great American writers, and a great many foreign ones, during that period.

Concluding the *Yearbook* section of the "Anthology" is a table of the prize-winning poems of the year, but I want to call special attention to Ralph Cheever Dunning's "Four Winds" which won Poetry's Helen Haire Levinson Prize, "The Ballad of a Lost House," by Leonora Speyer, which won the Anonymous Prize, and Keene Wallis's "Coal Black Jesus," which won the 1925 Blindman Prize.

I wish to express my deep appreciation to Mr. John G. Shea for his devoted services and care as a printer in seeing this volume of the "Anthology" through the press.

Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts

William Stanley Braithwaite.

November 2nd, 1925.

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Part I

**Anthology of Magazine Verse
For 1925**

THE BALLAD OF A DAFT GIRL

Old Lay's son
Went away
And brought back a wife
In the month of May.

He brought her home
In a grape colored gown
With long silk stockings
And bracelets on.

O she was a girl
For sitting in the sun
When there were dishes
To be done.

She mooned in the garden
Instead of hoeing;
And took long walks
Just to be going
With no hat on her head
And her wild hair blowing.

And when she was asked
While the men were mowing
To bring her work and sit awhile,
She HAD no sewing!

Which was bad enough
Till she got with child
And then 'twas enough
To drive a person wild.

For whoever heard
Of a new lamb born
And nothing to put on it
On its birth morning?

O it was enough
To make your heart ache—
Not a single nightgown
Would she make.

I said—"Do you want
Your child to be bare?"
But going her daft way
SHE didn't care.

So Saturday mornings
Whichever way the weather
We three old women
Got together.

And one made the nightgowns
And one made the bands
And I hemmed the blankets
With my own hands.

And I made eight dresses
Like Queen Anne's Lace
With soft little shirrings
For up near its face.

We finished in good time
For the baby was late;
The last days it seemed
As though we couldn't wait.

It seemed more our baby
Than that mooning girl's;
We guessed at its eyes
And hoped for curls

And spent hours wondering
How it would look
While she went around
Like a closed book,

Doing nothing
And with nothing to say;
And all of us thought:
"Poor Ed Lay."

And then one evening
When the mists were white
She went into labor
And she labored all night.

It wasn't till five
Came the small sharp cry
Makes a girl's heart
Leap clean to the sky.

And a minute later
Out popped Ed
With a face like an angel's—
"A Boy," he said.

"And you may come in
In an hour or two—
She's feeling right weak
But she wants to see you."

So in an hour
We tiptoed in.
She lay with closed eyes
As straight as a pin,

With no look at all
Of peace on her face,
And we didn't see the baby
Any place.

"He is behind
That screen," she said—
"Dressed in your clothes
From toe to head."

And there he slept
As soft as a peach
And as warm as a pebble
Just picked from the beach!

And as we were looking
"Come back," she said.
So we gathered around
Her high white bed.

"O I am grateful
For all you've done
And all your sewing
For my son.

"And I know you think
I'm a witless one—
Never sewing anything
And nothing ever done.

"And it's well I know
That people say;
'What'll ever happen
To poor Ed Lay?'

"But open that chest
And I will show
All three of you
Whether I can sew."

I opened it
And smooth and wide
There lay a shroud
Folded inside.

Stitched as fine
As a white garden pink;
And none of us knew
What to think.

We looked at her lying
There so young;
And not a single one of us
Found her tongue.

And then she spoke
Half dreamingly:
"Life is too full"
She said, "For me.

"O I was meant
To be a tree
Or the lazy waters
Under the sea—

Loving a child
Would be hard for me.

"Soon, soon in my new shroud
I shall be dressed;
And cool little worms
Shall nurse at my breast;
And I shall have peace
And dark warm rest."

Her baby was hungry
Then and cried.
But she closed her wilful
Eyes and died.

Contemporary Verse

Dorothy Aldis

WHIM ALLEY

Whim Alley once led into Danger Court
Loud with the raucous talk of cockatoos,
Where bearded Jews a-squat in alcove shops
Sat waiting like royal falcons in a mews.
Softly as rain the voweled Portuguese
Fell from their red-ripe lips with eastern news
Of galleons whose names were melodies—
Softly—between the shrieks of cockatoos.
Who cared for royal navigation laws
In Danger Court—for what the Soldan said—
Or papal lines between the east and west?
Abram out-Shylocked Isaac with applause,
And clutched the sweated doubloons to his chest,
Whose late lamented owners were scarce dead.
For there were smugglers' bargains to be made
Where leaping arches looped along the walls,
While sunlight smouldered down the long arcade
And dizened into flame on Spanish shawls.
And what the sequin brought in Louis d'or
Was news,—and rumors passed from Trebizond,
While Rachel clinked brass anklets in a door
With a straight glimpse of blue sea just beyond.

Dark sailors passed with tang of wine and tar,
And merchants with wide hats and wider fringes,
And two black Sambos smoked the same cigar
Upon a chest with three locks and five hinges.
Vanished in air! Those arches roof a cow,
To parrots' rings the frowsy hens resort;
Whim Alley leads to less than nothing now,
For only shadows dwell in Danger Court.

Saturday Review of Literature

Hervey Allen

NORTHERN EARTH MOOD

(The Prelude to an epic of Man in the Northern Hemisphere)

Vision the sun and stars,
The gold-faced central sun,
Wandering like glittering Apollo
With the planet muses
Across the star-enamelled fields of space.
Spy out the tilting ice-tipped Earth,
Curving through nothingness,
Dogged by her blue void-shadow.
Look from the eyes in the astonished mask
Of the beardless and purse-mouthed moon,
At the merging and melting of moods
On the face of the northern hemisphere.

*The hand is in the glove
Which is clasped by suns
And buttoned by the Earth,
Yet the wrinkling of matter
Shows the working of fingers.*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Hervey Allen

THIS FLESH

Inoculate with Immortality
This Flesh: Nay drug it with oblivion.
It is too fabulously frail to be

The vessel to hold heat like any sun:
And all its wanton flame is spilled too soon
To number it among the minor stars:
Nor has it beauty dead unlike the moon.
It is no better than a log that chars
Blackened and brittle into cold decay.
And yet beloved it has housed your heart
And mine: become our shelter for a day:
Our habitation: Something set apart;
Hollow but hallowed with a gleam of spirit:
Our Heaven or fantastically near it.

The Measure

Kenneth Slade Alling

TO A BIRCH TREE

Lay hold upon the earth and thrust
Your roots into the darkened dust.
As thin rains keep your green leaves green
So worms will wind your tendrils clean
And fibers firmly housed in clay,
More fabulous than the house of day.
Your airy limbs lift to the sun:
Your roots in pungent darkness run.
Beneath, rich darkness and the bright
Air round you:—double, your delight.

Voices

Kenneth Slade Alling

RETURN

March stirs and like a shaggy beast he shakes.
The last and brightest rim of winter breaks,
Roofed round him and the clattering ice bits fall.
Far off and faintly, lo a madrigal
Is heard, riding the wind, and faintly drums:
And liquid, louder now a blithe hand strums
Taut gold; and scattering silver fragrance comes,
In terrible simplicity a child;
A girl; a woman; anything that's wild
And fosters wildness. April—so they call her:
April: Oh earth; let nothing now befall her.

Voices

Kenneth Slade Alling

AUTUMN AND SPRING

Autumn is sister to the Spring,
Linked by the hands of blossoming,
From falling leaf to risen flower,
Across the span of a white hour.
Rapture to rapture, flame to flame,
The burning beauty is the same
That flickers in October's eyes,
And lifts again to April skies!
Winter is but a fleet, white dream.—
Below the snow, the laden stream
Of life moves on with seed and spore.
Immortal is the harvest store.
No leaf is lost, no beauty dies.
In all the bright, expectant eyes
Of Autumn flowers there is no dread,
No frosty fear of being dead.
They flare in a triumphant blaze.
A forecast beauty lights their days.
And with a golden faith they fling
The petaled torch onward to Spring!
Autumn is sister to the Spring,
Linked by the hands of blossoming,
From falling leaf to risen flower,
Across the span of a white hour.

The Stratford Monthly

Julia Cooley Altrocchi

EPILOGUE

Children of dust, astray among the suns,
Children of the earth, adrift upon the night.
Who have shaken the pageant of old gods and thrones,
And know them crushed and dead and lost to sight,
What is there in our darkness or our light
To linger in prose or claim a singing breath
Save the curt history of life isled in death?—

Life climbing blind through sunlight desolate
Upon this saddest satellite of stars,

Fearless and steadfast, holding toward the fate
Of men and their little earth and sorrow-scars,
When the broken ikons of fallen avatars,
With grief and desire, long war and death and crime,
Storm headlong roaring downward throughout time.

Standing erect, the sea-wind in our faces,
We may look out across the whirl of spheres
And falling flames that haunt cold interspaces
Reverberating empty to our ears,
Take our fresh gust of beauty out of the years,
And go, unanswered, quit of questionings,
To mix our dust with dust of slaves and kings.

The Measure

Maxwell Anderson

PRAYER AFTER YOUTH

Oh gods of all enchanting lies,
Hear now the louder voice that cries
Forever in me, crying and rising,
That I am lost beyond devising
Of the fearful blood or the quick brain
Here puzzling in the dark in vain
How I may live, how I may not die
While the bright days fall silently
And one by one through a cold heaven
The bright years fall that I am given
Out of silence and out of sound
Before I turn me back to ground.

Oh falling of water, passing of wind,
Hear this now—the blood is thinned,
The blue broods lower, the night clings
All day long to the cumbered wings,
And late or soon but sooner now
The singing grass and the singing bough
Where my eternal summer was
I shall not find in tree or grass.
No, though the flickering dancers run
Endless ever through shadow and sun

And laughter slips along the dusk
And lover on lover turns to ask
What was given before words were,
Though wine be dark and lips be myrrh
And I live still and look on this
I shall be hollow as emptiness,
And the shadows before my eyes
Will be shadows of memories.

Oh mist of rivers running with death,
Hear this now, this is my breath
Crying forever, crying in fear
Of the eternal messenger
Whispering to me in a near night:
Oh, now look backward to delight;
Whispering, in the brain's chamber—
What was yours you may remember,
Still the long bolt of your weaving
May unroll for your deceiving,
But the years' meridian
Passes and comes not again,
And ever lower the pole-star
Rides behind the mariner.

Oh, all gods of enchanting lies,
Hear now the louder voice that cries
Forever in me, crying and rising,
That I am lost beyond devising. . .

The New Republic

Maxwell Anderson

THE CHARWOMAN

Her form is forward bent
From years of stooping down.
She is a lonely ghost
Haunting a dismal town.

Day after day she goes
To her ignoble task,
Her face is sad and dull,
A somber, withered mask.

Yet she was once a girl
With laughter lifted face;
Supple and straight and slim,
Hers was a sapling's grace.

And once she dreamed of love,
A home that love had won,
Of comfortable old age
Spent dozing in the sun.

The Literary Lantern

George Lawrence Andrews

WILD GEESE

The wild white geese fly over
With strange and eerie cry,
And seem but dream shapes ghostly
Against a windy sky.

My thoughts go backward faring
To long and long ago,
And all youth's dreams are phantoms
That now I scarcely know.

The Windsor Magazine

George Lawrence Andrews

AT ELLIS ISLAND

We speak of them as but a crazy bunch
Of huddled immigrants, and we forget
What dreams have crumbled, how with woe beset
They crouch here, crowded, garrulous, and munch
Their moldy crusts, their promised land denied.
Through dreary years they planned and saved and
dreamed

Against the time that long in coming seemed,
That come, will neither home nor friends provide.

They had been told that freedom here is found,
That great goodwill is ever manifest,
The poor not scorned, the helpless never crushed.

Heart-stricken now, confused by word and sound,
They seem like frightened animals ambushed,
Awaiting what were idle to protest.

The Commonweal

George Lawrence Andrews

WHERE YOUR FEET GO

Where your feet go no wind stirs,
No wind ruffles the chestnut boughs,
No wind ruffles the chestnut burrs;
Braided thick on your brows
Coils of great slow sunlight drowse.

Your eyes against their lashes dream
As birds through covert gazing deep:
Mother of the tawny gleam,
And the silence the hills keep,
And the amber depth of sleep.

Shield me with your languorousness;
Let my heavy spirit feel
Feet, hair, eyes flame downward; press
On my heart the glittering heel,
On my lids the gradual seal.

Voices

Joseph Auslander

FOAM STRAY

She wears white like a wave;
When she steps a blue
Glitter strikes you through;
Her eyes are grey and grave
And pitifully brave.

I have seen her feet drift
Like water moving on a rock:
Shift and grope over and shift,
Then stop stock
Still with a shock.

Earth troubles her: she
Is Thetis drenched white
With white gold sea light;
Her heel should be
Set on a white sea.

Voices

Joseph Auslander

CHART

Not you whose throat no more
May cool as water cools
These hands that would implore,
These fingers that were fools—
But the sea's polished shock,
Sea roar on rock.

Eyes dart and moods conflict,
And other throats are white
Sweet wine: no interdict
Seals long the roving sight—
But a wave's towering intake
Before the break.

The censers overturned,
The smoke spilled in the sand,
The hand that groped—and burned
Touching your hand—
Not that!...But the small noise known
To water and stone.

Voices

Joseph Auslander

ANTIPODAL

Dusk that brings the whippoorwill
Turns my blood to anvil stone
Hammered on by every still
Tree and tone.

Why should dusty tone and tree,
Twilight tucking silver hems,

Lift a sudden Battersea?
Whistler's Thames?

What is there of sound or tint
Here that I should see the blue
Soot of a Whistler print
Of Waterloo?

What have whippoorwills to do
With the bleak Embankment? How
Reverberates this heart with you
Here and now?

Southwest Review

Joseph Auslander

SEVERUS TO TIBERIUS GREATLY ENNUYE

In places the water had thumbed the thick sunglow to
patches

Of oil bloom, peacock flare, adroit black bronze;
And I was a diver, slime-silkened, hot with hot gold
scratches

Of hammered glitter, slipping from hammered bastions
Down under dense foam slaver, down under tons
Of weed trash, polyp, down to the cool uncluttered deep
sea garrisons.

There I blundered through smoke of dim turquoise,
corroded old

Quinquiremes and galleons and Chinese
Junks and swan ships of Egypt crazy with gold;
Every vessel that had ever brawled with the seas;
Green wrecks, and there went out a glittering vapor
from these;

And blunt inquisitive fishes vexed their beauty with
vacant solemnities.

Tiberius, I tell you it would have seriously pleased your
flesh,

It would have curiously delighted the bone of your thighs
To go under as I did, pulled through a shivering mesh

Of sun-maddened water, bumping fish with enormous
eyes;
You would leave your slim dancers, your gleaming women
with cries
To go under as I did, sliding down a sleek-shouldered
dream, not otherwise.

The Bookman

Joseph Auslander

A MASQUE OF DEAD QUEENS

Queens parade down avenues of memory
With slow imperial steps to a soft music
Of lutes and trumpets blown by ancient minstrels . . .

Queens whose tragic beauty haunted men
And made them speak in whispers with their eyes
Averted and their fingers tense and itching
For the familiar grasp of a great spear
With its bright whetted edge hungry for blood.

These queens parade, accompanied by peacocks,
To a slow and sorrowful music and a singing
Of many broken voices like a wind
Shuddering over tombstones—

*Dust on their lips,
Cobwebs on their hair;
Where kings fondled them
Now foxes lair.*

*Mould on their lips,
Mould on their eyes:
Down their ruined halls
Ring vultures' cries.*

*They did not dream
When they were young
That someday their dirges
Would be sung.*

*For death to them
Was a foreign thing*

*They only thought
Of pleasuring.*

And so they pass

Slowly and majestically, one by one,
As if they were luxuriously young,
Haughty, proud and insolent, these queens
Whose loveliness once shook the world and made
Kings tremble and cringe like beggars seeking alms.

They pass pathetically, each one flaunting
Her withered beauty, wondering why no man
Bends low before her offering his empire
For one kiss from her lips and one caress
From her thin arms once delicately white
As tall proud lilies frosted with sweet dew—

*Where is the king
Whose reticence
Conquered each queen's
Sly insolence?*

*Where is the king
Of the harpers' hymns
Who ran from his queen
To the battle's din?*

*Dead, all dead,
Rotting in earth;
Dust in their teeth
Quenching their mirth.*

The years have spelt their dooms upon the faces
Of these slow-walking queens and each one wanders
Bewilderedly and with pathetic pride,
Her head high and her thin lips parched and cold. . . .

Each passes sorrowing and each wonders why
No king strides forth to greet her, eager and bold
And starved for kisses, and each wonders why
No king lays at her feet a plundered empire's
Treasury of rich merchandize and jewels,
Rare silks and rarer wines and cunning jugglers,
And great hounds straining against their leathern
leashes.

*No horns ring loud,
No kings reply:
No clash of spears,
No warriors' cry.*

*No royal minstrels
Lift up old tunes,
No necromancers
Spell out old runes.*

*No servile king
With stifled pride
Kneels patiently
By his queen's side.*

They pass—these queens whose beauty was a flame
That shrivelled the hearts of sage and stalwart men,
And made them quit their council-halls and roam
Like restless distracted striplings—and they wonder
Whose cruel fingers snuffed the precious fire
Of youth and beauty burning in their blood
And glowing out to scarlet in their lips.

Remembering great king's kisses and their haste,
These queens come loitering down tall halls of song
To the slow threne of ancient minstrelsy
Of lutes and horns and drums and clarions
Twined into words by the poets of the world.

They pass—

Queen Helen of whom blind Homer sang,
Helen of Troy whose beauty struck a flame
To Ilium and for whom so many men
Quitted their hearthsides, burnished up their spears
And ran forth into battle with a song
Upon their lips, eager to fight and die
For this young queen whom they did love and pity.

Semiramis, whose kisses made kings wonder
That mortal woman could be so marvellous!
Semiramis, the cruel one, who wrought
Tortures upon the bodies of the men
Who journeyed from their mountains to her court.

The Three White queens of Samarkand, whose laughter
Rang low like old temple bells at dusk,
And whose youth and beauty and pitiless insolence
Were woven into legends by old minstrels.

Deidre, whom the ancient Irish bards
Say was more beautiful than any woman
In all the world, Queen Deidre, who died
Upon the body of her lover, Naisi.

And Guenevere, whom Launcelot did love,
Queen Guenevere, wedded to King Arthur,
Who yet did love her husband's bravest knight,
And wrought much strife in ancient Camelot.

These queens parade down avenues of memory
Wrought cunningly by the poets of the world,
Remembering the joyance of their youth,
The empires that were plundered at their whims,
The cities that were burned, and the men who died
In battle to the cry of golden trumpets.

They pass, remembering the kisses of splendid kings,
And they wonder why their slim luxurious beauty
Crumbled to dust through the fingers of the years.

*Queen Helen is dead!
Semiramis
Is dust, whom once
Great kings did kiss.*

*No more than shadows
On barren land
Are the Three White Queens
Of Samarkand.*

*Deidre, too
Is nought but dust:
She crumbles in earth
As all women must.*

*These queens are mould,
Their kings are dead
Only this rhyme
Remains to be said—!*

The Buccaneer

Stanley E. Babb

ADOLESCENCE

She'd thought about his eyes but had not known
He thought of her in secret, too, until
The day they picked arbutus on the hill
She remembered how the other three had gone
Into the pasture, but she'd found a stone
To rest on from her climbing and sat still
And told him daringly that he could fill
Her basket for her now they were alone.

What he had said to that she could not tell
But she remembered a boy's mouth had been
New to her then and quite incredible.

She had run home and washed her own lips clean
And lain awake that night till very late
Troubled by this sensation she called hate.

The Step Ladder

Mavis Clare Barnett

SPRING SONG

There was a child who tried to run
Trough all the fields and fields of spring
For always the next creek in the sun
Might be the one for following.
He ran by leafless willow-trees
And only wanted one bird note,
One wild, wild shout of birds to ease
The pent-up shouting in his throat.

He came upon an old haystack,
Its yellow soaked away in rain
And there he lay upon his back
And wondered if he could explain

Why what he found he did not seek,
And what he sought he could not say,
And why the sun on every creek
Was always half a field away.

Voices

Mavis Clare Barnett

NIRVANA

The all-embracing Mother wraps herself about me,
The all-enduring Dream enfolds my head,
Toiling and seeking they go on without me,
Not dreaming it is lovely to be dead!

I, that once knew the lure of airy purple
Whose soul leaped up to meet the dawn of spring,
Who strove in sweat and tears to learn life's purpose,
Am come to nothing—nothing do I bring.

Now would the sweetest singing be a burden,
The melody of harps would be a dread,
Even the voice of *you* goes by unheeded,
O Love, it is so lovely to be dead!

Kansas Authors' Bulletin

Elizabeth N. Barr

THE ORGAN GRINDER

"Well, Pierrot, mon bon ami, we
Must don our chapeaux and be off!
The sous dropped by the bourgeoisie
Mean Italy to cure this cough.

"In Italy they say the skies
Are always cloudless, and the hills
Are green; and nothing ever dies
Except lost echoes from the rills.

"And when for us life brighter grows,
And you and I the past forget,
And money through our fingers flows,
We'll come to Paris for Monette.

"Monette! Ah, Pierrot, hurry! I
Am sure she waits us at the docks . . .
It would be sweet, I think, to die
If one's shroud were her raven locks . . ."

And thus he dreamed and thus he talked
The while he played for each poor sou.
When winter came he lamely walked,
His face was pinched, his lips were blue.

And poor Monette grew wan with grief
To see Pierre grow thin and white;
And Pierrot trembled like a leaf
As both starved through each killing night.

They fished a body from the Seine,
A frozen, bloated, staring boy;
And dangling on a knotted chain,
A monkey floundered like a toy.

"Where is Pierre?" I asked. And he
Who stripped the ragged clothing off
Laughed as he said, "In Italy—
In Italy, to cure his cough!"

The Lyric

Ronald Walker Barr

SHE LOOKS BEYOND TO-MORROW

I will wear purple bonnets
And high black shoes.
Too soon, too soon,
Youth is all we lose.
Losing Life is nothing much
After youth is gone.
Tell me I am sweet to touch
For old age will be long;
Tell me that this yellow dress
Is a part of loveliness—
Like a jonquil in the spring—
Tell me any foolish thing!

Harper's Magazine

Ruth Fitch Bartlett

POSSESSED

I am possessed by you as witches were
Possessed by demons, knowing all too well,
The creaking broomstick and the clanging bell
And in my ears, the crazy partridge whir,
Of darkness. Oh, very cleverly you stir
Love's old ingredients into this spell,
And very cleverly you can compel
My senses. You are too apt a sorcerer.
It may be that some unenchanted drink,
Some casual circles drawn in the sand,
Or one defenseless look upon your face,
Would be the magic I could not withstand.
I am possessed by you, but never think
To see me burn upon the market-place!

The Century Magazine

Ruth Fitch Bartlett

DAWN AT LEXINGTON

(Read at the 150th Anniversary of the Battle)

*Above the town of Lexington
The moon was paler than
Her wont that April night.*

A stealthy tramping through the dark,
A menace drawing nigh,
But flitting figures peer and hark,
And speed the signal cry:
"The British are coming. Arm!"
A peal from the belfry; then
The throb of drum, the wild alarm,
While from village home and fringing farm
Flock in the minute-men.

Already the parsonage windows glint,
For Paul Revere and Dawes
With hooves of galloping horses dint
The turf, rein up, a pause
Till the warning word is said;
Then for Concord on they race,

While Hancock, a price on his comely head,
And old Sam Adams are quickly led
Through the woods to a hiding-place.

*With those rebels hunted from Lexington
Dorothy Quincy ran,
Cheering her lover's plight.*

And many gray shadows in those whist hours
Of the waning moon slip through
Dim lanes and across vague fields whose flowers
Slumber beneath their dew,
Till beside the House of Prayer,
Whither one and another runs
For the powder and shot secreted there
In its old slave gallery, stands a fair
Muster of sires and sons.

Captain John Parker, a fowling-piece
On shoulder, aligns that band
Of neighbors, uniformed at caprice
But each in resolute hand
Gripping musket, across the Green,
Seventy-seven to block
The path of four hundred, yet serene
His face, undauntable his mien,
Biding the battle-shock.

*In the budding trees of Lexington
The birds their chant began
Before the east was white.*

But who may heed the tender call
Of the bluebird? For from out
The windows of those homes so small,
So dear, clustered about
The Green, child-faces peep
Pink as the peachtree sprays
With drowsy wonder, women keep
Watch too intense for eyes to weep,
While love in anguish prays.

Oh, who may hear the robin's trill?
For volleys rend the air.

In his daughter's view Monroe lies still,
Blood on his silver hair.
Jonathan Harrington reels
Toward the door whence his wife has run
Only to clasp him as he feels
Death's closer clasp. And silence seals
Five more ere rise of sun.

*Their names are carved in Lexington
For reverent eyes to scan,
The Fallen of the Fight.*

With proud huzzas the Redcoats take
The Concord road and leave
The dead who see no morning break
Nor hear their widows grieve;
The wounded, not alone
White patriots, but a slave,
Prince Estabrook of jungle throne,
Who for a freedom not his own
His blood that morning gave.

Daybreak, as if doors of gold
Had been flung wide in Heaven
To welcome from that crimsoned mold
The spirits of those seven,
Our homespun heroes, prone
Mid bruised anemone
And violet on the Common known
Henceforth as holy ground, our own
Valiant Thermopylae.

*O dawn that rose on Lexington,
New liberties for man,
Flooding the world with light!*

Boston Transcript

Katharine Lee Bates

THE PILGRIM SHIP

Lanterns at stern and prow flash down their wavering
Ruby pillars into this pallid sea
Murmurous with ancient litanies. A favoring

Wind lends her aid to steam, yet slowly we
Fare on to Palestine, the whither, whither
Of many a dream and many a devotee.

From star to golden star the tall mast, quivering,
Traces our way, the stars that looked on Paul
Cheering the sailors while the storm was shivering
His prison-ship; Jerome the Eagle, all
His Roman dames like doves about him, pilgrims
To Bethlehem following that ascetic call;

On Origen, spirit of while austerity;
On that shadowy figure whose beguiling quill
Wrote down his *Travels* with such gay temerity
As fooled ten centuries, Sir John Mandeville,
Ceasing his tale at last lest nought for others
Be left to tell: "Wherefore I hold me stille."

Over these chanting seas against the garrisons
Of the unbelievers fierce crusaders came,
Host after mail-clad host, to slay the Saracens,
Who flared to meet them, flame encountering flame;
But still the minarets cry *Allah! Allah!*
And the Red Cross now is Mercy's dearest name.

Richard the Lion-Heart, who found in Saladin
A foe as generous, flushed his singing sword
With Moslem blood; and many a gallant paladin,
Knight and hidalgo fought against the horde
Of infidels to rescue—ah! the empty,
Disputed sepulchre of Christ their Lord.

O the jubilant trumpets! Silken pennants fluttering!
Emblazoned pomp of king and emperor!
O splendid vestments of proud bishops uttering
Sonorous mass at altars fashioned for
The glory of the Galilean,—glory
Of saving love blasphemed by savage war!

Down on our forward deck the stars are lustering
A motley throng, cloudy-robed Bedouins sashed
With rainbow; antelope-eyed children clustering

About veiled mothers; mightily moustached
And bearded monks from the awful crags of Sinai;
And dancing gypsies, castanets loud clashed.

Softly the turbans blend their mauves and Tyrian
Purples with sparkles of the scarlet fez;
The Arab brown burnoose merges with Syrian
Abba and yellow gabardine that says
A Jew, that restless wanderer of the ages,
Known from the Susquehanna to Suez.

Now on our pilgrims, huddled close in gratitude
For strip of deck, as on those whose requiem
Long since was sung, lies silvery beatitude
Of moonlight, grace of God enfolding them,
While in their dreams the waves are yearning voices
Calling Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

The Golden Galleon

Katharine Lee Bates

SPLENDID ISOLATION

A Moral from Lexington, 1775.

Oh, but my husband, Matthew,
Was a slip from a crab apple tree!
Laughed when we women would punish
King George by giving up tea!
(How I missed my cup of Bohea!)
"So I have my sling in the morning,
My blackstrap at noon," said he,
"And my toddy at night, you'll not see me fight
For the sake of a swallow of tea.
What does it matter to me?"

The neighbors pointed the finger,
But he only chuckled to see.
Not even with Parson Jonas Clarke
Would my contrary man agree.
When Parson thundered against the Five
Intolerable Acts

Till the meeting-house hummed like an angry hive,
Matthew would mutter: "I'm still alive,
And my arms and legs are free.
What does it matter to me?"

That Tuesday I had been brewing
A fresh lot of beer for the flip
That Matthew will gulp by the mugful,
While of tea I have never a sip.
(But we've got King George on the hip!)
I'd been baking and sanding and scouring,
So I lighted a tallow dip
Tired bones to balm with a blessed psalm,
When a knock sent Rhoda, our slip
Of a lass, to the door with a skip.

But her face that had been so rosy
—And all for a lad in his teens—
Went white as she saw three strangers stand,
Their cloaks drawn close for screens.
A whisk of wind, and the moonlight showed
Flecks of the hated red.
Without a word those tall shapes strode
To our great brick oven; they stole its load
And back into darkness fled
With our supper of beans and brown bread.

The lobsters! I hope their noses
Were burned on the beanpot rim.
Home came my hungry Matthew,
His mouth uncommonly grim
As I told my tale with a vim.
He stooped with the flickering candle
To that oven empty and dim,
Then rose and sprung where his flintlock hung,
A patriot up to the brim!
At last it mattered to him.

New York Times

Katharine Lee Bates

THE HOME-COMING

*The Roman net grips land and sea,
Roman hearts are stones,
And on many a hill of Galilee
Shudders the bitter felon tree,
Whose fruit cries out and moans.*

"Set forth the supper," bade Joseph;
"Is not the day far spent?"
Weary he came from his workshop,
His heavy shoulders bent.

One daughter spread the rich-hued mat
And brought the wooden tray;
Another poured water on his hands
From a cruse of tawny clay;

Another fetched the stoup of wine
And the thin round cakes of bread,
The dish of herbs and the cheeses,
And after the prayer was said

James and Joses and Simon
Around the tray with him
Sat on the floor like Arabs,
While Juda ran to trim

The lamp and see that the floating
Wick on the oil burned clean,
For he might not sit with the men-folk
Till his years had touched thirteen.

But our Lady Mary tarried,
Leaning out over the sill
Of the door till she heard the steps she loved
Climbing Nazareth hill.

"Welcome, my Ever-Truant,
My Slip-away-under-the-Stars!
Have you brought me fresh rose-laurel
For the mouths of our water-jars?"

But the face of the world's desire
Was pale as a poplar leaf;
The young face framed in the open door
Was wan and wild as never before,
A face acquainted with grief.

"You are long away," quoth Joseph,
But his tone might not condemn
The firstborn son of his household,
Remembering Bethlehem;

"We have labored from dawn to even
With many a fruitless wish
For our master-carver, yet sit at board
And dip your hand in the dish."

Still Jesus stood in the doorway,
His eyes dark pools of pain;
Muffled in purple cloak, he seemed
The shadow of a dream that dreamed
Divinely and in vain.

His sisters drew off his sandals
And washed and dried his feet,
While his touch on their bowed heads blessed them
For their service deft and sweet.

"There is blood on his sleeve," cried Simon,
But Josès laughed: "Such flings
The knife when it cuts a creature's throat.
He has chanced on the slaying of sheep or goat,
He who sickens at common things."

"Nay!" chided James, upspringing,
Leal Brother of our Lord;
"He has met the men of Herod the Fox,
Hunting the rebels from out their rocks.
O Galilee under the sword!"

"Have they hurt you?" sobbed little Juda,
"Hurt you whom the smallest bird
Will not flutter away from?" But Jesus
Answered never a word.

How could Love find speech for the horror
No beauty should henceforth hide?
How could Pity forevermore forget
Those feet he had kissed, still red and wet,
Of a young Jew crucified?

The Virginia Quarterly Review

Katharine Lee Bates

THE LAST RACE

I have the mount on Courage to-day,
And Death is riding the White,
Through the paddock gate, with a smile at fate,
To the track in the slanting light.

The odds on Death are short, they say,
And how shall a sportsman choose?
There is just one test, you must ride your best,
Then you win, if you win or lose.

We face the flag on our hill-rimmed course,
It falls to a perfect start.
No waiting race—we must set the pace.
The pace that will break his heart.

On the long back stretch we lead by a length,
Old Courage asserting his pride,
Till Death shows fight and calls on the White
He rides! for he *has* to ride.

As we swing to the straight, we are still in the van,
My horse at the top of his speed,
With Death's coming fast—we are nearing the last,
And the last is already decreed.

The horses, lapped to their saddle girths,
Rush through like a storm-swept fire—
Death wins! Bravo! But I laugh in his face,
As he noses me out at the wire.

The Outlook

Ernest Harold Baynes

AND THE DREAMERS OF DREAMS

*Let us dream
For wisdom is the folly of sages,
But dreaming, the wisdom of fools.*

A maiden there is
Who may never be seen by the peeper
But is playmate with children and fools
and the dreamers of dreams.

She knows that the savant is lustful
and seeks to betray her,
And will hold her up bare to the world,
But she trusts herself freely to children
And reveal her chaste beauty to fools
and the dreamers of dreams.

So science shall never find her, and the
searchers shall seek her in vain,
And her loveliness shall always
Be just for the children and fools
and the dreamers of dreams.

The Lyric West

John Oscar Beck

VOLATUS TRIUMPHANS

High enterprise of dreams, swift coursing vision,
Damning disaster and impatient yet,
With fierce derision
Scorning the hillslopes:
Now are your immemorial hopes
Made manifest in flight.
And all the limits of the skies
Revealed in this invincible surmise
Transcending night.

*Here on the roof of the earth—here in the paths of the
spheres,
Cleaned winged with imperious speed, the beathless com-
peer of time,*

*Bringing reverberate life to the dolorous sameness of
years,
Flight is the music of motors, the cadenced perfection of
rhyme.*

With dominate power and whispered prayer,
And impulse and promise of things to be,
With woven hope and disproved despair
And joy in freedom as winds are free—
So flight has traversed the boundless deep
Where worlds are severed and planets sleep,
The thin far ways of unchanging air,
The perilous waste of celestial sea.

There comes the electric word
Of the destiny of kings
And the clamor of nations is heard
As the Bessemer furnace flings
Its vomit of light through the murk
Where the master forgers work;
The mother of murder is brought to bed
Delivering lethal things.
There is born the new dominion
Of the steel of wheel and pinion
And the racing engines of doom
Thunder on lurching wings.

*For the old dogs sleep and are passing and Chronos has
tasted death,
And a whisper of change is heard and a tale of dissolving
hours;
There is romance and a high fulfillment in the string of
perfumed breath;
The wings of the dawn are a highway for man and his
martial powers.*

O Brothers, envious of death and fame,
Swept down in desperate Icarean flight:
The blinding darkness and the shattered frame,
The crimson embers blown across the night,
Are symbols in a pageant of despair
In desolated lands, deflowered and bare.

The red disaster of the horizon,
The dun blown smoke upon the lingering dawn,
The guns that thundered of oblivion,
And all machinery of strife are gone.
Only the cycles of the marching years
Tread down the graves of sleeping pioneers.

Wake now anew, strut, wheel and gear,
Confounding doubt, to haunt the sky.
Trace the source of the year
In passionless haste, without fear
See the worlds roll by.
Power of grace and motion,
High droning over fields,
Over ocean
And spray-lashed promontory:
Yours is the course of bold odysseic story.

*Far from the clamor of toil, from vapor and smoke and
weather,
Mounting the cloven heaven to mock at the scornful gods,
Cut off from the populous earth and earthly things al-
together,
Rises the dream of the ages, wrought with co-ordinate
rods.*

O fugitive sweep of wings,
O variant dial and gage:
Yours is the impulse that brings
The fire of a new romance,
The joy of aerial chance,
To quicken a pulseless age.

*All guardian gods that be, consecrate, throned on high;
Thrill now to immutable song, to triumph articulate,
Fling back the oblivious portals that cloister the ways of
the sky,
For man on the wings of the tempest is conquering time
and fate.*

The Hartford Courant

Lucius Beebe

THE MOUNTAIN WHIPPOORWILL

(Or, How Hill-Billy Jim Won The Great Fiddlers' Prize)

(A Georgia Romance)

Up in the mountains, it's lonesome all the time,
(Sof' win' slewin' thu' the sweet-potato vine).

Up in the moutains, it's lonesome for a child,
(Whippoorwills a-callin' when the sap runs wild).

Up in the mountains, mountains in the fog,
Everythin's as lazy as an old houn' dog.

Born in the mountains, never raised a pet,
Don't want nuthin' an' never got it yet.

Born in the mountains, lonesome-born,
Raised runnin' ragged thu' the cockle-burrs and corn.

Never knew my pappy, mebbe never should.
Think he was a fiddle made of mountain laurel-wood.

Never had a mammy to teach me pretty-please.
Think she was a whippoorwill, a-skitin' thu' the trees.

Never had a brother ner a whole pair of pants,
But when I start to fiddle, why, yuh got to start to dance!

Listen to my fiddle—Kingdom Come—Kingdom Come!
Hear the frogs a-chunkin' "Jug o' rum! Jug o' rum!"
Hear that mountain whippoorwill be lonesome in the air,
An' I'll tell yuh how I travelled to the Essex County Fair.

Essex County has a mighty pretty fair,
All the smarty fiddlers from the South come there.

Elbows flyin' as they rosin up the bow
For the First Prize Contest in the Georgia Fiddlers' Show.

Old Dan Wheeling, with his whiskers in his ears,
King-pin fiddler for nearly twenty years.

Big Tom Sargent, with his blue wall-eye,
An' Little Jimmy Weezer that can make a fiddle cry.

*All sittin' roun', spittin' high an' struttin' proud,
(Listen, little whippoorwill, yuh better bug your eyes!)
Tun-a-tun-a-tunin' while the jedges told the crowd
Them that got the mostest claps'd win the bestest prize.*

Everybody waitin' for the first tweedle-dee,
When in comes a-stumblin'—hill billy me!

Bowed right pretty to the jedges an' the rest,
Took a silver dollar from a hole inside my vest,

Plunked it on the table an' said, "There's my callin'-card!
An' any one that licks me—well, he's got to fiddle hard!"

Old Dan Wheeling, he was laughin' fit to holler,
Little Jimmy Weezer said, "There's one dead dollar!"

Big Tom Sargent had a yaller-toothy grin,
But I tucked my little whippoorwill spang underneath
my chin,
An' petted it an' tuned it till the jedges said, "Begin!"

Big Tom Sargent was the first in line;
He could fiddle all the bugs off a sweet-potato-vine.

He could fiddle down a possum from a mile-high tree.
He could fiddle up a whale from the bottom of the sea.

Yuh could hear hands spankin' till they spanked each
other raw,
When he finished variations on "Turkey in the Straw".

Little Jimmy Weezer was the next to play;
He could fiddle all night, he could fiddle all day.

He could fiddle chills, he could fiddle fever,
He could make a fiddle rustle like a lowland river.

He could make a fiddle croon like a lovin' woman.
And they clapped like thunder when he's finished
strummin'.

Then came the ruck of the bob-tailed fiddlers,
The let's-go-easies, the fair-to-middlers.

They got their claps an' they lost their bicker,
An' settled back for some more corn-licker.

An' the crowd was tired of their no-count squealing,
When out in the center steps Old Dan Wheeling.

*He fiddled high and he fiddled low,
(Listen, little whippoorwill, yuh got to spread yore wings!)*
*He fiddled with a cherrywood bow.
(Old Dan Wheeling's got bee-honey in his strings.)*

He fiddled the wind by the lonesome moon,
He fiddled a most almighty tune.

He started fiddling like a ghost,
He ended fiddling like a host.

He fiddled north an' he fiddled south,
He fiddled the heart right out of yore mouth.

He fiddled here and he fiddled there,
He fiddled salvation everywhere.

*When he was finished, the crowd cut loose,
(Whippoorwill' they's rain on yore breast.)*
An' I sat there wonderin' "What's the use?"
(Whippoorwill, fly home to yore nest!)

But I stood up pert and I took my bow,
And my fiddle went to my shoulder, so.

An'—they wasn't no crowd to get me fazed—
But I was alone where I was raised.

Up in the mountains, so still it makes yuh skeered,
Where God lies sleepin' in his big white beard.

An' I heard the sound of the squirrel in the pine,
An' I heard the earth a-breathin' thu' the long night-time

They've fiddled the rose, an' they've fiddled the thorn,
But they haven't fiddled the mountain-corn.

They've fiddled sinful an' fiddled moral,
But they haven't fiddled the breshwood-laurel.

They've fiddled loud, an' they've fiddled still,
But they haven't fiddled the whippoorwill.

I started off with a *dump-diddle-dump*,
(*Oh, hell's broke loose in Georgia!*)
Skunk-cabbage growin' by the bee-gum stump.
(*Whippoorwill, yore singin' now!*)

Oh, Georgia booze is mighty fine booze,
The best yuh ever poured yuh,
But it eats the soles right offen yore shoes,
For Hell's broke loose in Georgia.

My mother was a whippoorwill pert,
My father, he was lazy,
But I'm hell broke loose in a new store shirt
To fiddle all Georgia crazy.

Swing yore partners—up and down the middle!
Sashay now—oh, listen to that fiddle!
Flapjacks flippin' on a red-hot griddle,
An' hell broke loose,
Hell broke loose,
Fire on the mountains—snakes in the grass.
Satan's here a-bilin'—oh, Lordy, let him pass!
Go down Moses, set my people free,
Pop goes the weasel thu' the old Red Sea!
Jonah sittin' on a hickory bough,
Up jumps a whale—an' where's yore prophet now?
Rabbit in the pea-patch, possum in the pot,
Try an' stop my fiddle, now my fiddle's gettin' hot!
Whippoorwill, singin' thu' the mountain hush,
Whippoorwill, shoutin' from the burnin' bush,
Whippoorwill, cryin' in the stable door,
Sing to-night as yuh never sang before!
Hell's broke loose like a stompin' mountain-shoat,
Sing till yuh bust the gold in yore throat!
Hell's broke loose for forty miles aroun'
Bound to stop yore music if yuh don't sing it down.
Sing on the mountains, little whippoorwill,
Sing to the valleys, an' slap 'em with a hill,

For I'm struttin' high as an eagle's quill,
An' hell's broke loose.
Hell's broke loose,
Hell's broke loose in Georgia!

They wasn't a sound when I stopped bowin',
(*Whippoorwill, yuh can sing no more.*)
But, somewhere or other, the dawn was growin',
(*Oh, mountain whippoorwill!*)

An' I thought, "I've fiddled all night an' lost.
"Yo're a good hill-billy, but yuh've been bossed."

So I went to congratulate old man Dan,
—But he put his fiddle into my han'—
An' then the noise of the crowd began.

The Century Magazine

Stephen Vincent Benét

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S WIFE

Times she'll sit quiet by the hearth, and times
She'll ripple with a fit of twinkling rhymes
And rise and pirouette and flirt her hand,
Strut jackdaw-like, or stamp a curt command
Or, from behind my chair, suddenly blind me;
Then, when I turn, be vanished from behind me.

Times she'll be docile as the gentlest thing
That ever blinked in fur or folded wing,
And then like lightning in the dead of night
Fill with wild, crackling, intermittent light
My mind and soul and senses—and next be
Aloof, askance as a dryad in a tree.

Then she'll be gone for days; when next I turn,
There, coaxing yellow butter from the churn,
Rubbing to silver every pan of tin
Or conjuring color from the rooms within
Through innocent flowers, she'll hum about the house
Bright-eyed and secret as a velvet mouse.

'Tis not your will They do, no, nor the Will
That hushes Anselm's chapel overhill.
Something that drifts in clouds, that sings in rain,
That laughs in sunlight, shudders in the pain
Of desolate seas, or broods in basking earth
Governs Their melancholy and Their mirth.

Elusive still! Elusive as my reason
For trudging woodward in or out of season
To swing the ringing axe, as year by year
The inexplicable end draws slowly near,
And, in between, to think and think about it,
Life's puzzling dream, deride, believe—and doubt it.

But if I leave her seriously alone
She comes quite near, pre-empting some woodland stone,
Spreads out her kirtle like a shimmering dress
And fills my mind's remorseful emptiness
With marvellous jewels made of words and wit
Till all my being sings because of it;

Sings of the way her bronze hair waves about
And how her amber-lighted eyes peer out;
Sings of her sudden laughter floating wild,
Of all her antics of a fairy child,
Of her uplifted head and swift, demure
Silence and awe, than purity more pure.

So I must scratch my head and drop my axe,
While in her hands my will is twisted wax;
So, when she goes, deaf, dumb, and blind I sit
Watching her empty armchair opposite,
Witched by evasive brightness in the brain
That grows full glory, when she comes again.

Scribner's Magazine

William Rose Benét

WHALE

*Rain, with a silver flail;
Sun, with a golden ball;
Ocean, wherein the whale
Swims minnow-small;*

*I heard the whale rejoice
And cynic sharks attend;
He cried with a purple voice,
"The Lord is my Friend!"*

*"With flanged and battering tail,
With huge and dark baleen,
He said, 'let there be Whale
In the Cold and Green!'*

*"He gave me a water spout,
A side like a harbor wall;
The Lord from cloud looked out
And planned it all.*

*"With glittering crown atilt
He leaned on a glittering rail;
He said, 'Where sky is spilt,
Let there be Whale."*

*"Tier upon tier of wings
Blushed and blanched and bowed;
Phalanxed fiery things
Cried in the cloud;*

*"Million-eyed was the mirk
At the plan not understood;
But the Lord looked on his work
And saw it was good.*

*"He gave me marvelous girth
For the curve of back and breast,
And a tiny eye of mirth
To hide His jest.*

*"He made me a floating hill,
A plunging deep-sea mine.
This was the Lord's will;
The Lord is Divine.*

*"I magnify his name
In earthquake and eclipse,
In weltering molten flame
And wrecks of ships,*

"In waves that lick the moon;
I, the plough of the sea!
I am the Lord's boon,
The Lord made me!"

The sharks barked from beneath,
As the great whale rollicked and roared,
"Yes, and our grinning teeth,
Was it not the Lord?"

Then question pattered like hail
From fishes large and small.
"The Lord is mighty," said Whale,
"The Lord made all!

"His is a mammoth jest
Life may never betray;
He has laid it up in His breast
Till Judgment Day;

"But high when combers foam
And tower their last of all,
My power shall haul you home
Through Heaven wall.

"A trumpet then in the gates,
To the ramps a thundering drum,
I shall lead you where He waits
For His Whale to come.

"Where His cloudy seat is placed
On high in an empty dome,
I shall trail the Ocean abased
In chains of foam,

"Unwieldy, squattering dread;
Where the blazing cohorts stand
At last I shall lift my head
As it feels His hand.

"Then wings with a million eyes
Before mine eyes shall quail:
'Look you, all Paradise,
I was His Whale!'

*I heard the Whale rejoice,
As he splayed the waves to a fan;
"And the Lord shall say with His Voice,
'Leviathan!'*

*"The Lord shall say with His Tongue,
'Now let all Heaven give hail
To my Jest when I was young,
To my very Whale!'"*

*Then the Whale careered in the Sea,
He floundered with flailing tail;
Flourished and rollicked he,
"Aha! Mine Empery!
For the Lord said, 'Let Whale Be!'
And there Was Whale!"*

The New Republic

William Rose Benét

GIVE NOT WITH YOUR HANDS

Give not with your hands; they might break, lifting
mountains.
Give not with your lips, shaping words like blue swords,
or lanterns of silver, to fail.
Give with your heart, like earth, the old giver,
Not knowing what life shall come out of its wholeness,
Thundering the white pear branches of Spring from its
silent dark!

The Nation

MacKnight Black

THE GLORY OF ALL ENGLAND

I.

There are some who think of England with its ways of
shell-pink may,
(And those who ne'er have seen them have ne'er seen
Heaven's Spring)
When God is whispering in a world of softly falling
rains;

They think of foxgloved highways which the Queen
shares with her laces and the hedge-rose nestles
close:

Of its "'igh 'olly 'edges" and its woods of rhododendron
in their growth of two men high:

Of its crags and banks "where the wild thyme grows"
and its glens of Hart's-tongue fern:

Of its moors of purple heather, and its heaths of peace-
ful sheep

"Where storms are lovers" ever, and the winds are wel-
come friends.

II.

There are those who think of England with its gardens
drenched with dew;

Where the rose takes on a beauty and a glory unsur-
passed:

Where the poppies shed their fools-caps and close with
evening's dusk,

And the primrose opes its petals and greets the new
white moon;

Where the wallflower's gold and the larkspur's blue
Hold court with the chaliced lily so full of the night's
sweet dew;

With all enclosed by a southern wall where the peaches
sun their cheeks

And the berried fruits grow luscious for Devon's far-
famed cream

With a lavender walk for an aisle of myrrh

That leads to a white farm-gate.

III.

But "the glory of the garden" is not the greatest glory
of the four-leafed British Crown:

The glory of all England, supreme and time-defied,
Are the trees that spread their branches o'er Britain's
hard-fought lands:

The trees that bring the nightingale to Oxted and the
lark to Windsor's park:

The tall dark pines that stand like sentinels before the
citadels of night;

The limpid linden and the leafy lime: the song-trees of
 the roads:
 The spired spruce: the cathedral tree of legend of which
 a Saviour's Cross was hewn;
 The hemlock that has seen the rule and fall of England's
 kings and the tragedies of her queens:
 The larch of lacy green: as soft and gentle as an infant's
 breath yet counts its age in centuries of time;
 The feathery fir: the white-clad minister of wintry days:
 The cool green yew: "that yew-tree's shade" in which an
 Elegy was writ;
 The oak, that Majesty of Strength defying storm and
 time and space:
 Symbols of Britain's strength are these: from Roman
 days and Saxon rule.

IV.

Let others sing of England's roses rare: of her heather
 and her may;
 But to me:
 The glory of all England is in her trees sublime:
 The lordly trees of Arthur's time!

Scribner's Magazine

Edward W. Bok

PSALMS OF THE SEA: THE CONVERT

The Lord is my Shepherd on the Meadows of the Sea:
 His Eye and His Arm are with me in the flying scud.
 Tho' the froth of wickedness rises to my lips, His gale
 will erase it,
 And my curses shall be lost in the waters, while my
 prayers shall rise to God.
 I shall venture forth on the bosom of Death, serene in
 my Faith.
 The ropes and the masts are my doing,
 But if they fail my Faith shall endure,
 For in Life the Peace of God is on me, and in death His
 waters cleanse me.
 His power and glory are revealed to me;

For I have dreaded Him in the vast waters, and wor-
shipped Him in the stars.
Now I have dared my ignorance and made a song unto
Him.

In the short leisure and simple words of the sea.

The Double Dealer

Everett Boston

RAIN

Rain, rain, rain.

I find its endless splash delightful.

Now it rushes with a spiteful
Jar against the window pane.

Now it has a soft, low fall,
Like the tap of old desire.

And I sit beside my fire,
Vacant, with no thought at all,

Eased of passion, eased of pain,
Eased almost of long ambition,
Melted by the slow attrition
Of the rain, rain, rain.

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post *Gamaliel Bradford*

THE LOT

I've seen a specialist who thinks
He can relieve my ills,
Smooth out my complicated kinks
With neither drugs nor pills.

He has effected gorgeous cures,
At least to hear him talk,
Heals others' evils—why not yours,
And makes the half-dead walk.

If I could choose—don't think it odd—
From all lots that exist,
I first would be Almighty God,
And next a specialist.

The Lyric

Gamaliel Bradford

DREAMS

Come to me in my dreams, and I
Will mitigate your vague distress;
When waking life has hurried by
I shall have time for tenderness.

The pressure of immense affairs,
Of other loves and other wars,
Afflicts me now with vaster cares;
Dreams will be quite enough for yours.

The Lyrio

Gamaliel Bradford

THE THYROID GLAND

If you removed' my thyroid gland,
I should become an ox,
Without the power to command
A single paradox.

The interest I feel in God
Is all my thyroid gland.
My quick inventions quaint and odd,
The glorious works I planned,

The splendid sweep my fancy takes
Wide over sea and land,
Also my various mistakes,
Are all my thyroid gland.

The Forum

Gamaliel Bradford

IN AUTUMN TONES

I.

DREAMERS

They have not seen beyond their garden wall,
These asters and petunias, but still,
Weavers of dream, they do not think at all
Of fires the sumach kindles, nor how hill
On hill grows strange with a foreboding blue.
Even such ancient syllables of grief

As, lightly scrawled, blur Summer's script anew,
Fade here, unread, leaf after tattered leaf.

If radiance like this goes out in gray
Forgetfulness; and if for things so frail
And beautiful there be no secret way
Of swift escape from some harsh-fingered gale,—
Let them dream on, untroubled...these who go
Where scented flame is ash beneath the snow.

N. Y. Sun

II GARDEN GHOSTS

This garden wears unmoldered memories
For those the dusk returns by two and two:
A straying wistfulness among the trees,
Some haunting sense of secret rendezvous.
Only a shimmer, less than any light,
Of hair, once bright against the gloom, or thrill,
Futile and faint, of passion on the night
Marks where they loiter...plighted lovers still.

They need not know—who are forever done
With stricken beauty in the hearts of men,
And singing summers flown, one after one,—
These shabby elms are tenantless again.
The lily pond is dust, the garden wall
Crumbling...but this they need not know at all.

N. Y. Sun

III DAY'S END

This slow far-gathering of gloom to hood
The hills still flushed with sunset, and to trail
Along the gleam of waters, unwithstood,
A sorcery of purple like a veil,—
This is no twilight, but a mood grown gray
And inarticulate...brooding over all
The summers gone their unremorseful way
Leaving brown fields, and stricken leaves to fall.

Wearing her silver mist of memory,
The moon will walk along these autumn-blurred
Old ways, and, one thrilled moment, there will be
The floating fragrance of a face...or word;
And pastures, hushed and wistful, where they wait,
Will dream again of flocks they lost of late.

N. Y. Sun

IV

SHE WILL BE PROUD

There need be nothing said, unless it be
Hers are the unforgotten, fragrant ways
Of queenly loveliness, for this is she
Whom many men adored in other days.
And nothing need be said at all of glints
Like gold along her thinning, faded hair;
Of faintly hectic lips, and wine-red tints
In fluttering scarfs that she has come to wear.

For, in old ways that women know, she will
Be proud...who wore the summer like a rhyme
Of roses on her brow...and wistful still
For poppies in her purple aster time.
So, let there be no piteous word or sigh
Where, veiled in violet, she passes by.

Kansas City Star

V

LATE HARVEST

Now I, who have no field, nor any bin,
Knowing how grave my need, go out to glean
The weightless harvest I would gather in
Against the time when days are drab and lean.
Some still ungarnered glow, like memories
Faling along the stubble, dreams of Spring
Folded away in meadow-mint,—for these
Day after day my heart goes harvesting.

Beyond this shimmer that pale-memored
November wears, there will be dearth... I fear

For those, like me, with hungry hearts to feed
Now that the gray, far-gathered wisps draw near,—
For those still seeking wisps of beauty where
Strange winds begrudge the gleaner's ancient share.

Kansas City Star

Margaret Perkins Briggs

THE ANGEL THAT MISSED CHRISTMAS

Along the hills the echoes died away
And the great light grew dim, till Bethlehem's plain
Lay dark again as any plain of earth.
And while the shepherds sped to find the Babe,
Straw-cradled in the windy cattle shed,
The choiring host swept back the long white road
To Heaven's portals, and the portals closed
Behind them. Swiftly in their train
Came a young angel from a task of God,
A task of mercy to a distant sphere;
And learning from the glad exciting throng
How he had missed his part in their great song,
He sought with downcast eyes the Amazing Throne,
To render his account of duty done.
And the All-father, as He heard his tale,
His shadowed face beheld, and knew his woe,
And bending low He whispered to him there:
"You too shall sing that song they sang tonight,
The hour will come when He shall need it more,
And you shall be my messenger of peace."

The long years passed and deeds in Heaven were done
For help of mortals, while that Life begun
The night the heavens sang drew to its close.
Then came a summons to the Amazing Throne
For him who missed the song. A whispered word
And off he sped the long and star-hung way
To where some olives made a garden old,
And pale beneath the olives' shade a Man.
Great drops that gleamed as blood were on His brow,
His eyes, like coals, burned in their agony,
And burdens like the mountains of man's sin

Lay on His shoulders in a crushing load,
To the wide skies He lifted up His face,
"May this cup pass" He cried "yet as Thou wilt."
Swiftly to Him the eager angel ran
And poured into His ears the well-learned song:
"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et
In terra pax, hominibus bonae
Voluntatis."

And for a moment broke
A light upon that garden like the light
That shone o'er Bethlehem. Straight from the ground
The agony all gone, the doubting past,
The stricken Man arose, held up His head,
Moved steadfastly where coming torches gleamed,
And the world's Christ was ready for His Cross.

The Continent

Willaim E. Brooks

THE RICH YOUNG RULER QUESTIONS

The night grew late, nor yet Matthias paused
In the swift perturbed pace he had kept these hours
Beneath the palms, there at the garden's edge,
As a tiger pads his way from bar to bar.
Long since the purple twilight passed to dark,
Even the singing night-birds now were still,
Only the wind stirred, bearing on its wings
The odors raped from all the sleeping flowers,
Nodding and sleeping under the waning moon.
A night it seemed for quiet and deep thought
Of far-off, faint, and half forgotten things—
But quiet found no dwelling in his heart.

"What is there these men know that I know not,
What have they that to me is still denied?
Born as they were in sodden Galilee
To ignorant years and dull and clownish ways,
They bear themselves as princes bear themselves,
And lords that know no fear of heaven or earth,
Not proud but confident of their great power.
And yet what is their power? They hold no place,
The Roman scorns them and shrewd Caiaphas

Has sworn that he will hang them on a tree
As once he hung their Master. Yet serene
They walk their way as though they feared no man,
Telling in Temple porch, in crowded street,
The same wild story of their risen Lord,
And how besides them all the days He goes.
Poor fools, to find their peace in such a tale!
Today men stoned, beyond the city wall,
One Stephen, of their company, to death.
He died with a great glory on his face,
More glad in death than most men are in life...
What have they brings this peace that I know not?
I, of high place, with name of wide renown,
With power beyond my years in Sanhedrin,
This Palace and these gardens for mine ease,
A host of slaves that listen to my call,
And fleets that scour the utmost alien seas
To add each year new treasure to my store . . .
I all, they naught, of things that all men praise,
They all, I naught, of that my soul desires!

"There was a day in my ecstatic youth,
A quiet morning when He passed this way,
Their Master who they say has brought them peace,
And I ran to Him, kneeling in the road,
And asked of Him the secret they had learned,
He bade me leave behind and follow Him,
This house, these gardens, all my rich estate,
Throwing them to the poor with never a thought.
A fool He thought me, but I was no fool,
To sell the surety my father gave,
And all my toil had added to the store,
To follow a Madman's dream about the world,
A wanderer with no place to lay my head.
'Twas not for me, I knew the power of gold,
The power of place, and so I held my own . . .
I hold it still and all men call me great.
And yet I miss one thing they seem to have,
These clowns of Galilee with the radiant eyes . . .
Sometimes I wonder did He think me fool!"

GHOSTS

The wind is full of ghosts tonight.

Let them carry your body far.

Let them bury you out of sight

Under a brooding star.

I can not weep for blood or bone.

Flesh grown cold or eyes that stare.

Let them tuck you under a stone.

Little, little I care.

For the wind is full of ghosts that talk,

And I a rendezvous must keep

With something more than dust and chalk

Before I sleep.

The Step Ladder

Marion Francis Brown

PLUSH

How placidly the window goddesses

Lean toward us in their perfect bodices—

Yearn outward o'er the street's depravity

As if they'd lost their sense of gravity!

The China lips smile so divinely—

The little finger poised so finely:

"Some tea, my dear?" in solemn hush

Of silks and furs and rugs and plush.

We ramp and stamp and kick and shove,

We woo and wed and bed and love,

We make a fog and think we dream,

And never guess the thing we seem.

In winter, summer, spring and fall,

The jolly lamp-posts see it all:

The dumpling dames, the dapper friskers,

The grandmamas with woggly whiskers

The "shine-'em-ups," the gob, the wop,

The wonders of the traffic cop:

The shoppers, swappers, doughty doers—

From gouging folk to digging sewers;

The girl who "never knowed what fear meant,"
Who shakes her hip and snaps her Spearmint;
The high School gang's embattled quorum
Who arm-in-arm sweep all before 'em,
Who bob their hair because its quicker,
And wear their fellow's yellow slicker,
Who shriek and shrill and push and splutter,
And make poor Grandpa take the gutter!
Ah, God! how grand to be alive,
Like busy bees out of a hive!

*Yet still the placid window goddesses
Lean toward us in their perfect bodices!
The China lips smile on divinely,
The little finger poised so finely—
"Some tea, my dear?" in solemn hush
Of silks and furs and rugs and plush.*

Once for a moment flushed and rare
A lad and maiden loiter there;
In turn their lips move, but no word
Above the Babel can be heard.
Yet as they mutely murmuring stand,
And hand in secret touches hand,
Heart into heart and soul is flowing
With all life's wisdom worth the knowing.
But the blind armies moil and mutter,
And drown the simple words they utter.

*Yet still the placid window goddesses
Lean o'er them in their perfect bodices.
The China lips smile on divinely—
The little finger poised so finely—
"Some tea, my dears?" in solemn hush
Of silks and furs and rugs and plush.*

Then poor bowed beggars come to mind
Who get their bread by being blind:
The face where eighty years are written,
In squirming little letters bitten;
The lad's face too, a clean fair paper,
Who yet shall cut his little caper—
Yea, even now, in those blue eyes
And cheeks like softest satin, lies

That four-score years, a single wink,
Traced in Time's sympathetic ink,
Who hides all now but to reveal
And scourge and sere—then once more heal.
There is the friend who yet could win you,
Once all in all confided in you—
Sworn brothers in the good old days:
And now you go your several ways
With "Hello, Harry," "Hello, Jake,"
"How's everything?"—a friendly shake.
There stands a man without his dinner,
Hugging his coat about him thinner.
And there's a thing were better dead,
With lips and cheeks and tie so red:
That He-man swore, By Gawd, he lubbed her!
Then in a backstairs bedroom clubbed her.
The sidewalks quake, the windows rattle
Beneath the banging of the battle.

*Yet still the placid window goddesses
Lean o'er them in their perfect bodices.
And if a shudder stirs some lace,
There's not a tremor in the face;
The China lips smile on divinely,
The little finger poised so finely—
"Some tea, my dear?" in solemn hush
Of silks and furs and rugs and plush.*

At six o'clock the crowd is thickest,
At six o'clock the step is quickest.
Yet though so many heads are there,
Their thoughts inside are all elsewhere;
And soon, as if but spectres hollow,
Their restless bodies up and follow
Out to the places they are keeping
For eating, shaving, dressing, sleeping.
At last the houses dim their light,
Nod like their owners in the night;
And windows look, beneath the coping,
Like sleepers with their mouths wide open.

So in the central busy streets
Scarcely a living soul one meets.

When folks are safely tucked in bed
 Their monster for a time lies dead;
 Then shadows waver down the street
 Instead of heads and hands and feet;
 Worn car-tracks gleam, and upper wires
 Are touched and caught with flashing fires;
 The arc-lights gulp and catch and sputter;
 Stray bits of paper rasp and flutter;
 The stores lie dark and deep and chill,
 With none to pause and peer. *But still*
 The China lips smile on divinely,
 The little finger poised so finely—
 "Some tea, my dear?" in midnight hush
 Of silks and furs and rugs and plush.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Howard Buck

WATER I'LL HAVE

Now it's water I'll have to live beside
 If it's only a brook through a hollow,
 It needn't be deep, nor yet be wide,
 But alive for my eyes to follow.
 Alive, with a voice that my heart may know
 And a tale that my heart may hearken.
 Over it swiftly wind will blow
 As each day's shadows darken.
 And the way of the water and wind will bring
 Rest from a word once spoken,
 Forgetfulness of a dreary thing,
 And an old, old promise broken.

The Outlook

Dorothy Burgess

THE UNKNOWN WIND

Wind from beyond the worlds, wind without sound,
 Wind of no season and no certain name,
 I dreamed, and as I dreamed, unknown you came.
 Moving between the trees, along the ground,

No leaf bent to your breath, no branch was found
Broken and dropped. You did not mar nor maim
One blade of grass, but whispering, went, the same
Wind of no cold, no warmth, wind outward bound.

There is a garden where you sometimes stir
Water to cloudy blue, and sometimes lift
Smooth leaves to let the golden sunlight sift
Across the hair and eyes and hands of her
Who waits alone. Wind, is it far to go?
I would be swift upon a way you know.

The Measure

Dorothy Burgess

THREE MEN

In a house born of the brown earth
And dying back to earth again
Without any desire to be more than earth
And without any particular pain,
Beside a mother-ditch giving
To fields not yet tall,
Three men were sitting with poems on their knees—
And they heard the wind rise and fall.
And one of them heard his own voice rising,
And one of them heard his own voice falling,
And the other heard only the summons of the wind
And wondered where it was calling.

The Nation

Witter Bynner

A BUFFALO DANCE AT SANTO DOMINGO (New Mexico)

Dawn came—

Not yet before us, where the sun was,
But behind us on a snow-peak.

Before us were the desert-hills,
All the barer for being spotted with pinyons;
And on the ridge,
Clustered black against the cold sky,
Were figures too still to be men.

Behind us, at the open edge of the plaza,
Stood the blanketed singers and drummers:
A thick crescent they were, curving toward a star.
And the star-man was taller than the moon-men,
And taller than he was the staff
Which he raised and lowered in the rhythm of the song,
With a shaking of its top-knot of buffalo-toes.

And then the figures on the hill,
Too still until now to be men,
Ran to and fro, criss-crossing the little canyons,
And changed into men
And changed into boys, into children,
And they came down the brown hill,
Pursuing,
With rests for renewal,
Two buffaloes,
Four deer,
Two elks,
Two antelopes.

And round us,
At a distance from the waiting chorus
Whose song gave welcome to the sun
And to the godly animals,
Were men and women and children of the pueblo;
And a few of them sat on the walls of old roofless houses,
And most of them wore their blankets hooding their heads
from the chill;
And all of them were watching and were silent,
Except the chorus
Which was earth itself
With a song
That followed
The rising and the falling of the hills.

Two buffaloes,
Bare-bodied,
High-maned;
A woman,
Broad-bosomed,
But moving like a small bird;

Four deer,
White-coated,
With white fluff on their antlers
And white lace on their legs
And with brightly embroidered kilts of old meaning;
Two antelopes
Yellow,
With white chests;
Two elks
With straight horns, green-pronged, down their shoulders;
They entered the plaza.

And the faces of the men,
Being black,
Were no longer the faces of men
But were lost in the godly presences
Of two buffaloes, four deer, two elks, and two antelopes.

And now, for the dance, there was a hunter,
With eagle-feathers hung from head to ankle
And with a swinging bow and arrow.

And they danced the sun up
And carried it on their shoulders
Into the kiva,
Where it should take counsel with gods and men.

And soon they were back again, to dance,
Back with the sun in the plaza.

The chorus,
Darkly sculptural at dawn,
Was vivid now as a mesa topped with plumes:
Closely curved rows of brightness,
With war-bonnets, with bows and guns,
With slashes and dots and angles of red and yellow paint
On their heightened faces
And with sprays of evergreen, to sing by, in their hands.

And then came another hunter,
Naked, slim, and black,
With a small, sharp helmet of black,
And he circled the dance,

Nervous, deliberate,
With his bow and arrow toward the godly animals.

Circling, foraging, pacing, pausing,
Scenting, shifting, crouching, speeding,
The buffaloes were buffaloes,
The deer were deer,
The elks were elks,
And the antelopes were antelopes:
Moccasins, lean-muscle legs, rain-girdles, shells of
turquoise,
Yet buffaloes, deer and elks and antelopes.

How could a short stick, held in two hands
And planted forward from a leaning back,
Become the two legs of an antelope?
How could a short stick held in two hands
And planted forward from a leaning back,
Become the two legs of an elk?
How could a short stick, held in two hands
And planted forward from a leaning back,
Become the sidelong poise of a listening deer?

Only the gods can tell us,
Only the gods who danced that day,
The gods who suddenly flung the beauty of animals
And the beauty of men
Into one quick rainfall rhythm of moccasins:

A steady fall, a broken fall, a fall blown circle-wise
The buffaloes in the center;
With the woman,
Who swayed between and about them like a smooth and
friendly wind;
And then the four deer, staffs in a row, feet behind them
beating;
And the two antelopes, who had run with delicate hoofs
and dainty necks, now beating a foot-song as
vital as the rest;
And the elks, with their large-stepping circles;
And the powerful hunter, with his dips and his calls;
And the subtle hunter, doubtful, hopeful,

Weaving, watching
The circling, the foraging, the pacing, the pausing,
The scenting, the shifting, the crouching, the springing;
And then the quick beat again
Of the moccasins of godly men . . .

All day they followed,
Slow as the sun,
Swift as the rain,
Through centuries . . .

All day the strong voices
In unison . . .

Till at sunset,
The chorus,
Ending its song and its drums,
Made us wonder why the wind had died on the moment,
Why the heart had ceased from hearing itself,
Where the water was lost that had been heaving through
the ditches,
And where the hoofs were gone from beating on the sky.

Dead, ceased, gone?
They?
Or we?

We saw, that night, the shadow,
Passing,
Of a hundred years upon a thousand years.

And a larger earth
Absolved us
Of ourselves
With a song of ourselves,
Of godly animals,
Of godly men
Who follow forever
The rising and the falling of the hills,
Deer, buffalo, elk, antelope, hunter,
Our thighs and ankles painted with the red adobe and
the white rain,
Our breast and forehead with the turquoise sky.

The Nation

Witter Bynner

CAUTION

Lurking in a velvet shadow,
She is still and cool and deep—
Tread here softly lest you waken
What she cradled into sleep.

Only stand upon her threshold;
Though her word be quiet-kind
Never step within a certain
Curious doorway of her mind.

Come with gentle understanding,
Guarding silence for her sake—
At a tremor or a heart-beat
What lies sleeping might awake!

The Commonweal

Gertrude Callaghan

TO RODIN'S STATUE OF AN OLD COURTESAN

Lean, shrunken limbs that were so finely formed,
Poor sagging breasts so meager now and gaunt,
Grim, withered cheeks and eyes so piteous
What is your want?

Is it a veil to mercifully shroud
Not shame but only beauty dispossessed?
Life up your head and meet their staring scorn
Who have not guessed

Of ecstasy like yours, who have not fought
The tug of human passion that you knew,
Nor felt the urge that dragged you to the depths
And blindly slew.

I only know the beauty that once lived
Part of your flesh; the courage and the fire
Within your eyes; the vast, stupendous force
Of your desire.

I still can feel the swiftness of those limbs
Too fleet for timid ways; I see the line
They missed, hair breadth, it lies between
The human and divine.

Sit not as though in shame before their eyes,
So great but so misguided in your role,
And when I pass look up that I may see
Your splendid soul!

New York Sun

Gertrude Callaghan

EARTH'S BREAST

Dear earth, it almost seems a sacrilege
After the patterned ways my feet have trod
On cobblestones and pavements beaten hard,
To set my sandaled feet upon your sod.
Oh shoes, tread lightly on the tender breast
Of earth. It breathes so near the heart of God.

The Forum

Elizabeth Barbara Canaday

BLIND ALLEY

Oh, on the four wings of the wind
I heard four tales of pity,
And I left my pastures far behind
And took my road to the city!
The road that ran through streets, and blind
Stopped in the pastures, walled and windy.

New York Sun

F. B. Capen

COUNSEL

No harvest shall they store
Who squander hopes galore
On May, nor mind September—
Remember, boy, remember!

Though corn be ripe for hook,
They'll wander off with brook
To fairy fields unplanted—
Enchanted, boy, enchanted!

And though their timothy
Wait scythe, they'd rather see
Diana's sickle mow it—
I know it, boy, I know it!

But if, down autumn's day,
You spend desires on May
Nor heed what I'm professing—
My blessing, boy, my blessing!

And should you haply sing
Green leaves, while harvesting
Their ghostly gold above you—
God love you, boy, God love you!

The Commonweal

Francis Carlin

DUSK-MEMORIES

O Dusk, be not so sweet!
I could better bear the pain
Lashed by some relentless wind,
Drenched by chilling rain.

Dusk, Dusk, the scent of you
Leaves me faint and weak;
Dead arms hold me tenderly,
Dead lips my lips seek.

Haste Night, with your black veil,
Bring you a blinding storm:
I can no longer bear the feel
Of this Dusk, clinging, warm.

The Harp

Ellen M. Carroll

TREES WRITE THEIR THOUGHTS

Trees write their thoughts upon the sky's wide page,
Pale sky of springtime, summer's virgin blue,
Or storm-whipped sky, blackbrowed and thick with rage.

Slim willows, golden green by rushing stream,
Trace daintily their tremulous, wistful hope
Of earth's awakening from her winter dream.

Maples are bold, and with gay, reckless hand
Their flaming words of springtime rapture fling
Where all who pass may read and understand.

Today I saw, shrunken and scarred by time,
A weathered cedar write on cold, north skies
Words of calm patience, and a faith sublime.

The Magnificat

A. Pearle Carter

CAPE COD MEMORY

These I shall weave into my tapestries
Of memory. Rustle of dying sedge;
A barren hill, above wind-bitten seas,
And three bent, twisted trees along its edge
Crouching, like old wives, patient, dulled by care.
Through gathering dusk they stand, listening in vain
For sound of those who left them waiting there,—
Watching for faces that come not again.

There comes no voice nor footstep through the night;
Only the moan of surf, and long, low whine
Of winds along the shore, gleaming white
The fog-drifts creep, in wavering, ghostly line.
Yet do they dumbly wait, as though they heard
Through the gray silence, a low-whispered word.

The Boston Transcript

A. Pearle Carter

THERE ARE SO MANY WAYS TO LOVE HIM

There are so many ways to love him
In this silken flower we're curled within—
Hung in the wind here far above them
Who cannot breathe where the air is thin.
First, there's the bee's way, honey-sipping,
Searching about with hasty feet;

Then there's the bird's way, winged, dipping
From height to height into valleys sweet;
Then there's the worm's kiss, slowly crawling;
And the butterfly's, that's scarce a touch;
But it's best when, as a cloud comes falling,
He shuts out the light who is light too much.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Helena Carus

QUAG-HOLE

He waited and, as he waited, grew less eager.
He had come first, believing he was anxious.
The quag lay buried in the darkness at his feet.
The village lights shone far between and meager.

He must not whistle here. His nerves grew tauter.
A wind, that rose among the woods behind him,
Died through the fields. Then silence—broken only
By turtles puddling the invisible bog water.

Then, through a stillness, listening, he heard
Her running on the path, night-terrified
Or eager. And he saw her body slacken
And look for him. She stopped. He never stirred.

But watched how credulously, hour by hour, she stood.
And when, at last, the longing woman went,
He set his face to make the nearest light,
And marched to beat the silence through the wood.

The Nation

Whittaker Chambers

HANDS ON A CARD-TABLE

A woman's hands, with polished finger-nail,
Creeping like puffy spiders on green baize,
Clicking the cards down softly as she plays.
Plump, pampered hands!—too lifeless to assail
The keys Cecilia pressed, or glean the frail
Ripe wheat that Ruth's hands gleaned! Forlorn I gaze
On hands of card-crazed women—how to praise,
How glorify the dulness of their tale?

Better for hands to swing the singing loom
The Lady of Sharlot turned pensively;
Or hold the gilded Book in a convent room
With sad Francesca, listening to the sea;
Or pluck the idle fruit which sealed the doom
Of lily-fingered lost Persephone.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Polly Chase

LITTLE THINGS

There is space in mountains,
Bravery at sea;
But the quiet suburbs mean
More to me.
Listen to the murmuring
Of my tree!

There are poems in passion,
Greater ones in grief—
But oh, the little poems I hear
In a leaf!
Like mine, its hour of sunlight is
Very brief.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Polly Chase

GOSSIP AT BOW MILLS

Blue pines embrace the little church at Bow
Where four roads tumble down the untrodden hill,
And half a dozen houses in the snow
Cluster and gossip round the silent mill.

They stood there silent in New England wise.
One smoked its chimney like a corncob pipe,
And one looked at me with unblinking eyes,
Testing ironic comment, not yet ripe.

And two or three, more female than the rest,
Twinkled their attic windows as I passed,
Watching, amused, the crazy winter guest
Who snowshoed where the deepest drifts were massed.

Keen but not hostile was the town of Bow,
Breaking its silence as I climbed the hill,
Gathered and chuckling in the shadowed snow,
Talking me over, clustered round the mill.

The Independent

Gerald Chittenden

DARK ENCOUNTER

*The grapes are mortal, the vintner divine.
The grapes are crushed; but there is wine.*

The lights and colors blared and sobbed in his too sensitive mind

As though they were instruments in the jazz orchestra,
While he stretched slender shanks beneath the cabaret table

And snared by clatter, chatter, sadly thought
Of the prison walls that he was hemmed between,
Built up of turmoil, jobs, of can and ought.
If he could pass beyond, what might be seen?
Perhaps the world's a mirror—past its rim
Dwells all that's here reflected blurred and dim.

A raucous macaw flew squawking by,
A smack of scarlet on his eye,
Then honey-sipping winged gems
Or flowers freed from slender stems
Or flying embers. humming-birds,
Bright jingles loosed from any words—
And then cacaphonous cockatoos,
Exquisite quetzals, proud hoopoes—

Explosions, they, of many hues,
Lashing yellows, flaming blues,
Gay founts of plumes, cascades of crests,
Brilliant tails and jewelled breasts!
And under all their vivid guise,
Anxious, pert, unhappy eyes!

He looked with wonder closer yet
Those men he'd just heard try to get
A drink had strangely hawk-like backs.

Those waiters clad in sober blacks,
Were they not gravely croaking crows?
He saw no men wherever he chose
To look—and claws, but not a hand.
Was this café a jungle land?
He sang as he stumbled to his feet
And made a clumsy, quick retreat,
“Oh, God, you vintner, serve the wine!
I’ll drink of life in gulps, not sips.
And if my very self’s the vine,
I’ll not withhold my trembling lips.”

His proud, unbridled nature then
Asserted power not of men.
He trotted, cantered, galloped, ran.
One half a horse, one half a man,
He felt at last himself and free.
He galloped now beside a sea.
Its waves all galloped gaily, too,
And tossed white manes on necks of blue.
The mountains galloped by his side.
He stopped and rolled and scratched his hide
There, kneeling on four knobby knees,
He watched the ballet of the trees,
The swaying trunks, the tossing limbs
That sun now brightens, shade now dims,
The shawls of emerald and jade
That glow within the forest glade.
A hamadryad softly stole
Out of each wrinkled, shaggy bole.
It made him rue his weight and size
To watch them bend and turn and rise.
He heard a blow, and then dull cracks.
He saw a woodsman’s flashing axe.
He watched each dryad seek her tree
With face cast down and trembling knee.
He saw quite close each frightened face
Of the gentle, tree-indwelling race—
Each life is one with where she dwells;
Each soul is prisoned in its cells.
He recognized his wife’s best friends—

Whom Domesticity commends—
The housewife host, both now and then
The wives of houses, not of men.

Night never leaves a forest quite,
There may be pools of molten light.
Sunshine will sprinkle down like snow;
But shadows never wholly go
And dark more speedily returns
Where every sapling early learns
Its need to raise its head to light.
The centaur soon was bathed in night.
And now the moonlight coats with gold
The topmost leaves and then the mold.
Now through the leafy porticos
The clangor of a revel flows
And down the shadowy colonnades
A boisterous band of spirits raids
With ringing shout and singing mirth
The exaltation of the earth—
Gods demonic, devils divine,
Minerva keeping all in line,
Apollo thumping on a drum,
Elijah slumberous and dumb,
Then sheep resembling men he knew—
Was this a fancy or was it true?—
Loyal employees almost well paid
And, consequently, more afraid
Of that which might disturb their peace
Than anxious to retain their fleece.
"Pater noster Te laudamus,"
They sang to an old hippopotamus . . .
His God, his neighbors and his boss
Had long seemed pompous, fat and cross.

A monkey shies nuts from the top of a tree
In supercilious charity.
Another swings by his tail from a bough,
"Return to our fathers' ways—here's how!"
While armour-skinned rhinoceri
Wiggle their ears and yearn to fly.
A flock of doves here coyly cooed,

Of doves whose want is to be wooed,
Resembling women not thought lewd
Whose one pursuit is being pursued.
Near pranced a satyr, laughing, slim,
The centaur waved a hand to him.
(A cloven hoof doesn't threaten you
Except in a patent leather shoe.)
Then hands and mouths and embryos
Went past with shapes that no one knows;
Then thrones, a house, a motor car—
What things we have we often are—
An ad, a sale, a smug review—
For many ARE the things they do.
And now a pack of lean, long hounds
Ran baying the moon with dolorous sounds.

The centaur fled from this—and found
Within himself a burning-ground,
Now ribald red, now hissing blue,
The sharp, clean flames burn ever through
All walls, all forms. They melt each cup
And lap big barns and nations up.
With pestilence and wars and hates
They temper souls, weld divers fates.
They dance on this great funeral pyre
Where we must live. He watched the fire.
Then he encountered, face to face,
The mistress of the burning-place.
Each lover has a secret name
He calls her by. She is the same
To all who trust her, her alone,
Who heed her voice as the undertone.
In her is Calvary's open tomb.
And hers the only fruitful womb.

* * * * *
The sun is now a bud that grows
Into a gorgeous, glowing rose.
Some petals rest upon the sea.
It is a blood-red mystery.
And now he stands erect again,
A man in a world with need of men.

The World Tomorrow

E. Ralph Cheyney

IN AN AGE OF SCIENCE

The little world of olden days is gone,
A thousand universes come to light;
The eyes of science penetrate the night
And bring good tidings of eternal dawn;
There is no night, they find, there is no death,
But life begetting ever fuller life;
They look still deeper, and amid the strife
They note pervading harmony. The breath
Of morning sweeps the wastes of earth,
And we who talked of age become as gods,
Scanning the spheres, discoursing of the birth
Of countless suns. No longer human clods,
We stand alert and speak direct to Him
Who hides no more behind dumb seraphim.

The Christian Century

Thomas Curtis Clark

THE MOTHER AT THE TELESCOPE

I saw the moons of Jupiter!
The cloth for tea was just laid on,
And toasting of the cheese begun,
When out of doors I sensed a stir
And one child calling "Wait for her!
O mother, come and see this star,
Brought down as close as lanterns are!
And round, like Earth! we knew they were;
But think! to see a rounded star!
And rounded stars look much more far!"
Apron and all I ran to share
My boy's great moment. What a night!
Frost, a new moon, sweet biting air,
And through the telescope, I swear,
A fragile berry filled with light!
I saw it with these very eyes;
With such nearsighted eyes as these,
That had been watching bits of cheese,
I saw the drop of light that swung
Its four faint sailing moons among!

(The moons looked only half the size
Of scales of minnows.) "And that star
Has me transported twice as far
As Jupiter from Earth," I said;
For in my veins and in my head
Great joy and wonder blazed and shone
To think what I had gazed upon—
Moons of a planet in the skies
Seen with these kitchen-gazing eyes!

Harper's Magazine

Sarah N. Cleghorn

A CHILD

TASTES

THE LOVELINESS

OF LIFE

AND FASHIONS

A NEW DREAM

I

A child

When I am grown I shall eat citron,
I shall stroke the cactus blossoms,
I shall walk in the rain without a hat.

II

tastes

Translucent yellow-green,
Persia you are, and warmth of Sicily;
Citron, shall I ever know your land?
Your thorny branches sparse on Kasha's
hills—
Their creamy inner blossoms?
Your shadows remember their purple
veining;
Your green is green of the sea;
Your gold is sunshine strained through pale
leaves.
I nibble your flaking crystal coat.
Its fragrance is of other lands.

Citron, your taste is heavy on my tongue,
Heavy and cloying!
It weighs me with mysteries that are not
mine.

III

*the
loveliness*

Here, here at my feet!
Thirsty desert loveliness
Drinking the sun!
Delicate petals of honey pallor,
Delicate, yet sufficient,
Tenuous petals of shimmering luster
Amorous of the sun!
Your depths I explore, with wary, inquisi-
tive finger;
Their green is amber in the light-
Your stamens are splashed wide,
The bees have found them;
Your pistil is heavy for the bee.

Cactus! Your spines lash and stab!
I am stung by a million implacable needles!

IV

of life

The rain is playing with the sun.
It whispers jests to my hair,
It teases my ears with secrets.
I turn my face, I lift my arms to the rain.
My bosom is drenched in its peace,
I run in its heavy abundance.
The sun thrusts at my eyes with golden
splinters,
The earth is swimming green.

The sun is tired
He has forgotten us
The wind has risen
I have come too far
I am cold.

V.

and fashions

"Mother, I have made a citron cake;
I have picked the pansies;
I have caught rain-water to wash my hair."

VI.

a new dream (And he will take me to Persia . . . and
to Italy—

The gayest places . . .

We dine;

The sables slide from my indolent shoulders

And my jewels are frosty stars

As I turn my head

Appraising a pale chartreuse!)

Grace Stone Coates

The Midland: A Magazine of the Middle West

BIRTH OF HENRI QUATRE

This is so brisk, so fine a day,

So sunny and bare, withal so gay,

That my memory turns to gallant things

To the bleak bright sword that cuts and sings,

To Jeanne d'Albret in her castle at Pau,

Singing high and singing low—

Though her travail be hard and her pain be long

Her son shall be born to his mother's song!

I see her lying in the great state bed

With the canopy dark above her head,

Two glazed eyes and a rigid mouth

That still sings canticles of the south,

Whatever the pain she still must sing

For out of cowards, cowards spring

And the gifts that she has for her first son are

This night-long song and the realm of Navarre.

When the day is so bleak and wild and gay

My memories turn to Jeanne d'Albret.

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

THE WOLF, THE HORNET, AND THE NIGHTINGALE

A wolf, a hornet, and a nightingale

Are locked in separate cages of my heart.

At times the insect strikes with poison dart,

The beast complains with melancholy wail.

At times the songster strives without avail
To voice high numbers of impassioned art,
But ever, though serene she broods apart,
Low brutish grumblings make her faint and quail.

Oh, how to drive the wolf from out his den,
To halt the hornet's tantalizing sting,
And make the bright musician soar and sing?
Ah, how? I cannot say! I know not when
The bestial powers unseen will rise again,
Slaying the rapturous song-bird on the wing!

Voices

Stanton A. Coblenz

FIRE

Here, where the wavering hearth-fire pants and glows,
What ancient god survives from nameless days
When man, flint-armored, trod disastrous ways,
Defying sabre-fanged and lamp-eyed foes
With fluttering torch; or crouched at daylight's close
Deep in some coaly cavern from whose rocks
With hissing brands he drove the wolves in flocks,
Guarding his blazing logs without repose.

Long, long those flames are ashes! Now the earth
Is filled, by bloodshot genii of the fires,
With iron mill and charcoal-blackened town.
New flames, turned foe, shall smack their lips in mirth
When skies burn red and all man's flags and spires
In one gray smoky ruin come roaring down!

Voices

Stanton A. Coblenz

SAINT BRANDAN OF THE WEST

Sweet is the furrow that leads to the star that closes day,
Sweet are lamps, sweet are words the homing plowmen
say;

Cities are fair where sons of men

Hear churchbells and turn again;

Wine is good and windows men have wrought with their
hands,

The feet of holy men make lovely the green, good lands.
But the high, high hills of the sea
That climb to the knees of God
Are the places singing to me, places for praise most fair;
To sail to the edge of the world is worship for me and
prayer.

I ask not house nor hearth, only the sail grown full
With the beauty of white, white winds and the rudder
ropes to pull.

Islands will blossom out as white
As ever they were Creation night,
The stars will hang my spars with lanterns, and the moon
Come over the water like many and many golden shoon;
The dawn shall be my wife,
The noon shall be my friend,
And evening neighbor me. I need not harp or words,
Only the setting sun and the beauty and wings of the
birds.

To be alone with the lonely birds that take their food
From God's own hand, to plunge as the dolphins that
are thewed

With flame and the drops at the fountain's crest
And all swift things that will not rest,
To be a fever of joy that burns around the earth
Like the stars that follow day in everlasting mirth,
To lie below the sail,
My crystal vase of winds—

This were wife and child, brother and church to me,
An everlasting kiss, the lone fierce kiss of the sea.

Others may have my flocks, others may trim and train
The roses God makes of sun, of blood and marrow and
rain.

My flowers are sudden as summer thunder,
They blossom blue where the waves curl under.
I go with all things wisful of the West, I go
Where the sons of morning stand whiter than driven snow,
In between the wings
Of the great and last white clouds. . . .

Shoulder there to shoulder with them I shall stand
And lay my burning face in the white, sweet curve of
His hand.

The Forum

R. P. T. Coffin

FROM THE BOOK OF EXTENUATIONS

RUTH

Poor Boaz thinks that he arranged that parley
Which first we held among the fields of barley,
When all my humble words had hidden meaning
And his the fullest beard of all my gleanings.
He thinks I did him honor when I crept
And snuggled at his feet the while he slept,
And when he woke, without a hint of sin,
I claimed protection as his near of kin.

And so next day, as I had hoped he'd do,
He claimed me as his own and passed his shoe.
Dear Boaz! he's a man and so, in sooth,
A twisted finger-ring for little Ruth.

So I remind him often how he harried me,
Pursued and worried me, till off he carried me
And, spite of my disclaimings, kissed and married me,
And swears that womankind is most unfortunate
Hedged in a world beset by men importunate!
For, as Naomi says (and nothing's truer),
Pursued man loves to think himself pursuer.

DAVID

I have been drunk of life's commingled wines,
Of lilled loves and rose-red concubines.
I have known battle and the white-hot charm
Of holding death at bay with this right arm.
I have known pomp and purpled pride and cries
Of clamorous applause against the skies.

I have been overwrought and overjoyed,
I have been sated, surfeited, and cloyed.
In my own life I've lived so many lives
Its flames are cinders, yet one spark survives.

Gold, glory, greed! I loved you not for long;
Wine, women, war! seductive, but not strong;
One passion lasts—the deathless lust of Song.

The Nation

Edmund Vance Cooke

ADVICE

Let us guard the memory
Of this bacchanalian moment,
Beloved,
Lest the wolf of madness
Prey upon us
In the gray New England years
To follow . . .

The Double Dealer

Le Baron Cooke

FINIS

He went out into the world
And made his mark,
His name becoming a target
For envy.
And now he has gone back to the beginning:
His people.
They greet him with the same irreverent:
"Hello, Johnny!"
And he is chagrined,
For all his importance
He has not acquired sufficient humor
To save him from the spectacle
Of the old actor
Who still would strut
Though the play be ended . . .

Contemporary Verse

Le Baron Cooke

THE CRY OF GULLS

The cry of sea gulls
Never ceases,
Like a shrill, monotonous wind,
It breaks against my mind,
And shatters my meditations
Into bits of confusion . . .

Town and Country

Le Baron Cooke

ACQUISITION

With life before us in the way,
We march against the sky to quest
The star so hungered for a clay,
Then weary back to earth for rest.

With life too quickly come to close,
And sky ungathered to our crown,
We dig a bed for last repose
And find the sought star six feet down.

Voices

Howard McKinley Corning

ADVENT

Last night

The shrill-voiced hounds of March
Went baying the white wolves of Winter
Back into the deep hills,
And this morning a white fog of herons rose from the
black marshes

Like dreams over sleep.

The muted lakes broke their icy drum-heads and turned
again to dancing;

While everywhere

The jeweled daggers of the sun rent in twain
The silver vestments of the frost.
Sleep is a broken vessel!

Out of the prostrate arms of the soil
Spring, like a maiden, comes leaping and racing.
She combs her hair with the wind
And flings from her hands the coin of tears;
In her eyes is the smoke of violets,
And on her breath the warm musk of earth.
Her thighs are girded with the beauty of promise
And her vesture is garlanded flowers.
But she comes not alone as a singing maiden
With birds' nests in her hair;
Spring is a memory—and a vision.
Women stand at the door with hands in their aprons,

Aching for the fruits of promise
And the chansons of peace.
They look long at greening fields
And regather the harvests of Yesterday—
Beauty, Peace and Remembrance.
They watch the ways of returning birds
And draw with them arcs across Time,
Their silver wings catching the light of Tomorrow.
In the moist yard, with unmittened fingers,
Winter-freed children
Rake from beneath budding hedgerows
The black, rotted leaves of Autumn—
The ungathered harvests of sleep.

I will go to the highest hill and stand in the coiffeur
of the wind.
I will catch in my upturned palms
The coin of the rain,
The golden coppers of the sun,
And the fluted daisies of the stars.
I will twine them in wreaths for the remembrance of song
And the forgetfulness of death.
I will throw them over the arms of trees,
Over the hedge-rows that run to the morning,
Over old gardens that gather the past like forgotten cities.
I will strew them in the way of the children of Time,
To be hoarded in podded coffers for tomorrow's re-creation,
And against that no more going back.
I will deck myself with the earth's lavishment,
And my heart with the wonder of waiting,
And hand in hand with the children of morning
Climb the high zenith of accomplished moments.
I will stand on the pedestal of the sun
And trace an inscription on receding night,
While its cohorts fade beyond the flare of advancing
banners.

We will lift our hands in adoration and invocation
To the God of all sowings
And all re-incarnations.
We will lift our voices with the wind's trumpeting

And the clarion of departing moments.
We will walk with lifted hearts into advancing days
While earth blossoms
And we sing. . . .

They who walk with Spring
Walk with tomorrow.

The Buccaneer

Howard McKinley Corning

THE MOUNTAIN

"Whosoever shall say to thee:
Be thou removed,
And be thou cast into the sea,
And doubts not in his heart,
But shall believe,
These things shall come to pass."

O, thou the overwhelming
And the still unconquered—
Rearing thy crowned head
Among magnificent distances,
Wearing thy royal robes proudly,
Standing unmoved
Before these exquisite
White vistas—
Have none had faith?

I—an atom—
Palpitant—
Tossed and broken
On the wheel of beauty,
Crumple at thy feet,
Worshipping a million years
Of steadfastness.

Yet—
One says—by a word—
If I doubt not,
I may behold the old sea
Swallow thee.

The Buccaneer

Grace Noll Crowell

HERITAGE

What is Africa to me:
Copper sun, a scarlet sea,
Jungle star and jungle track,
Strong bronzed men and regal black
Women from whose lions I sprang
When the birds of Eden sang?
*One three centuries removed
From the scenes his father loved:
Spicy grove and Banyan tree,
What is Africa to me?*

Africa? A book one thumbs
Listlessly till slumber comes.
Unremembered are her bats
Circling through the night, her cats
Crouching in the river reeds
Stalking gentle food that feeds
By the river brink; no more
Does the bugle-throated roar
Cry that monarch claws have leapt
From the scabbard where they slept.
Silver snakes that once a year
Doff the lovely coats you wear
Seek no covert in your fear
Lest a mortal eye should see:
What's your nakedness to me?

All day long and night through
One thing only I must do:
Quench my pride and cool my blood,
Lest I perish in their flood,
Lest a hidden ember set
Timber that I thought was wet
Burning like the driest flax,
Melting like the merest wax,
Lest the grave restore its dead.
*Stubborn heart and rebel head,
Have you not yet realized
You and I are civilized?*

So I lie and all day long
Want no sound except the song
Sung by wild barbaric birds
Goading massive jungle herds,
Juggernauts of flesh that pass
Trampling tall defiant grass
Where young forest lovers lie
Plighting troth beneath the sky.

So I lie, who always hear
Though I cram against my ear
Both my thumbs, and keep them there,
Great drums beating through the air.
So I lie, whose fount of pride,
Dear distress, and joy allied,
Is my sombre flesh and skin
With the dark blood dammed within.
Thus I lie, and find no peace
Night or day, no slight release
From the unremittant beat
Made by cruel padded feet,
Walking through my body's street.
Up and down they go, and back
Threading out a jungle track.
So I lie, who never quite
Safely sleep from rain at night,
While its primal measures drip
Through my body, crying, "Strip!
Doff this new exuberance,
Come and dance the Lover's Dance."
In an old remembered way
Rain works on me night and day,
Though three centuries removed
From the scenes my fathers loved.

My conversion came high-priced.
I belong to Jesus Christ,
Preacher of humility;
Heathen gods are naught to me—
Quaint, outlandish heathen gods
Black men fashion out of rods,

Clay and brittle bits of stone,
In a likeness like their own.

"Father, Son and Holy Ghost"

Do I make an idle boast,
Jesus of the twice turned cheek,
Lamb of God, although I speak
With my mouth, thus, in my heart
Do I not play a double part?
Ever at thy glowing altar
Must my heart grow sick and falter
Wishing He I served were black.
Thinking then it would not lack
Precedent of pain to guide it
Let who would or might deride it;
Surely then this flesh would know
Yours had borne a kindred woe.
Lord, I fashion dark gods, too,
Daring even to give You
Dark, despairing features where,
Crowned with dark rebellious hair,
Patience wavers just so much as
Mortal grief compels, while touches
Faint and slow, of anger, rise
To smitten cheek and weary eyes.

Lord, forgive me if my need
Sometimes shapes a human creed.

Survey Graphic

Countée Cullen

THRENODY FOR A BROWN GIRL

17½ Picas

Weep not, you who love her—
What rebellious flow
Grief undams shall recover
Whom the gods bid go?
Sorrow rising like a wall,
Bitter, blasphemous—
What avails it to recall
Beauty back to us?

Think not this grave shall keep her,
This marriage-bed confine;
Death may dig it deep and deeper—
She shall climb it like a vine.
Body that was quick and sentient,
Dear as thought or speech,
Death could not, with one trenchant
Blow, snatch out of reach!

She is nearer than the word
Wasted on her now,
Nearer than the swaying bird
On its rhythmic bough.
Only were our faith as much
As a mustard seed,
Aching hungry hands might touch
Her as they touch a reed.

Life, who was not loth to trade
Her unto death, has done
Better than he planned, has made
Her wise as Solomon.
Now she knows the Why and Wherefore,
Troublous Whence and Whither;
Why men strive and sweat, and care for
Bays that droop and wither.

All the stars she knows by name,
End and origin thereof,
Knows if love be kin to shame,
If shame be less than love.
What was crooked now is straight,
What was rough is plain;
Grief and sorrow have no weight
Now to cause her pain.

One to her are flame and frost;
Silence is her singing lark.
We alone are children—lost,
Crying in the dark.
Varied features now, and form
Change has bred upon her;

Crush no bug or nauseous worm
Lest you tread upon her.

Pluck no flower lest she scream;
Bruise no slender reed
Lest it prove more than it seem,
Lest she groan and bleed.
More than ever trust your brother,
Read him golden, pure—
It may be she finds no other
House so safe and sure.

Set no poet carving
Rhymes to make her laugh;
Only live hearts starving
Need an epitaph.
Lay upon her no white stone
From a foreign quarry;
Earth and sky, be these alone
Her obituary.

Swift as a startled fawn or swallow,
Silence all her sound,
She has fled; we cannot follow
Further than this mound.
We who take the beaten track,
Trying to appease
Hearts near breaking with their lack,
We need elegies.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Countée Cullen

SHUTTLE SONG

As a weaver's shuttle,
To and fro,
The days come
And the days go.
Faster and faster
The shuttles run,
Now what shall be woven
When the web is done?

"You shall have a shroud
For life that's done
And a birth robe
For life begun.

"Be the thread dark,
Or be the thread fair,
Stain of passion
Or white of prayer,
When the shuttles are still
And the last thread run
You shall wear it
Beyond the sun."

The Commonweal

Marion Cummings

FAR BUGLES

The mountain road bent round a cliff,
And there I found him, motionless.
Ferns touched his knee; wild columbine climbed higher;
And from the moist, green ledge above his head
A bunch of water-berries trembled
As if to reach and crown him.
I hailed him, for his gifts to me
Were warm as youth and friendship; but his eyes
Dropped dull as falling birds. I lingered,
Trying to put their light back,
And speech at last rushed at me,
A voluble wind.

"I'm up and out by daylight now,
But not to be ahead o' the sun
On Katterhay Knob. I've got to plough.
No end at all to the rows and rows.
I've hardly a minute to look at the crows.
Once when I heard a redbird call
I made my hands like a whistling cup,
And blew and called just like he sings,
Then stood to watch him skewin' up
With the sun a-bubblin' on his wings;

But old man Gow he rumbled along
And asked if I wasn't hurtin' the ground
Ploughin' so mighty strong.
And he reckoned I'd have enough to pay
The doctor against the baby come
If I cut along at a row a day.
Then something more 'bout folks being clutter,
And if my wife was as lazy at home
We'd better move up to the poah-farm now,
And he'd get a man whose hands wa'an't butter
When they took aholt of a plough."

He paused and drew a breath long, sharp and thin,
That cut his thought in moody halves;
Then speech came slower, a little weighed
With tagging memories; with half-born hopes,
And wonders bright and wingless,
Dying before they left his heart.

"And Emmie, I don't know her now.
She works and sews,
As busy as me in the long field-rows.
Of mornings before I go,
She gets the breakfast and milks the cow,
Then hurries to sweep and make the bed,
So she can sit and sew.
Her hair is tight around her head,
In crinkled ropes, 'cause her mother grinned
And hinted and sniffed till she had it pinned;
And I wish she never had come about;
For Emmie's hair when she let it fly
Made me think o' the yellow rye
When a July storm comes quick and the wind
Blows it backward up the hill.
It's queer to see it smooth and still,
Tho' it's shiny yet as a sleepy trout.
She says it's got to be out o' the way,
With so much to do and more ahead,
And a lookin' glass won't earn our bread.
When I hurry in at the end of a day
She hands me the bucket and I start for the spring,

And I'm not more than half way back,
Thinkin' I'll clear my throat and sing,
When she calls to know if the mare's been fed,
And there's wood to get, and the fodder 's to pack
Out o' that leaky shed—

And when at last I get to a chair
I don't believe she knows I am there.
She flies about like a little gold bee,
Till there's twenty women around the stove,
And strangers all to me.

“But when she's asleep she's the Emmie I love;
Paler a lot than she used to be;
Her hair all down and trembling bright
In the moonlight dropped like a wispy cloth
Through the window on her; it don't seem right
For me to look, no more 'n a thief.
Her eyelids are soft as a white, shut moth;
I know if I touched 'em they'd feel like silk;
But I wouldn't wake her, no, I'd as lief
Hit her almost. In sleep, they say
She's making the baby's milk.
And I'm too tired to watch for long,
So I turn my face away from the moon,
And shut my eyes and think of the song
I made for her on Katterhay,
And sleep, and dream we'll be married soon.”

The light was there now, in his eyes,
Like gathered, golden blades.
Above him, in a gust, the berries swayed,
Red as his vivid lips; and from a heart
Too full to close its doors, his voice pitched out,
Leaving the air a passion.

*Girl I love, girl I love,
Do not stand by the water!
A stranger may break
The stem of your body
And set in his nosegay
Your head honey-colored.*

*Girl I love, girl I love,
Do not stand in the meadow!
You may fall to the stream,
And how shall I find you
And know which is mine
Among the floating lilies?*

The berries trembled downward to his hair,
As if an elf hand bent them. I thought the stream,
Babbling a ritournelle, reached for his feet;
But he was still.

"She liked the song, Karl?"

"Ay, she liked it well.
And all that fluttering day,
If I just touched her, she was like a bell
About to ring; but not a thing she'd say;
Not even that she loved me; but each time she took
My hand 'twas like she laid
A birdie in it, warm and not afraid;
And my heart was like a windy tree
Full of little leaves. Right now I see,
With my eyes shut, each turn and crook
In the trail that day; and I want to die
When I can't remember every step we made.
But I reckon Emmie has forgot.
This morning she lay asleep, with the sky
All pink about her. It wouldn't be wrong
To make her dream of me, I thought;
And with half my breath I sang the song.
Just a whisper it was; but up she flew
With 'My, it's late, and what's to do!
You ought 'a' been out 'fore good daybreak!"
A shifless daddy she's sure I'd make.
The dear little thing would starve, she knew!

"When I got to the field I couldn't think.
My heart was hot and burning black.
'Way up in the brush I heard the bleat
Of a little lost lamb, and I didn't go
To put it right. When I saw the pink
Of sarvice buds at the end of a row

I felt they were blooming wild and sweet
In a world I didn't know.
I thought o' the woods where I used to track;
Moonfeather falls, and the leaning ash;
The three blue springs where the raccoons drink;
The long, slim lake like a painted sash
Dropped from the sky for the woods to wear;
And I reckoned how if I went back
That *they* wouldn't know I was there.

"At noon when I stopped to feed the mare
I didn't go in to eat.
I knew that you'd be climbin' up,
And you always stop by the Drippin' Shelf,
To watch it, just as I do myself;
So I waited here to ask you why
Life's got to be nothing but work and sup,
However I turn or try.
Why the sun that shouted 'Karl, let's go,'
Drags like a coal across the sky,
As tired as me and achin' slow;
And the wood is only a shut, green door,
And every day is just one more.
I thought I'd ask you if you knew
What a man that's troubled like me can do."

No other word fell in that place.
As one who hears too much is still
As though he has not heard,
I waited dumb, apace,
Watching his eyes drop lightless as at first
And all their fortune spill.
A curious twist
Came to his lips just as I lost his face
In warm and sudden mist
That round my eyes' hot lashes stirred.
Above the stillness a loud bird
Sang resolute, as if the lid
Of some vast trouble-pot had burst
Beneath his startled throat
And he must drown if he should mute one note.
I moved to where the bloom

Of a silver haw-bush splashed and hid
My silence from the throttling gloom
About the boy; then slowly found my road;
Taking, and leaving, the old, imponderable load.

The Fugitive

Oliver Tilford Dargan

SPOKEN AT A CASTLE GATE

Before you touch the bolt that locks this gate
Be warned. There's no return where you are going.
A sword is tinder at the touch of fate
And crumbles in a way beyond your knowing.

Something I've heard, but something less I tell.
An old man knows, advises,—young men smile,
Blow slug-horns, chink a latch, or clank a bell.
I've watched a many a one this weary while.

You can hear the nightingales, I won't deny.
They always sing for eager souls like you,
Perched on their boughs of possibility,
Most vaguely heard and still more vaguely true.

And they are more, perhaps, than mere tradition.
They must exist, though none come back to say
How they are feathered, or what rare nutrition
Keeps them, piping their sad peculiar lay.

Gardens there are, and Queens, no doubt, a-walking,
White blooms adrift on gold and marvellous hair.
Young men in murmurous dreams have heard them
talking,
Leaped up like you, and entered . . . vanished . . .
where?

For all I know, the castle's just a dream,
A shadow piled to mask a dangerous ledge,
A fantasy blown from devil's lungs in steam,
Made permanent here, just on a chasm's edge,

Where you will plunge, forever, ever falling,
For infinite days and nights, a dark lump whirled
That hears or thinks it hears an old voice calling
Beyond the stars that cluster near this world—

A voice that follows you past endless night,
Familiar, yet not quite half-known or named,
The last and sorry remnant of delight
That you lived for, pursued, and touched, and claimed,
Even as you touch the bolt that locks this gate,
Smiling, with patience such as fits old men
Who prophesy. Ah yes, what you create
Perhaps you'll find,—but never come back again.

The Measure

Donald Davidson

JASPER

If Jasper saw a silver crescent declining
Tipped on a mountain, pale in a cloudy sky,
He would take off his hat and bow with a mellowish
feigning,
And say, "O Lady, are you too about to die?"
Or when in the midmost sparkle of starriest August
Aerolites raced with a fatal extravagant glow,
He would shift both feet on the porch-rail, and swagger,
"Oh, now must
The stars puff out, just as little men have to go."
Jasper was curious, prone on decaying timber
Plucking the corpse of an oak-tree, uprooted and stark.
"The old one found him a-cold, in the autumn less limber,"
Said Jasper, "My fragile finger will crumble his bark."
"But why should I howl a complaint uprising to heaven,
Among these my fellow-citizens of woe,
Who flash and change or fall and perish, yet even
Out of their hurt will protest not, but silently go.
"When I am laid on the couch of my last breathing
Bring jolly musicians hitherward, well-paid,
Let boys and girls crowd under my window for dancing.
And when I am gone let them each wear a bright cockade.
"For perhaps I found a music on roads and hills,
And my way on earth was the drifting way of a dance.
Let the lift of my colors flash through your long quadrilles.
Let the songs I knew speed warm to your utterance."

Palms

Donald Davidson

EVENING SLIPPERS

When down the marble steps girls ran tonight
Like brilliant birds were their slim shoes of green
Of amber-rose, of mauve, of crimosin,
Shell-fluted with thread-silver . . . lazulite,
Dawn-gold, pale orchid-violet, silver, white!
Why, every girl was shod like some brave queen.
Nay, what famed royal foot has dancetime seen
So evening-slipped . . . blue and bronze and bright?

These graceful girls with feet in velvet shoon,
Those in mosaic doeskins soft encased,
Were flying fairies from the iris moon:
Titanias all—their feet by flowers embraced.
They danced . . . shoe petals blown upon a tune—
Shoe butterflies by shining music chased.

The Lyric West

Winifred Davidson

OLD "SPANISH" LIGHT

I

This spot whereon we stand, Point Loma Light,
Marks ground which on old Spanish maps was known
As California—this high headland, blown
Unto vast winds and seas and skies. At night
A lift of gloom upon a fainter gloom; but bright
It towered by day, with burning poppies sown;
A mass of rock against the blue vault thrown;
A giant finger beckoning . . . this lone height.

Hark! You shall hear old music, echoing, beat
Upon returned old laughter. There shall glide
Light dancers. Hear you the quick small feet
Where Spanish caballeros to this dooryard ride?

* * * * *

Only the surf where bay and ocean meet?
Naught but a crying gull? A moaning tide?

II

Hear you lost gulls that cry! Lost tides that moan
Beneath a wind-whipped path that sometime led
By shattered precipice to Loma's head?
Lost gulls? But strong men's lives these walls have known!
And woman's song was here. What undertone
Of busy days still echoes! Are they dead
Those lives you cannot touch, those hearts now fled;
Oblivion-wrapped and silent, overthrown?

Find me a rust-red trail they used to know
By lupins marked, by sea-embittered rue.
It was a trail where, candles in a row—
White-branched the yucca lilies stood; where flew
Old gulls like these gulls crying; here where go
These tides' blue-silver pouring to sky-blue.

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

APRIL AFTERNOON, POINT LOMA

(1769)

There feasted on these heights wild earth-hued folk,
Scoffing I know, and jesting in the sun.
"A whale, a mighty, a prodigious one
Approaches!" mockers cried. Out of thin smoke,
Far, arching high into the sky there broke
Strange rotund shapes of Spanish sails, gray . . . dun,
The *San Antonio*, Christ's galleon,
Now raised Point Loma, now Guijarros woke.

What fear! The black sun hung within a veil;
The headland rocked, and those Coahuillas felt
Vague dread, the while crazed seabirds' rising wail
Made savage laughter into terror melt.
The ship of God heaved to; prayer like a gale
Swept down La Playa where awed Indians knelt.

The Lyric West

Winifred Davidson

JUAN CABRILLO

First from old Spain you came, brave Portuguese,
Cabrillo! And the ship *San Salvador*
Made port where never such craft sailed before
Here at Point Loma. Up from far southern seas
You came with white wings blowing, just as these
Our timid wings blow big here near this shore
Today. You came, you went. Now evermore
Your name, Cabrillo, rides our western breeze.
Proud navigator of the olden ways,
Bold son of seamen of that Portugal
Whose sailors knew all lands in golden days
When every land was distant! Here you shall
Stand forth in sunshine of this farthest West
While skies burn blue, while lifts high Loma's crest.

(The sky was probably cloudless that day, September 28, 1542, when the Portuguese gentleman, Estavan, called also Juan Cabrillo, commanding two light, round, old-fashioned galley-rigged ships, the "Victoria" and San Salvador, made first Table Mountain, then Coronado Islands, finally raising this headland now called Point Loma, the "hill point."—LOMA LORE.)

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

MISSION BEACH

Of old it lay without a name—unplaced—
Vast home for pelicans and gulls and loons.
Down every wind went drifting wide white dunes
Which every other shifting wind effaced.
What ages, who shall say, its high tides laced
Thin ribbons of gray spume, while afternoons
Wore lazily to sunsets; and while ancient moons
Arose and set above this empty space?
Here marked perhaps some wanderer's camping ground;
Here stood perhaps some hermit fisher's tent,
I know that silence reigned world-old, profound,
While Time upon long weary circuits went.
Now hark! A thousand thousand cries resound
To dedicate today Joy's high event.

The Beach News

Winifred Davidson

A SONG

I

The water-thrushes play
Where dogwood blossoms veil
The bridal banks with loveliness;
And white moths softly sail.

*(In valleys when the noon
Drowns all other light,
I see the face of her I love
Like the moon at night.)*

II

The long crane pinions home
Against the bluing sky,
And little hills put twilight on
While the wood-songs die.

*(On upland fields when night
Drops like a cloud of crows,
I see the face of her I love
Shining like a rose.)*

The Lyric

Allan Davis

DE GOSPEL TRAIN

Brederen, listen ter de words I say,
Ev'ybody livin' got ter die,
It mough be ter-morrer or it mought be ter-day,
But ev'ybody livin' got ter die.
De young an' de ol', an' de black an' de white,
De ones doin' evil an' de ones doin' right,
De weak in der mis'ry an' de strong in der might,
Ev'ybody livin' got ter die.

*I got ter die, you ter got die,
Ev'ybody livin' got ter die.*

But de Lawd done give us de Promis' Lan',
Praise Gawd fo' de Promis' Lan',
Moses sign de Cov'nant wid his own han',
Praise Gawd fo' de Promis' Lan',

Canaa' wuz de lan' dat de Lawd ordain,
Sinner, heah mah words, fo' I speak out plain,
De only way ter git dar's on de Gospel train,
Praise Gawd fo' de Promis' Lan'!

*Oh de Promis' Lan', oh de Canaa' Lan',
Praise Gawd fo' de Promis' Lan'!*

..

De train is a-leavin', who'll git on?
Git on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!
Hurry up mou'ner, or de train'll be gone,
Git on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!
Train gwine tek yuh ter de Rivah Jerdan,
Dere de Lawd'll lose yo' back f'om ev'y burden,
Row yuh cross de wahtah fo' de one big herdin',
Git on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!

*Sister, git on boa'd, Brudder, git on boa'd,
Git on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!*

Yuh can res' yo' hat by de gates of pearl,
I's on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!
Yuh ainy gwine ter need it in de yuther worl',
I's on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!
A golden crown's awaitin' dar fo' you an' me,
A hund'ed head of angels singin' 'Lawd, I's free
Oh sinner, w'en de train leaves, whar'll 'yuh be?
I's on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!
*Oh mou'ner, I'm on boa'd' backslider' I's on boa'd,
I's on boa'd fo' de Promis' Lan'!*

So brederen, ponder on de words I say,
Ev'ybody livin' got ter die,
It mought be ter-morrer or it mought be ter-day
But ev'body livin' got ter die.
De rich an' de poah, an' de black an' de white,
De ones doin' evil an' de ones doin' right,
Oh sinner spose de Lawd wuz ter call yuh ter-night—
Cause ev'body livin' got ter die.

The Lyric

Julia Johnson Davis

CUPID'S HOLIDAY

*(Imitated from the Elizabethan song of that name
by W. Munsey)*

Let her that is of love afraid
Venture not into the shade
Of this dusk wood, the tangles dark
And secret glades of Cupid's Park;
Turn her timid steps away,
Nor disturb the laughing play
Of those that keep love's holiday.

Only she may enter here
Whose happy fancy laughs at fear,
Only she whose generous flame
Burns away the thought of shame:
But welcome to this trysting place
That lovely girl whose laughing face
Can lend delight its own sweet grace.

Here let her number joys until
Arithmetic's amazed, and fill
Her lap with pleasures as with flowers,
Kissing out the golden hours,
Till the hours are kissed to sleep,
And the stars her secrets keep
In a golden slumber deep.

Waking, she shall wake to gladness,
Never any pang of sadness
Or regret shall bitter-mingle
With the morning joys that tingle
At her dewy lips — O never
Shall she rue her sweet endeavor,
But be glad of it forever!

The Bookman

Floyd Dell

HERITAGE

Through the lengths of many winds
Women have walked mournfully:
Pale women with burdens hanging in their hands,

Frail women burned with stars,
Thin women hiding grey tears:
Each has walked carefully in her dusk,
Each has borne pride to a star.

And now am I a woman
And I have found an indulgent thing,
I have found a frantic useful thing,
I have worn its touch upon my mouth,
Upon my breast—And it is not for me,
Daughter of gaunt women.
I have seen their dusk cut with stars,
I have seen dead hands clutch at my knees
And I will walk bravely.
I will wind white crepe upon my arms,
I will exalt my pride of body,
I will fill my narrow grave:
I will be brave,
I, daughter of gaunt women.

Voices

Selma Derry

SPRINGS ARTICULATE

These springs, articulate of resurrection,
Do so persuasively recur to bring
A youth to every elemental thing
Which is one essence in fourfold dissection,
Telling what clearer clarities lie locked
Within each globe of dew, how wind and flame
Clothe variously the unapparent same
Infinity whereby the seed is rocked,—
That I forsake a fear which is just
And dubious old property of dust,
Seeing the common couch of slaves and kings
Lonely and dark among the roots of trees
Whence I must sometime wake to other springs
From sleep which is a sustenance to these.

The Measure

George H. Dillon

THE HUMBLE HORSE

Who wouldn't ride as high as Bellerophon
If he had such a splendid horse to ride?
I cannot feign content, debate upon
Matters of recklessness; I cannot hide
My envy of that furious golden leap
Dizzily into the sun: Through every even
Step of my humble horse I hear the steep
Hoof of Pegasus beating the clouds of heaven.

Bellerophon fell more swift than the rain sighing
Over the flattened field where he sprawled dead.
But marvellous, even that moment before dying—
Ere the wild upward ecstasy could dim:
The tumult of the wind about his head,
The march of thunders driving under him.

The Measure

George H. Dillon

LEGEND

First thunders spoke at half-past one
On the sixth day; the new sun
Burned white behind great silver clouds;
And clattering softly in the crowds
Of trees and droning on the meadow
The first frail rain spread like a shadow
Till suddenly it was released
Upward within a wide white mist
Leaving sharp colours and new smells.
Pink snails looked out from their blue shells;
Two wide geese, brilliant from their bath,
Came rocking down a Thumb-scooped path,
Their stiff steps shattering the bright
Green puddles there. The air flowed white.
The apple tree (just blossoming)
Became a strange, star-glittering thing. . . .

When the rain's singing scarce was over
They stared irresolute from cover.
The man leapt forth and gave a cry

And wallowed in the weeds to dry.
But Eve stood tiptoe under a slim
Wind-ruffled arc with a red rim
And screamed in terror, seeing such
A beautiful thing she could not touch.

The Measure

George H. Dillon

I THINK DELILAH HAD A HEART

I think Delilah had a heart
As warm as any woman could:
It was her pride that did the sort
Of thing a woman's pride would.

More slender than the high hound,
Paler than grapes, and honey-eyed
Was she; and she would rather wound
Her heart than needle-prick her pride.

Her lover could not hear her tread
As soft as that she trod in air:
She bound him well from heel to head
And bound his holy fierce hair.

(He could not see how her white breast
Arched high, nor her bronze hammered curls,
Nor her white chiseled thumb and wrist,
Who'd lain with many simpler girls.)

And when he cracked the cords apart
He won her love and her disdain:
Delilah had a hot heart—
But she was vain.

Delilah had a vanity
That hurt to hear a coin clink,
And all her pride whirled angrily,
And she forgot her heart. . . . I think

Delilah quivered to the charms
Of him whose shaggy eyes were blind
To her cold grace, whose strong arms
Crumbled the pillars of the wind—

Who snored contented at her thigh
As if in any trull's lap,
While she, complacent, proud and sly,
Heard the breathless shears snap.

Voices

George H. Dillon

SONGS

I

Dip your hands in the mountain water
To grasp a star—and what do you hold?
Fill your arms with bloom in upland pastures,
And still the hillside is blue and gold.

Cup your hand for the pool's deep blueness—
A cool touch answers, the blue eludes
The eager grasp of the clumsy fingers,
Each one grotesque where it intrudes.

So why should words reach down and capture
Within my heart the love that is there
Like the star in the brook, like bloom on the hillside,
Like blue in the pool that makes it fair!

II

I found in the arms of a valley
Blue sky taken root in the ground;
And I filled my arms with flowers,
And their stems with sweet grass bound.

As full as before was the valley,
And the rooted sky was as blue;
And I felt with a sudden wonder
How little I brought to you.

III

O thrush, in what deep glades
Do you with earth commune
So wisely that one song
Is never out of tune
With all the songs of leaves
And streams and stars and moon?

How can such rapture keep
Companionship with pain,
Each growing more complete
Because of one refrain?
Who else knows drops of dew
From drops of the chilled rain?

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Glenn Ward Dresbach

FIELD MAGIC

A black velvet cow
And a red barn stood
Etched line-clear
By the bright green wood.

And the silver ribbon
Of the road wove in
Through the mist of the trees
Where the bluffs begin.

The shallow valleys
And the small hills made
A patchwork pattern
Of light and shade.

You kissed my hand,
And I quickly knew
How earth that was earth
Could be heaven, too!

The Century Magazine

Dorothy Dow

TO PANSY

If you, my sweet, were homely as a clod,
Without this dower of beauty I adore,
I still should love you as a thing from God
Perfect beyond what I had known before;

But here the marvel is: these candid eyes,
More beautiful than stars; this gleaming hair,
Coiled and recoiled in dark mysterious plies,
Too heavy for the little head to bear;

These hands, so shaped for giving; and these lips
For speech so glorified with tenderness,
For the true touch of love, wherefrom there slips
More from the heart than these poor words confess.

O living vase of life, within whose fold,
So fragile and so exquisitely pure,
The seed of immortality finds hold
For all that bids this fearful life endure—:

How can it be that powers that love the world
Shall change, remove, resign you to the land
Of death before the darkness half lies furled—
I gaze on you; I cannot understand!

The Century Magazine

E. Dorset

BLACK MAN

While you lie there on your bunk in the white-washed
shack, Black Man,
What are you thinking of, flat on your back?
Of your part white soul, or the part that's black?
Are you asleep? You moan so! Come back to life, Black
Man.

Are your eyes open? What horror haunts you now, Black
Man?
You sweat and twitch and mumble; your hands mow
When the tree-trunks rub a scraping bough,
And the wind comes through the floor cracks—*sough-h-h—*
What do you hear,
Black Man?

"Oh I hears de water slidin—*slippin long, slippin long—*
An de trees is black and glidin—*slippin long, slippin long—*

Dere's er voodoo man in er white skull-face,
An him and de river's er havin er race—
Slippin long, slippin long.
I'm in de river; I'm er big black snake
Wid my head under water—lemme breave, God's sake!
Slippin long, slippin long.

De voodoo man's got er rattle an er gun,
An he runs faster'n ayre water kin run.
O God, O God, hep dat snake to swim!
What dat voodoo man er wantin wid him?
Dat's me! I'm dat snake er swimmin under water!
Dat white-face's hands is bloody for de slaughter—
Slippin long, slippin long.

Heah! Dis ain't no river—dis er swamp I'm in—
I hear's blood-hounds er howlin, smellin out sin!
Done loss my feet—I'm sinkin down, I'm sinkin!
Ooze ain't got no bottom—soft an stinkin—
What I done done, Lord? What I done done?
Hep me, Lord, hep yo poh stumblin son—
Sinkin down, sinkin down.

Caint git bref heah, breavin mud,
Drownin—aint no water—mud!
Dem dog's teeth! Goner—heah's de fire-pile—
All dese white folks—Y' all don mean it? Smile.
White folks, caint you smile? Aint done er thing,
Jes slippin down de river-road, down to de spring,
Slippin long, slippin long. . . .

O God! de fire's blazin, des white men's dancin
Roun and roun it, shoutin and prancin,
Shootin off guns and cussin and swearin,
Hosses hitched yonder is scairt an rarin
Wid dey eye-balls white, and red in de light,
Er snortin and plungin—dey's crazy from fright!
Rarin round, rarin round. . .

*O God! dey's comin fer me wid er blazin bran!
Lord don let'm burn him—burn dat poh black man!"*

*Why do you twist your arms so? What do your feet spurn,
Black Man?*

*Are you in hell now? Do you burn?
You writhe and sweat, and tumble and turn
Like a noon-day worm, and your lips churn such froth,
Black Man!*

Now you lie still—not a quiver nor twitch—Are you dead,
Black Man?
Your nostrils take the breath's return
Steadily and slow. your dry mouth's yearn
Slavers the mumbling lips. How did you learn such peace,
Black Man?

*"Yassuh, dat's me in dat Chariot of Fire—rollin long,
rollin long.
Dese angels takin me up, higher and higher—rollin long,
rollin long.*

Dere's de Devil down dere, fixin folks terms:
Dem white folks' squirmin, wrigglin lak worms—
Rollin long, rollin long.

Trine git smaller'n, nothin, trine crawl in de groun,
Er weepin an er wailin out de Moner's soun—
Rollin long, rollin long.

I'm er floatin, I got wings, too, white wings—higher!
Er mountain up to Jesus, while de world's all er fire,
I sees Judgment Day er comin, Good Lord, Good God!
Dere's er Great Day er comin, O Lord, O God!
Dis Black man's yo servant—comin long, O Lord—
In er Chariot of Fire—comin long, O Lord!
Comin long Comin long

The Fugitive

William Yandell Elliott.

SOUND

Today my heart is steeped in sound —
Just sound:
I'm drunk with listening, and I hear
Far underground.

And all the garden, everywhere,
Echoes
Bees' hum—crickets—and each low wind
That softly blows.

Tomorrow I shall move along
The grass
Nor catch a single greeting as
Longing, I pass.

But oh today—today is sound
Just sound:
I hear the world itself, the world
Turning round.

The Gypsy

George Elliston

FRIENDLY HOUSE

This is a friendly house—
It stretches out,
Great loving arms and clasps
Them close about.

But yesterday I went
Along a street
Seeking a house my heart
Rejoiced to meet.

Coldly, so many stood,
Hands pinioned down,
And then this one here at
The edge of town.

Even the weed-choked path
Bade me good-day
And all the windows smiled,
The friendliest way!

I can live here and be
At home, my peace,
Twofold, too truly deep,
Ever to cease.

When I come in I'll say
A welcome and
My house will answer me,
Will understand.

This is a friendly house,
I can not tell
Just why or how, I know,
By rote or bell.

But 'tis a friendly place—
And oh to me
Comfort and dreams and more—
A home—shall be.

Cincinnati Times-Star

George Elliston

END OF THE WORLD

Once I knew that the end of the world
Lay back of twenty years;
Youth knows much, more than faith,
Oh, more than age and tears!

Curious that a truth may change
And be a truth anew;
I came twenty—the end of the world
Was forty—and not through—

Moving on, like a will o' the wisp
To fifty, sixty—more—
Waning but to shine again
As mystic as before.

Now I pledge you, who know at last
Beyond all foolish fears;
The end of the world comes only for those
Who measure time by years.

Cincinnati Times-Star

George Elliston

END OF SUMMER

The summer is so radiant
I cannot see it go—
I hug it closely to me for
Its final warmth and glow.

There was an aster blooming lone
Today upon the hill,
And not to root it up took all
My boasted strength of will.

There is a stalk of golden rod
That is about to flower.
Oh, all my heart cries out against
Foreboding of this hour.

Cold winds that blow, I bid you go,
To some bleak fastness high
Where summer never comes at all
And so can never die.

Saxby's Magazine

George Elliston

ON LONELY COASTS

Poems are waters that have lain
Beneath the wind, beneath the rain.
They rise from pools where darkness lies,
They are the tides of cloudless skies.

To bear on crests of ecstasy,
Light of the sun, sounds of the sea.
They are the swift currents earth has known,
When from far shores strange winds have blown.

Poems are waves of foam that press
On silent coasts of loneliness,
Faith, passion, pity, love and grief
That pour on Time, as on a reef.

From surging fathoms that must be
Lifted on high eternally,
Till beauty flows across a beach,
Where waters of the spirit reach.

The Buccaneer

Cecilia Ellerbe

BONNET SONNET

What lady knows a hat as well as I?
Let her come forward with a finer flair!
I like them small, sophisticated, spry,
Or gravely drooping with a trustful air;
I like them lined with white and rather pure;
Or dangerous, and dark as any crow;
I like them reckless, mocking, never sure;
I like a sailor—strictly yes or no.

A pirate turban's priceless for a talk;
A rose-wreathed leghorn when one's feeling vain;
I fancy tricorner for the morning walk,
And a little leather London slouch for rain;
Wide, wistful tulles for tea; for windy weather,
A tam o'shanter with a wicked feather.

The Century Magazine

Jacqueline Embry

THE GRASS GROWS FAR

The grass grows far from the city's iron breath,
The grass grows high and soft and green and free,
The grass comes singing like a gilded sea
And dies a-singing just as suddenly.

I am a fugitive from creeping death.
From days like skies of unredeeming glass,
From nights that glint with silhouetted brass,
I've come to lose myself in growing grass.
I've come to dwell in Color's fastnesses,

To measure distances in lines of blue,
To grasp at simple shades I never knew,
To wonder at the brilliance of the dew.

From nights that reek with empty starlessness
I've come to bathe in silver on a lake,
Gliding like music unseen fairies make,
Leaving the gesture of a trembling wake.

Public Affairs

N. Bryllion Fagin

GOLD COIN

Gold Coin, Gold Coin
Tell me of the finding,
Tell me of the silken shawls
Hung against your door;
Tell me of the bloody brawls
Along the road awinding,
And what the dark men sang
Who brought me from Anoor.

Tell me of the coming
Of the men with flaxen hair,
A hundred of the King's men
Who fought you in the night;
Till the brewing of a caldron
Brought a storm across the air
And at the crimson dawning
You escaped in hurried flight.

Tell me of the silver lace
We found the spiders weaving
Underneath the rank grass
That flung across the moor;
Call again the bird notes
We startled in our leaving
And all the cries of booted men
Who fought you near Anoor!

Gold Coin, Gold Coin,
Tell me of the riding,
Tell me of the days we spent
Within a stranger land;

Tell me of the country-folk
Who helped us in our hiding,
And of the men who came to us
And joined our gypsy band.

Tell me of the white roads
That stretch out mile on mile,
Hung against the purple clouds
Where sunlight goes before;
And after that the strange land
Where women never smile
That is many miles away from
Those who hunt me in Anoor.

Show to me the lonely things
That you have had in keeping,
Lonely things and lovely things
That hide behind your door;
Give again that strange tale
You started when my weeping
Brought you all the ghosts of men
Who fought you near Anoor!

Overland Monthly

Don Farran

THE LILACS

TO A.....AND H....., ROYAL AIR FORCE

August 1925

We sit drinking tea
Beneath the lilacs on a summer afternoon,
Comfortably, at our ease
With fresh linen on our knees
And we sit, we three
In diffident contentedness
Lest we let each other guess
How happy we are
Together here, watching the young moon
Lying shyly on her back, and the first star.

There are women here:
Smooth-shouldered creatures in sheer scarves, that pass
And eye me strangely as they pass.

One of them, my hostess, pauses near:
... Are you quite all right, sir? ... she stops to ask
... You are a bit lonely, I fear.
Will you have more tea? cigarettes? no? ...
I thank her, waiting for them to go ...
To me they are as figures on a masque.
... Who? ... shot down
Last spring ... poor chap, his mind ...
The doctors say ... hoping rest will bring ...
Busy with their tea and cigarettes and books
Their voices come to me like tangled rooks.
We sit in silent amity.

... It was a morning in late May ...
A white woman, a white wanton near a brake,
A rising whiteness mirrored in a lake;
And I, old chap, was out before the day
In my little pointed-eared machine,
Stalking her through the shimmering reaches of the sky.
I knew that I could catch her when I liked
For no nymph ever ran as swiftly as she could.
We mounted, up and up,
And found her at the border of a wood,
A cloud forest, and pausing at its brink
I felt her arms and her cool breath.
The bullet struck me here, I think,
In the left breast
And killed my little pointed-eared machine. I saw it fall,
The last wine in the cup. . . .
I thought that I could find her when I liked
But now I wonder if I found her, after all.

One should not die like this
On such a day,
From angry bullets, or other modern way.
Yet science is a dangerous mouth to kiss.
One should fall, I think, to some Etruscan dart
In meadows where the Oceanides
Flower the wanton grass with dancing
And, on such a day as this,
Become a tall wreathed column: I should like to be

An ilex on an isle in purple seas.
Instead, I had a bullet through my heart . . .

. . . Yes, you are right:
One should not die like this,
And for no cause nor reason in the world.
Its well enough for one like you to talk
Of going in the far thin sky to stalk
The mouth of death, you did not know the bliss
Of home and children, the serene
Of living and of work and joy that was our heritage.
And, best of all, of age.
We were too young.
Still . . . he draws his hand across his eyes
. . . Still, it could not be otherwise.

We had been
Raiding over Mannheim. You've seen
The place? Then you know
How one hangs just beneath the stars and sees
The quiet darkness burst and shatter against them,
And, rent by spears of light, rise in shuddering waves
Crested with restless futile flickerings.
The black earth drew us down, that night,
Out of the bullet-tortured air,
A great black bowl of fireflies. . .
There is an end to this, somewhere. . . .
One should not die like this. . .

One should not die like this.
His voice has dropped and the wind is mouthing his words
While the lilacs nod their heads on slender stalks,
Agreeing while he talks,
Caring not if he is heard, or is not heard.
One should not die like this . . .
Half audible, half silent words
That hover like grey birds
About our heads.
We sit in silent amity.
I am cold, for now the sun is gone
And the air is cooler where we three

Are sitting. The light has followed the sun
And I no longer see
The pale lilacs stirring against the lilac pale sky.

They bend their heads toward me as one head.
. . . Old man . . . they say . . . How did you die? . . .

I—I am not dead.

I hear their voices as from a great distance . . . Not dead
He's not dead, poor chap; he didn't die . . .

The Double Dealer

William Faulkner

VOYAGERS

It was part of the lore of a sea-coast town
That a strange white ship once appeared in the bay,
And it was ordered by a captain whose frown
But obscured the mad yearning of eyes sea-grey.

The old tars marveled at the vessel's whiteness,
And old wives whispered at the captain's face;
The white sails floated with a cloudy lightness,
The captain moved with a melancholy grace.

Townfolk had gathered in a holiday throng
To greet the sailor-boys as they came ashore,
But they turned moth-pale when the boats swung along,
For the men were strange like sailor-men of lore.

Granite as sea-cliffs, greyer than stormy sea,
They filed in solemn ranks through a place grown still,
And the townfolk marveled at some ecstasy
That haunted their eyes and bound them to its will.

Expectancy was the baton of their paces,
And eagerness was dominant in their eyes;
They moved like spectres through the town's quiet places,
And they hummed like trees when the south wind dies.

Their march was the sigh of a tired Hosanna,
Their lips were clean and their eyes without guile;
The old wives say they sang of Holy Manna,
The old wives say they spoke of a vanished isle.

But the sunset burned them with disappointment,
(And an old despair blurred their eyes haunted-grey;
They knelt by the water and it was ointment
Bread and honey for their keeping, old wives say.

Spectrally they passed in the sudden twilight
That lifted up like fog from a troubled sea;
Townfolk were white-faced like moths by candle-light,
But their eyes were dark-jeweled with ecstasy.

An unreal melody arose from the bay
Where the vessel panted like a snowy flame,
As swift as a coursing star it shot away,
(That it vanished without moving, old wives claim.)

Just a part of the lore of a sea-coast town,
But I sometimes start at the sweep of a bay,
And I know I have tutored my brows to frown
To obscure the mad yearning of eyes sea-grey;

Though I laugh at the thought of songs on manna,
And this tale of sailors without 'guilt or guile,
There are times I must sigh a tired Hosanna,
Ay, wearied with questing for the vanished isle.

The Lyric West

Henri Faust

SONNETS FOR LOST DIVINITIES

For Rachel

You are supreme mistress of counterpoint:
Gradations more subtle than we may know
Shed their nuances in your voice and anoint
Your suplicants with delights intense as slow;

Somehow sombre, somehow suggesting pain,
Yet does the sound of your melodies stir
Our Western hearts and we grow young again—
Swart pagans come down from the Chaldees' Ur.

Rachel, your eyes are cool shadowy brooks
Of Hebron: tawny dreams of Palestine
Stir in their windy deeps; you are what books
Are all too coarse to say: in you we glean
Strange delights of the primeval songs unsung
When men walked in wonder and the earth was young.

For Vivian

You wore your beauty like a wanton's guise,
You who were chaste and immanent with prayer,
Nor ever guessed the perils of your eyes
Soft with desire; a moment on the stair
Of my rapt vision, poised so soon for flight,
Hesitant you stood and at my plea swift turned,
Tossing a rose—then vanished in some height
Of diffidence, where cooler ardors burned . . .

Perhaps it is as well, for I can claim
Throughout the crumbling of more constant urns,
Perfection still, forever now the same,
And kneel to it when disillusion burns—
While round me then a golden fragrance flows,
Memorial to a moment, and a rose . . .

Voices

Henri Faust

MY CITY

Tenderness and pity
And love alone
Shall build my city,
Stone on stone.

Those beneath a steeple
Of whirling air
Shall be my people
Praying there.

Who shall make love cover
Both stars and sod—
He shall be my lover
And my god.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Sara Bard Field

DUST

As a child
I could not run care-free
On the path
Between the hollyhock rows
Until I had dusted chairs
And an old walnut highboy.
I was given clouds
Of pink and blue cheese-cloth
To hem for dusters.

I have spent more hours with dust
Than with dawns or dreams.

Dust has even come between me and the stars.

In that clean orderly city on the hill
There is dust;
Alabaster,
Mother-of-pearl,
Ebon boxes of dust.

* * * * *

Flowers grow out of dust.

Muse and Mirror

Ethel Romig Fuller

HOLLYHOCKS

The streets of heaven, I've been told,
Are paved with bricks of solid gold;

The gates are all of precious stone,
And poverty's a thing unknown;

No thunder-showers enter there,
For every day is dazzling fair.

Yet, strangely, I have never heard
A flower mentioned, or a bird;

And I'm quite sure that I would tire
Of playing on a golden lyre.

So, if there's room, along the walks
I think I'll plant some hollyhocks;

And soon as they begin to grow
I'll tend them with a golden hoe.

If Gabriel should pass my way,
I'm certain he'd sit down and stay.

The Christian Century

Wayne Gard

DARK BAMBOOS

*"There is no end to the ancient sorrow, as water flows to
the east."*

"The dark bamboos against the sullen sky" . . .
They trace a pattern angular and intricate
And pitilessly graceful, in the undulate
Swift flowing of the dusk, remote and dim.

Surely there is winter in this wind tonight,
Where winter never comes, . . . in the low clashing
Of stiff bamboos, the interminable dashing
Of waves on waves of wind, poured out like grain.

And there is winter in the voice of him
Who sits beneath, and sings the disconsolate
And plaintive strains of *Willows in the rain*
And *Dark bamboos against the sullen sky*.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Clifford Franklin Gessler*

THE SEEKER

Nothing delicate or fine seems to reach this soul of mine.
Only heavy harmonies, sudden chords that jar;
Winds blowing through a forest,
Waves breaking on a bar.
So I seek for silence, where the secrets are:
Silence like the moonlight . . . or a falling star.

The Lyric

Caroline Giltinan

A PORTRAIT

Like a dear old lady
Dressed in soft brown cashmere
Sitting with quiet, folded hands, content and peaceful
And smiling a mysterious promise,
My winter garden waits.

The Lyric

Caroline Giltinan

UNBORN.

Mary, full of grace thou art,
With thy God beneath thy heart.
Months must come e'er years can go,
Bringing agony and woe.
Now is thine, for God is laid
In thy flesh and of it made;
The Sinless One becomes thy Child!

Maybe God's Own angels smiled
Beholding thee, pure Mother-Maid,
Receive their Lord so unafraid.
Could they know that, unto thee,
He will just thy Baby be?
Thy Baby needing all thy care,
Happy only with thee there!

When God lies within thine arms,
What will still thy wild alarms?
Listening to His Baby-talk,
Wishing He need never walk,
Dream, dear Mother, of thy joy

While Christ Jesus is a Boy;
Close thy heart against the years,
One long sacrifice of tears,
When thy Baby, still unborn,
Will be crucified and torn!

And, at the end, when He lies dead,
Pillow on thy breast His head;
Live again in memory
These months when God is part of thee!

The Catholic World

Caroline Giltinan

NOLI ME TANGERE

Touch Beauty, and she flies; laces of frost,
Pale moon-flower and her moth, it is so with these;
Handle the whorled white cobweb, it is lost;
Apples are fairest hanging on the trees;
Touch Beauty and she perishes; no more
Will the rose that you have crushed to smell, unclose
Her golden heart; and if you should adore
Your love too ardently—Love they say's a Rose!

A frail-winged autumn butterfly can break
The grape's patina, miraculous scented rime;
She who must suffer the wine-press for men's sake
Can hardly, as it draws toward vintage time,
On her fastidious powdered cheek sustain
The intimate small kisses of the rain.

The Fugitive

Ellen Glines

LYING SPYING

Lying spying what men say of dead men,
What men say of me—
I can't remember anything.
Why can't I remember
What alive I knew of death
I dead know nothing of?

"John was a man of trouble,
Suffered life like a dear disease,
Cowered before cures that might be death—"
(Hush, death is the word!)

"Love was a light headache,
Just the right headache for his condition—"
(Oh love, love, love, love.)

"God He refused as antitoxin and medicinal,
Poor John, John, John, John, John,
Said the parson as he perched
On the sharp left discomfort
Of John Jacob's tombstone—
John, John, John, John, John.

Cobbler on the right
Counted out the memory
Of the nails of John's soles.
Mercer in the middle
Remembered the measure
Of John's extravagant shroud.

But no further the parson the cobbler the mercer
Lying spying
In the graveyard
Where night fell deeper darker,
Dead men mumbled, might be mumbling,
Something secret about life.

Lying spying
John and John and,
Parson, cobbler, mercer, parson,
Owls and carrion crows and ghouls
And little larks and daylight fools.

Damned dishonorable honorables
That won't be spying on yourselves,
Will you never never, never,
Get up, get up,
And find yourselves and all the selves,
All together, all together,
Not a thing to tell each other.

THE SAD BOY

Ay, his old mother was a glad one.
And his poor old father was a mad one.
The two begot this sad one.

Alas for the single shoe
The Sad Boy pulled out of the rank green pond,
Fishing for fairies
On the prankish advice
Of two disagreeable lovers of small boys.

Pity the unfortunate Sad Boy
With a single magic shoe
And a pair of feet
And an extra foot
With no shoe for it.

This was how the terrible hopping began
That wore the Sad Boy thin and through
To his only shoe
And started the great fright in the provinces above Brent
Where the Sad Boy became half of himself
To match the beautiful boot
He had dripped from the green pond.

Wherever he went weeping and hopping
And stamping and sobbing,
Pounding a whole earth into a half-heaven,
Things split where he stood
Into the left side for the left magic,
Into no side for the missing right boot.

Mercy be to the Sad Boy
Scamping exasperated
After a wide boot
To double the magic
Of a limping foot.

Mercy to the melancholy folk
On the Sad Boy's right.

It was not for want of wandering
He lost the left boot too
And the knowledge of his left side,
But because one awful Sunday
This dear boy dislimbed
Went back to the old pond
To fish up another shoe
And was quickly (being too light for his line)
Fished in.

Gracious how he kicks now
All the little ripples up!
The quiet population of Brent has settled down,
And the perfect surface of the famous pond
Is slightly pocked, marked with three signs,
For visitors come to fish for souvenirs,
Where the Sad Boy went in
And his glad mother and his mad father after him.

The Fugitive

Laura Riding Gottschalk

MORTAL

There is a man of me that tills.
There is a woman of me that reaps.
One is true
And one is fair.
Scarce I know where either are.

But I am seed the man should give
And I am child the woman should bear
And I am love
That cannot find them anywhere.

Father and mother and God and my shadowy ancestry—
I think there's no way of making anything more than
a mortal of me.

The Fugitive

Laura Riding Gottschalk

TO A CERTAIN SHOP GIRL

She should be buying pearls and Persian brass
In dim bazaars or crystal-lighted rooms;
She should be choosing gold Venetian glass,
And silken webs of China's ancient looms!
But she is selling shoddy things to wear,
Across a basement counter's Bridge of Sighs—
With youth's untarnished gold upon her hair,
And youth's blue wildfire burning in her eyes.

Her beauty breaks the heart—such loveliness,
Such morning grace immured and tethered down!
So bright is she, held here in dark duress
Behind "The Biggest Bargain Sale In Town,"
She lights the crumpled heaps of cotton lace
And casts a glamour on her prison-place!

The Gypsy

Agnes Kendrick Gray

THE CANTALOUPE

On the cool porcelain lies the jade-green sphere,
Netted in russet, thickly over-traced
With curious cryptic symbols such as placed
Those dusky hirelings on the Alhambra. Here
Demeter scrawls a message; where's the seer
To read her cypher? Warning against waste
Mayhap—or charge with reverent lip to taste

This sumptuous offering of the liberal year.
Were these neat grooves designed to guide the blade?
I choose to slash quite counter to the hint;
And lo! I have a fluted chalice made!
I plunge my spoon in fragrant pulp afresh
With tender salmon, an enchanting tint,
Too sweet to leave—too exquisite to crush!

Sunset Magazine

Julia Boynton Green

THE BITTERN

A soaring shadow and a hoarse wild cry
When evening drops and cool airs drift and climb
From brown Witch Water. But one thrilling time
He suffered our espial patiently,
Perched on a neighboring shrub, a trim dark shape
Collared with chestnut; his observant eye
Admonished brief respectful scrutiny.
A flash—and he had made his swift escape.

We listen for his sudden startling word
From high green chambers in our towering trees.
We ponder on his unsolved absences.

For us no lesser sweeter minstrel fills
This austere lodger's place. We miss the bird.
No goldfinch gossip and no bubbling thrills
Of owls at night, no mellow oriole flute
Enchants us like the bittern's brusque salute.

Where does he spend that passionate interlude,
Scorning our runnel for some fen-land strange
Where he may build and woo and feed and range,
Weaving the idyl of the mate and brood?
When autumn suns with waning ardor burn
On the light rime of dawn—grim, taciturn,
Wise in the lore of freshets and the wrack
Of mighty winds unleashed—will he come back?

The Step Ladder

Julia Boynton Green

"YOU, WHO LOVE BEAUTY"

Rondel on the Flyleaf of an Anthology of Verse

You, who love beauty, why the many tears?
Shall those, who see, more sad be than the blind?
Why will you send your sobbing down the wind
To win from the unseeing, laughter and jeers?

For you the dawn a shining palace rears,
Where singing hours undying garlands bind.

**You, who love beauty, why the many tears?
Shall those, who see, more sad be than the blind?**

The unseeing have no balm for painful years.

To you, uncalled, comes wonder, shy and kind.

**Oh, heart, what warmth! what light, oh, troubled mind!
Beauty is joy, though it be ringed with spears!
You, who love beauty, why the many tears?**

The Outlook

Hermann Hagedorn

WARRIORS OF THE DREAM

**They pushed their glowing joys aside,
They laid their shining hopes away;
They hearkened, pale and starry-eyed,
And closed the books and dropped the play.
They said, "There is a greater thing
Than fame or golden harvesting.
Out of the storm there came a cry
And we will answer, though we die!"**

**They answered from the seething plain,
They answered from the reeling height,
To the last reaching-forth, in pain,
They sent their answer down the night:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"**

**They will not come again to play
The old games through the summer day,
Or seek the cool woods or the brooks
Or open now the dusty books.
Yet, where in crowds, with restless feet,
The getters and the spenders meet,
There is, at times, a strange deep sound
Not from the sky, not from the ground,
And voices such as music hath
That shakes the heart and chokes the breath:**

"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

To sue his kith and kin,—
On its old orbit swings this earth;
Day comes, night comes; the seasons pass;
And holy memories, amid mirth,
Are but shadows on a glass.
Men may forget and time erase
Of name and deed the last faint trace;
But in still hours, amid their joys,
Unborn, undreamed of girls and boys
Shall of a sudden be aware
Of something not of earth or air,
A burning brow, a glowing eye,
A flame, a presence and a cry:
"Though hope allure and love enthrall
And precious, youth and glory seem,

The Outlook *Hermann Hagedorn*
Sweeter than all, greater than all
Is to give all to a dream!"

THE BALLAD OF MEAN MARKS

Marks was the county's meanest man,
Agreed by every other:
His coat was dyed of chestnut bark
And woven by his mother.

And shabbily he went to court
To sue his kith and kin,—
"This map shows where his land should end
And where my fields begin . . ."

"Land crazy!" So they labeled him.
But sound in all his senses,
He kept buck shot for trespassers
And built barbed wire fences.

And children on their way to school
Respected his harsh code
And dared not pick the apple up
That rotted in the road,

But saw the pumpkins in the corn
Like many moons at night,
And water melons of great girth
Striped emerald and white . . .

The very tramps his wife would feed
Furtively by day,
Soon ceased to beg, divining she
Was hungrier than they,

So wasted was her gentle look.
Folk wondered why he'd wed her
And had not saved what it would cost
To keep her and to bed her.

And then there was the hired hand,
Thin in the chest and narrow,
Whose soul was like a tortured field
Marks used his tongue to harrow.

The only thing Lem knew for sure,
Besides his low estate,
Was that he'd cause to hate the man
So many loved to hate.

The rank weed of their enmity
Grew round him, yet his wife,
Knowing as sorrel chokes the grass
So hatred dooms a life,

Forgave him that he used her ill,
And that her very savings
He'd coax away, dismiss her need
To spend as "woman's ravings"!

And when the county fair approached,
The long, hot summer done,
He told her that the fee was twice
As much for two as one,

And she was crushed and stayed at home. . .
But eager as a fox
For grapes, Marks led his cattle in,
Won cash prize for an ox.

Came marching home in triumph with
The slow plod of the cattle
In the stifling dust. Their ribbons showed
Like banners out of battle. . .

Women are strange. She swept her house
Pausing at times to rest
As though a hand had stilled her hand. . .
The broom leaned on her breast. . .

Her spirit was subdued, Marks thought. . .
Then one day she confounded
His smug belief in her defeat
That had been so well grounded!

That day an honest neighbor came
To ask him for the use
Of some long-questioned right o' way:
Marks met him with abuse.

And when the other, sore with wrongs,
Unable to resist,
Cried, "Damn you for the hound you are!"
He felled him with his fist,

Beat him and left him in his tracks
Where black earth spouted muddy.
He strode into the kitchen then,
Victorious and bloody,

And smiling with a bully's pride
Recalled that shower of sparks,
When her voice said beside the stove,
"I'm sorry for you, Marks!"

"Sorry, Sorry for me?" He stared.
Her eyes were blue, of Delf
Seen in old china. He ripped out,
"You'd best explain yourself."

"I'm damned if I know what you mean,
Unless you think you're witty!"
Bravely she spoke: "Living or dead,
You can't escape my pity.

"I pity you for your hard heart
And for your lonely sin,
That you must ever, ever fight
And never fail to win. . ."

Marks shook then like an angry god,
Shook like an aspen tree:
"I'll have none of your pity, mind!"
She answered, "We shall see. . ."

Grim as a giant at his play,
He cleared a field of rocks,
The long scythe glinting in his hand,
Mowed down her hollyhocks.

She smiled at his revenge. She cooked
And made her kitchen tidy:
When Monday came she did the wash,
And baked the bread on Friday.

She spoke no word but darned his clothes
With hand light as a thistle,
Thrust cleanliness upon the man,
All beard and dirt and gristle,

And set the milk pails out to dry
Like silver in the sun,
As women will—until at last
The endless work is done. . .

She sickened one day at the churn
And had a chill. . . He nursed her
Through days and nights; it might have been
He loved her or he cursed her,

Or counted on the chastening
Effect of pain to cure
That lofty something in her soul
Which he could not endure,—

Transcendent pity for the plight
Of him she looked upon:
"However will it fare with you,"
She sighed, "When I am gone?"

Then Marks, remembering in time
To make his answer gruff,
Out of a husky throat replied,
"I shall do well enough. . ."

And yet more terse was his harsh speech,
All kind assistance **scorning**,
When, ready to forget the past,
His neighbors came one morning

After the first snow-fall. They'd heard
That she had gone, and how. . .
"I've got along before," he snapped.
"I reckon I can now!"

And shut the door, and buried her
Himself, on his own place,
With Lem, the hired hand, to help.
Lem's poor, white twitching face,

Was blurred by tears. But Marks was strong.
He let no grief unman him.
Lem stayed on, he knew not why;
Marks greatly over-ran him.

Winter was long that year. Marks froze
First one ear, then a foot.
Trouble set in and he was housed
And could not wear a boot.

Though he allowed he'd find a girl
To cook and keep his home
Yet grudge against him ran so strong
No woman-thing would come.

When winter broke and he came out,
Dirty and lean and hairy,
Folk said they were afeared of him
His look had grown so scary. . .

And often Lem, with famished eye,
Turned toward the wood lot where
They'd put her who had been his friend,
Who'd left the cupboard bare. . .

Although Spring brought new hopes to earth
And new green to the tree,
Alone, the bleak house stood forlorn
In its necessity,

Till charity was waked at last. . .
One came in hat and shawl
Through dogwood bloom—she must have crossed
The old stile at the wall,

And lightly, with familiar step,
Have hurried through the gate. . .
Her hands were, as a lady's, fine,
All too immaculate

To raise against Mark's disarray.
The helplessness of men
Provoked her laughter as she worked,
But she was weeping when

She stole away. That night Lem asked,
"Who's set this kettle shining?"
Marks stared. It looked the self-same house
But with another lining!

Next day he sought and found her grave
Hid in 'a fragrant mass
Of blue forget-me-nots, the flower
That she could never pass,

And wondered who had planted them.
They seemed a living dress,
So sweetly did the small things lend
Their common willingness. . .

And with his dark look bent above
That radiance Marks drew breath
To mutter to himself and kill
The queer doubt of her death.

Fear gripped him. As the days slipped by
And he could never catch her
Elusive ghost, he swore that he
Would have a game to match her,

And hid him in the pantry nook.
All day he skulked. He trembled,
Pale when the empty house boards creaked
And hungry mice assembled.

At last, it was the afternoon,
The June day fair and bright,
He saw one enter through the door
With sweet, warm rush of light,

With sense of flowers, though no bud
Or blossom did she wear—
There was a neat look to her dress,
A gay look to her hair,

And gaily she hung up her shawl
To face her household task,
As if the blessing of the work
Was all that she would ask. . .

Then something shook the soul of Marks,
Implacable and human,
As forth he stepped. She'd always been
A timid little woman,

Afraid of shadows. Now her hand
Went clutching at her heart;
As in old times he heard her say,
"You gave me such a start!"

"It's what I meant to do," breathed Marks,
"Since pity brings you back
To do for me, and cook and make
The comforts that I lack,

And pity I cannot abide!
I'm well enough alone. . .
Lem's shadow fell across the floor;
He saw Marks, like a stone,

Staring at something faint yet bright. . .
Was it the sun's reflection
Upon the wall? It passed so soon
It beggared recollection.

It seemed to go as day will go
Out of the kitchen door,
And Lem's eye could not follow it,
Though afterward he swore

He'd seen the face of Mary Marks,
Her smile so fleet and wan,
And heard a whisper from her lips,
"My poor, proud man. . .

Contemporary Verse

Amanda Benjamin Hall

THE BALLAD OF THE THREE SONS

A rich man is a man
With tall sons by his side,
Lads long enough of limb to take
A corn-field at a stride!

A man with full-grown sons
Should be watchful, he should keep
Bright and burning to protect them—
Lads grow tired. . . they must sleep. . .

As a mother at her breast
Holds the nursing infant's life,
He should trust them to no neighbor,
Nor his own God, nor his wife.

My wife bore me two sons—
I held my head high;
Knowing my sons would live for me
When I should come to die. . .

My wife she bore a third, . . .
But the third was torture-limbed—
Not like the two whose trunks were straight
As trees, and neatly trimmed!

Orrin and John were keen,
But 'twas the Lord's grim pleasure,
In weighing out a mind for him,
To give poor Clyde half measure,

And so dilute our healthy stock.
Eyes vacant as his wit,
He lived a feeble useless fool;
'Twas pain to see him sit,

Dull, in his mother's kitchen
Beside her chimney nook.
Though years went past he could not tell
The letters in a book,

But loved the common meadow flowers,
And he would finger these
Until they wilted in his hand
Between his crooked knees;

And had strange fancy for the birds,
And notionally kept
A little winter sparrow once—
And when it died he wept. . .

But though the fibre of his wits
Was poor and loosely woven,
His mother taught him tirelessly
While the bread was in the oven,

Giving him all her love,
With scarcely thought for others.
It almost seemed that she begrudged
The hale health of his brothers,

And hated those who pitied her,
Intending to be kind.
Though only she could find the way
Through turnings of his mind,

She held him as her one ewe lamb,
This creature hardly human,
Because he stayed at home with her—
May God forgive the woman!

She said, "Of all the sons I've reared
I've but one loving son;
The others went too soon from me—
'Twas run, run, run,

"As little tads, and when they grew
And were too old for play,
Their father set his hands on them
And bore them both away.

"Now Orrin and John grow soft in spring
As the down of the pussywillow,
And soon the mother'll be forgot
For a wife's head on the pillow!

"But gentle Clyde will stay with me,
Long in his kitchen seat,
And I will pour his drink for him,
And I will cut his meat. . ."

A woman's ravings! Peace to her—
I had my goodly yield,
My lovely sons who laughed all day
And sweated in the field.

Broad backs bent until they straightened,
Dripping and immense;
They had cheerful hands for milking
Or for making fence.

They knew sheep and how to cross them
With the proper choice of rams.
In the lonely nights of April,
When the ewes would drop their lambs,

They were skilful; at the shearing
Cool to calm the frightened beast
Till, as naked as a baby
Out of blanket, it was fleeced!

And the same way with our cattle,
Working hard and nothing halving. . .
O my wise sons, O my helpers,
How I miss you at the calving!

Sweet as cider from the mill,
But strong as cider aged,
Ever hearty and unbeaten
In the battles that they waged,

They could set maids' hearts aflutter
At the yearly county fair;
And folk did not mean our oxen
When they whispered, "What a pair!"

Beautiful as grain at harvest
Were my gallant reapers!
Night fell suddenly upon them—
They were heavy sleepers. . .

Safe and sound I left them,
Coming dark, to go
To the town for early market
In the morning. You should know

That their bed was in the attic
Of the house long built,
Where they lay beneath the rafter
And their grandmother's patched quilt.

It was autumn, nearing winter,
And the ground all hoary.
Crazy Clyde was resting ill
In the second storey,

Plagued by some dim recollection
Of a mischief he had done
Late that evening, with two live coals
He had lifted just for fun

From the stove, his mother busy
With the dishes, till she turned
And helped him hobble up to bed,
Unknowing that they burned

Like two red eyes into the floor.
Hours later she woke:
The moon shone, but the room was grey
And ghostly with the smoke,

As if a monstrous spider wove
A web. She saw it growing.
She says she heard a horrid sound
That was the north wind blowing. . .

And then, God help her, her one thought
And only living dread
Was for the idiot who slept
Close by in his small bed!

She roused him. When she had him up
Her frenzy made him shudder.
He fought her. She'd no way to steer
That brain without a rudder.

Resisting with a stubborn will
What she would have him do,
He feared and knew not what he feared:
She beat him black and blue,

And anger made her over-strong
And terror made her wise—
If once she had him on the floor
The cripple could not rise. . .

And so she schemed to save the thing
She should have left to die.
My sons lay dreaming overhead—
The house was high,
And very old and dry. . .

The flames climbed upward step by step
As she went down the stair—
A lioness with her strange whelp
Dangling by the hair,

A worthless pulp of flesh and blood,
Torn as in a rack;
And when she dragged him through the door
He fought her to go back!

She tore her night-gown into strips
And, naked to the skin,
She tied him to an orchard tree.
Then her lamenting din

Ascended with the fire until
It reached the two above,
The luckless sleepers in their bed—
Her afterthought of love!

The winding stair was like a flue,
And deeper than a well,
When down they plunged through smoke and flame
As spirits do to hell. . .

Next morning nothing much remained
To mark that midnight revel,
The pickets smoking in the gate,
The ground level. . .

My wife she met me in the road,
She rung her hands and raved.
I had two golden sons and great—
I saw what she had saved

To be my son for all my days,
My heavy heart to cumber
In this rough hut we call our home.
A man needs more than lumber,

Mortar and tiles to build a house—
He needs his warm hopes too!
The half wit fills his mother's days
Just as he used to do—

For fatherhood and motherhood
Are separate strange things. . .
My wife she tends the lad she saved,
And when he smiles, she sings.

My wife cries, "Shame on your hard heart,
And you his lawful sire!"
I answer her, "I had two sons—
They perished in the fire."

The mother's love is for the weak
She cannot hope to cure,
But the father's love is for the strong
Who make his stock endure.

I had two lovely sons,
I was a man endowed;
But the sun will rise tomorrow
And find my fields unplowed.

The sun will rise tomorrow
And peer in at the door,
And I will tell him that my lads
Were never late before. . .

I'll tell him by this time last year
The plowing had been done.
My wife she has a living child
But I have none.

Poetry A Magazine of Verse

Amanda Benjamin Hall

LEVELS

One can get used to levels,—he can see
On any side a wide horizon stare
With out an arching eyebrow anywhere
Over wide marshes crying for a tree;
And he can glide through any day's routine
With measured step, until a sudden view
Of undulating clouds against the blue
Features a hillside pasture, wide and clean.

One can get used to levels,—if he must;
But when his first adventures all were made
With swift allowance for a changing grade.
And deadly horizontals held in trust,—
The accustomed knock upon his dreary door
May wake no step along the even floor.

Voices

Lena Hall

PERSPECTIVE

I folded trees as shepherds fold their flocks—
Watching them cut a pathway to the stars,
As a young lamb will spurn the pasture bars
To dare the peril of emancipate rocks.

I strode with shrinking moons the purple hills,
Till amber morning hung upon my lips;
And handled with orchestral finger tips
The miracle of fresh-blown daffodils.

Later, the stooping shoulders of a man
Building a highway, blotted out the sun;
And uncreative earth since time began
Fluttered in shade, subordinate and dun.
I am at peace to-day with dominant hands
Weaving a seamless robe from broken strands.

The Stratford Monthly

Lena Hall

WHAT BOBBIE DREAMED

Please let me in, St. Peter;
I will polish up the harps,
I will teach the most unmusical
To play in flats and sharps;
I will comb the prophets' whiskers,
And curl the cherub's hair,
I will make a brand new cushion
For Archangel Michael's chair;
I will iron out the togas,
I will oil your keys for you;
I will be such a useful lad
If you will let me through!

You will not let me enter?
Now, St. Peter, shame on you!
I may have been a bad, bad boy
But you were naughty too—
How about that little rooster
That went "cock-a-doodle doo?"

Later

Thanks very much, St. Peter,
For letting me come through.

The Commonweal

Dorothy Haight

TWO SONGS

I

Through the long dusk my spirit sings
To hear the wind break through the wood
Blowing against the blackbirds' wings,
And in the twilight it is good
To watch the dark come down the hill
And see the drifted oak-leaves blow
Into the stream beside the mill,
For love goes always where I go
And burns within the lost bird's cry—
Love in the naked orchard-trees
Like a late whisper comes; the sky
Flings out two lonely stars, and these
Over the new moon-crescent rise
Ghostly, beneath love's eyes.

II

Sunlight wakens me after dream
And through the day upholds the hours
Like laughter, and the twilights seem
Gentle as flowers
Remembered from a summer's wreath.
The spent moon lifting into gold
Comes kindly, knowing how beneath
Earth's dark indifference, I hold
Love flung across my heart, nor care
Whether a moon be young or old
Or day or night be there.

Scribner's Magazine

Ann Hamilton

THE MILL

The eyes of my upper windows
Watch all that passes in Wye valley;
And the brook—chattering little beast—
That splashes and paddles about my motonless wheel,

Tells me all that passes on Ash Hill:
Ay, and in all the land between there and the willows,
That droop like hypocritical old dames
And lose their decayed greenery into the water.

When there's a flood, and the brook gets brown like a
savage—

Ay, and leaps and howls like a savage—
I creak in all my old timbers; and the farmers say:
"Th' old mill she be getting weak in her joints;
It would do nowt o' harm to have her down the now."
But I laugh, and only groan the more.
I'll outlive them and their children after.

So I am of the valley, and once the valley was mine.
I am as old as England herself, or at least what's written
of her.

There was moss on my wheel and wear on my stones
Before the first monk set pen to paper.
I have seen England's people ground and sifted and the
husks thrown away
As long as the grain has crunched between my stones:
Roman, Briton, Saxon, Norman, and the tempering of
them,
Have sat while my wheel turned, and talked of many
things.

I am old now, and useless, for we live in an age of inven-
tion;
But although the Wye people bring me their grain no
longer,
At least I may lie in the warm spring sunlight,
Or the soft winter snows,
And watch the life of my valley.
I am of lasting build, as is England herself;
And although my gray stones may quiver with the blasts
from the North Sea,
I stand until the last English voice is lost in the tongue of
an alien race,
Or stilled in the silence of centuries.

Interludes

Richard H. Hart

SOLUS

His dog's sharp, sudden bark upon the stillness
Will send me to the door with flying feet,
In that unguarded moment quite forgetting—
So wonted was this habit, and so sweet —
The empty vista through the swaying lilacs,
And out beyond, the quiet village street.

Returning slowly to some threadbare duty,
Grown duller since the need for it has fled,
I ask how many journeys will betray me
Before I shall have learned the pause instead,
And make my foolish, dreaming heart remember
That he is dead—that he is dead!

The Lyric West

Ada Hastings Hedges

SOUTH SONG

I'm for the South, — for the black-eyed South
With Art in its fingers and Love on its mouth,
With scent in the stars of its eyes, and its tune
From Beauty's warm lips on the bride-bed of June.

Oh, the North Folk are grim folk
From Shetland east to Maine:
Brooding lonely grim folk,
Plagued with the lust for pain;
So I'm for the clear-souled South Folk
Of Richmond and Rome and Spain.

Woe is the lot of the north lands,
North of fifty three,—
Of the sin-eating, blood-sweating north lands
That kneel with a knotted knee:
Gorky's dazed folk of the north lands;
Fiona's wierd folk of the north lands;
Tolstoi's troubled folk of the north lands;
And Ibsen's dour folk by the sea.

Brooding and bale in the north nights;
Hard strife for the day's short span;
And a grim gray fate for the souls that mate
Where toil is the measure of man:

Where the great blond gray-eyed North Folk,
The Berserker moralist north folk,
Gloom and fume in the starlight,
Hate and mate in the moonlight,
Dream and scheme by the lamp light—
Till the earth runs red with their wars.

So I'm for the South,—for the black-eyed South
With Art in its fingers and Love on its mouth,
With scent in the stars of its eyes, and its tune
From Beauty's warm lips on the bride-bed of June.

The Forum

Roy Helton

SLEEP

Thus would I question the unwearying One
Who gave exhaustless vigor to the sea,
Ordained the ceaseless journey of the sun,
And bade the stars flame to eternity:
Why, when from clay He brought us with a breath
Did He give sleep—since we shall soon know death?

Why did He limit so our might?
Even the youthful, lithe Olympian
Who runs from dawn till night
Must like the feeblest man,
Between the opiate dusk and trumpet morn,
To slumber's Lethe come, for strength reborn.

Is it that when the outward form is still—
Calm the tense limbs and quiet the curious senses—
The inmost spirit, the aspiring will
That shuns the day's vainglorious pretenses,
May then from prison walls of flesh go free
To venture the veiled steeps of destiny?

Is it that when the harried soul has peace—
Shut out the garish world's distracting gleam;
When strife and toil and tribulations cease,
That then the spirit, searching realms of dream,
Discerns what to the flesh is fugitive?
Do we in slumber more sublimely live?

Did the Lord God give mortals weariness,
And star-bejewelled darkness for a cover,
That from our clay the spiritual may press
To heights where grandeur waits and angels hover?
Do eyelids close to open that vague portal
Which lifts between the earthy and immortal?

Contemporary Verse

Daniel Henderson

THE LAKE OF THE FALLEN MOON

All day the thundering of water fills
That throat of rock beneath the peaks. All day
The pines hear, and the trail that wears a way
From snow to snow in lonely granite hills.

Rarely, in gold of dying afternoons,
Bronzed riders driving mules from grass to grass
Peer up the booming canyon as they pass
And see a glitter like a fallen moon's

Far off, between the dark of woven trees.
Some say that there white chains of water fall
Down a sheer thousand feet of mountain wall,
Smiting a lake of black-brimmed mysteries

To restless light. And men might track the gleam
From ledge to ledge, and reach the canyon floor,
And sprawl in misted ferns beneath the roar
And monstrous magic foaming of the stream . . .

All day thundering water shakes the pines,
Tossing in foam against the granite wall;
Rare passing riders linger at its call
And search the woven branches where it shines;

Always they gaze and wonder, always pass,
Driving beneath the peaks from grass to grass.

The New Republic

Frank Ernest Hill

LET YOU WHO WOULD BE LOVERS

Let you who would be lovers
Learn to make pyres,
Throwing the rest of your lives,
With your loves, on the fires.

Leave, when the flame has guttered
To a sombre spark,
This husk of a glorious room
And the hurt of its dark.

Yours was an ivory city?
Seek the soil's sharp
Acid of sweat—roughen hands
That were smooth on a harp.

Leave the known walls, the known plying
Of hand or mind,
Known dusk, known lights, the known door
And the void behind.

Perilous these as chasms
When you shall move
Haunting a lean half circle
Filled once with love;

Moving expectant always,
Always betrayed,
Led to an ambush, for loss
To impale on his blade;

Stabbed like a waking blind man
Who thought to see,
And knows the locked door of his night
And a lost key.

The New Republic

Frank Ernest Hill

STONE DUST

I

The gods have not yet learned to fear the lover.
The gods of windowed walls, uplifting high
Invisible bulk to stir the clouds, or swinging
In arcs of light and thunder through the sky—
How should the gods of granite walls discover
Between their caves and heights
A flake of dust with fire of dreams bringing
To walls and gods an end of days and nights?

II

The lover has not learned to hate the gods.
They are new gods, their soaring cubes are strange—
Their columned clay dark under columned steam,
Their roaring shafts of wheels and wire and rods.
The lover, in eternity of dream,
Answers not the moment's change,
Lets the stony ridges grow and gleam,
Lets the millions swarm and range.

III

The gods wall in the lover's dream with stone.
Of men the swift, hard gods have made a flow
Like driven water. They have paved its course.
They stem or speed it crying Stay or Go.
Down beds of granite, under ledges sown
With granite trunks, prisoned in its own roar,
Tossing among immensities with hoarse
Beating from stone of curb to bronze of door,
The flood of men goes lashing the gods' ways,
The pauseless flood of men goes down the stone
Grooves of the gods, dark-fevered in its maze,
Troubling the chiseled streets like dust wind-blown.

IV

The gods wall in the lover's dream with stone . . .
Their granite lifts a shadow to enfold
All jeweled words, all wordless music played

With an eye's gesturing of blue or gold.
Now they have edged with stone the blade
Of a bright seed that cannot rest,
The troubled builder that of dust has made
Sweet transient flesh, the soul's cry, the soul's quest.
He carved from chaos form, he drew from night
A flame, he made clear words from a blurred call;
O swift and shadowy, turn away, take flight,
Let the stones lie unused, forget the wall.
Walls may be strong, but there is strength can fling
Their stone like leaves in a wind's thundering.
O swift and hard, despair of speed and height,
Pull down the granite shadow ere it enfold
This dust so terrible with light:
There is a doom of gods within its gold!

The swift gods build—they have not known
Or feared this flake of dust too bright for stone.
Still with their hardness they encompass him,
Still now with haste and noise,
With skill that blights, with order that destroys,
They lift a granite shadow, high and grim.

Now must the lover heed at last the wall,
Now must he heed the gods that build,
Seeing beneath the stones the dreams killed,
Seeing of his own dreams what may befall.
The shadow of the wall is on his dream,
And the dream breaks, and looking out and down,
The lover sees the granite town;
Sheer, with jeweled window gleam,
Distorted towers earthward run
To where the millions swirl and stream
In a slit of sun;
Clearly now he sees it hang
And through the sheath of glass
Hears its shadowy hum and clang
And knows the meaning that it has.
He who saw Venus born,
And made dance and made prayer,
Carving life, molding life,

Calling life not there—
Looks out on walls, walls,
Looks down on men blown
Darkly, like drenched sand,
Dreamless, through grooved stone.

VI

Slowly upon the surge that sweeps a floor
Under cliff-faces thousand-squared with glass,
A bubble on the flood that licks their mass
And fills the roofless caverns with its roar,
Outward the lover passes, mute and small,
Near the gods' feet, and underneath their call.
They have not seen him go, but if they saw
Would they not fear withdrawal of a sun,
Noons dimmed to pearl, spring frozen in its thaw,
Green turned to blue and silver, scarlet dun?
Would they not fear lest shafts that gleam
Should yet be husks gone cold,
And speaking pavements where the stream
Of men runs strong, be bare,
And iron wheels lie red and old
In streets where silence is and mold,
But moving things nowhere?
The lover passes out and on,
Fades from the roaring clefts, is gone;
But the gods have not feared his going,
The gods move still, still call, unknowing.
Still black and full, the stream beneath
Threshes in its stony sheath.
Only the lover, only the lover
Knows that life will soon be gone;
He whom the gods could not discover,
He who passes on,
He has known gods before,
He has seen gods fall,
He has seen empty floor,
Empty shrine, empty hall,
He has heard stone roar
From a crumbling wall.

THE HALT IN THE GARDEN

Hesperides? Right here! the faithful keeper,
Sir, at your service. Won't you step this way?
The shadows round the elm are growing deeper,
You can not go much farther on today.
Sit here, this rock will hold the heat a while,
And later, if you're so inclined, we'll sup
Over at my house in the hollow there.
It must be you I saw that clambered up
The rock-ledge and came through the broken stile?
The other road is shorter by a mile,
But you are young,—I don't suppose you care.

Yes, help yourself, but don't take three or four;
Take one and eat it to the very core.
Hell! that young Pan's a scoundrel! Nibbles one,
Throws it away, nibbles another, shakes
The bough,—and nine times out of ten it breaks,—
Spilling my finest beauties by the score
To rot away and stink under the sun.
These be no common apples;—no, not gold,
If people said so then it's lies they told,—
They're all the seasons bottled in one fruit,
Autumn atop and April at the root.
And what a savour to the nose and tongue!
No, Sir, I never touch them, I am here
To guard not eat. . . but once, O years ago,
Long before you were thought of . . . well, I know
Their taste and smell, and I should still be young
If I had gone on eating year to year.

The gods, now, 'tis their right, but even they
Come seldom. Not that I'm complaining, only
As I grow old I seem to grow more lonely.
Life isn't as it was for them or me;
There's more time to remember, less to play,
And somehow one pretends at being gay.
When they have picnics by the linden tree
Across the valley, one or two come over
And lie here at my feet among the clover,

Picking the petals off the daisies, while
I tell them fairytales to make them smile.
For, between us Sir, they are children still,
Ready to burst with laughter as with tears,
In spite of all that time has done,—and will.

I've loved them now over three thousand years,
And served them as you see, not well or ill,
And I can tell you, Sir, my blood runs cold
To think I shall be dead when they are old.
O most of all, Hermes and Artemis
I love,—the immortal Girl, the immortal Boy!
To see them is a sort of awful joy,
To touch them, unimaginable bliss.
Many have tried to snare them, and in vain;
For when you spread the usual sort of mesh,
Music and wine to catch them, then they are
As ghostly and remote as the white train
Of seven moons that swarm about the star
Of Zeus. White flame of spirit and of mind
Held in twin columns of triumphant flesh!
And yet, they say how each has given his heart
Unto the other, and how they take their joys
Touching with one aerial kiss, to part
She with her virgins, he among his boys. . . .
You smile that love so far outdoes my wit,
Words being finite and love infinite.

Compare with these immortals, if you will,
The latter pieties I entertain.
They mope along the summit of the hill
As though the landscape pleased them not, and strain
To find a blemish on my appletrees,—
A blemish! here in the Hesperides!
I vow, Sir, it's my duty I perform,
And neither more nor less, when that pale swarm
Come buzzing down on me and call me Brother
As though it were a virtue so to do!
We take our liberties in all the ranks,
But none takes liberties with any other,—
You understand, Sir,—well, this pious crew,

Instead of dining in the hall outside,
Invite themselves to take their meat with me,
Seeming to think I ought to render thanks
Because they sacrifice my servant's pride
To make a show of their humility!
By Hera! then my blood all turns to gall, . . .
I serve cold porridge in the outer hall.

No tolerant stream can ever irrigate
Those arid minds. No kindly flower or shrub
Wakes on those desert hearts. Early and late
The scorpion and the unwholesome grub
Gnaw round the cactus and the prickly thorns.
Why, Sir, that aged Jew who wears the horns,—
His name escapes me,—played so vile a trick
That even Ares wept to hear the tale.
He found young Arothyx, Campaspe's faun,
Playing all naked in the woods at dawn
Beside the tarn, the way our children do.
What then? The old man took a briary stick
And laid it on his haunches like a flail
Until the creature was all black and blue,
His infant flesh shot through and through with hurt.
It's blame and scold from dawn to dark, and still
Despising, they remain to vent despite.
We plant the rose and they unearth the dirt.
There is no peace upon the sacred hill,
No songs at noon or drinking bouts at night.
It's not 'Do as you please and so will I',
But 'Do my will; if not, be damned thereby.'
Some of my Greeks are lechers and all that,
But every one's a born aristocrat!

The curious thing is this: that gentle man
They call their Master, is a different kind.
He comes to supper with me when he can,
And eats there in my room, but I don't mind.
He doesn't pose and condescend to me,
But just as any friend to friend might be,
Sits down and eats, asks me about the weather,
Are apples ripe? and how is Aphrodite

Since her last lying-in? No high and mighty
From him; he's just a dreamy sort of friend,
Not hard to talk with or to comprehend.
The only time he ever lost his head
Was once when we were talking here together,
I told about his people. Then he said . . .
Perhaps I ought not tell you what he said,
But if words kill those holy goats are dead!

Forgive me, Sir, an old man, the late year,
We all drift on, and night is close at hand.
The planets now are ripe, harvest is near,
And they will sow new planets where we stand.
See there, the flock of yellow butterflies
That chase September down the western slope
Have flashed their last against the smoky skies.
Your hand, Sir, if you please. Blear eyes must grope
And clear still lead. . . Hark! Do you hear them shouting
Over the hill where the red sun has set?
While we sit here conjecturing and doubting
The gods of Greece are gods of laughter yet.
Over the hill, the young with blowing hair
Forget the season of the singing reapers
Who come to bind the yellow planets in.
Forget the season of the silent sleepers,
The ruined barn, the harvest in the bin.
Come in, and drink and eat, and still forgive
That lonely age should be so talkative.
I'll quench the burning itch that jerks my tongue
In draughts of wine that still remembers Greece,
And you shall hear but silence while you sup.
Once in this garden when the world was young,
At cool of evening. . . No, I'll hold my peace!
Yonder's a Chian vintage. Fill your cup!

The Stratford Monthly

Robert Hillier

BLACK MAGIC

Three friends of mine who know my heart,
I have decreed your death to-day,
And through what means, and by what art,

Who but yourselves could ever say?
I could not suffer you to part
Flinging my secrets on your way.

Who knows through what impetuous word
My lore escapes your careless lips,
Through what small syllable the bird
That was my golden captive, slips
And sings to those who, having heard,
Will slay it with envenomed quips?

That King of Knossos who would build
A Labyrinth around his thought,
Sagaciously and justly willed
Death to the architects who wrought,
And thus the winged word was stilled
Which once set free is never caught.

Friends whom I love, for fear I might
Have cause to love you less, I stir
Three melting forms of wax, and light
Three tapers for three friends that were,
Till three slim phantoms take their flight
Between the whorls of smoking myrrh.

The Dial

Robert Hillyer

WINTER

Have you seen a blue jay flash through a snowstorm?
Have you seen the red-flecked head of a woodpecker
In snow-trimmed trees?
Have you seen dark sledges of felled tree-trunks
Drawn by steaming horses,
When the woodman takes an axe
And breaks open the frozen water for them,
And they drink at the trough?
I have.
And I have seen an antlered stag
Move slowly across the sloping field
Till the snowflakes gathered around him,
And I could see nothing but snow.

The Forum

Anne Hinckman

A SURREY SONG

I was a man of Mitchen,
And she from Croydon fared
To serve in Parson's kitchen
With rosy arms half-bared.

She minced and rolled beef pasty,
She baked a mutton-pie;
And I was ever hasty,
I kissed her on the sly.

For it's

Sutton for mutton,
Carshalton for beef,
Croydon for a pretty girl,
And Mitchen for a thief.

My ears were soon burned scarlet
What way she cuffed me then;
With, "Shame! you thieving varlet—
You'm like all Mitchen men."

To prove I was not stealing,
And took her words amiss,
And show her honest dealing—
I gave her back her kiss.

For it's

Sutton for mutton,
Carshalton for beef,
Croydon for a pretty girl,
And Mitchen for a thief.

Contemporary Verse

May Folwell Hoisington

FAIRY-FOOT

Once I had it too,
Step of Pan upon
Sward beneath the yew,
Over bog and gone.

I can feel it yet
Tingle in the sole
Of my bare feet set
On a beechen bole.

Yes, and she is there,
Still in leafy speech
Answering my prayer—
Dryad of the beech!

Pan

May Folwell Hoisington

ADVICE

I could endure to have you die;
Although I should be much bereft,
Still could I bear it, for I know
There would be so much beauty left.
But, if I might thus far make bold,
I do forbid that you grow old.

Die if you must, for in the earth
Your slow corruption would be hidden;
But to confront my strenuous eye
With beauty's end, you are forbidden.
So if you'd have me hold you dear,
Do not survive your thirtieth year.

The Measure

Lindley Williams Hubbell

NEVER BELIEVE

Never believe me when I say
The Spring would be less fair without you;
Be warned—there is no permanence
In anything I say about you.

When April nights are warm and sweet,
Never believe my bed is narrow;
Nor that the Spring means less to me
Than to the crocus or the sparrow.

When pussy-willows come to birth,
A faithful heart is much too solemn
For dancing underneath a tree
With wet bark like a fluted column.

Never believe that it is prayer
That breaks my intermittent slumber;
I am not one of those who wake
To scourge themselves, times without number.

And if at last you see me walk
Through fields that grew too late for reaping,
Between two rows of naked stalks,
Never believe that I am weeping.

Voices

Lindley Williams Hubbell

SO FOR THE LITTLE WHILE

So for the little while that you remain,
In spite of sure decay, an unscarred curve
Of terrible granite, or the naked nerve
Of steel that severs cleanly, without pain—
Leaving the startled victim without moan
Until the swordsman vanishes from sight
And the wound wakes to torture in the night—
So for this little while I am your own.

But when I am made conscious of green mould
Upon the granite, or a sheath of rust
Upon the steel, I shall rise and fling
Myself against the pressure of your dust,
Seeking the beauty that is never old,
Which I shall find, if I find anything.

The Measure

Lindley Williams Hubbell

A TREE MAY BE LAUGHTER IN THE SPRING

A tree may be laughter in the spring,
Or a promise,
Or conceit.

In the summer it may be anything
Lazy and warm with life
And sweet.

In the fall,
It is the answer
To a long-forgotten call.

But on a lonely winter night,
In still air,
When it takes the shape of a candle-flame
Springing dark from a hill all white,
It is a dare.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Hazel Collister Hutchison

RATIONAL MAN

His restless glance abruptly drew
An arc halfway around the rim
Of earth's mysterious big bowl;
After escaping from his soul
Colors of sleep were standing by,
Their dark-blue shadows all around him.
This was the kind of night, he knew,
That, for no cause at all, would hound him,
And set his spirit prowling, prowling . . .
His glance, grown tired of running, flew
Suddenly upward to the sky
And stopped. The moon gazed back at him;
He stared, frowning a little, scowling . . .

He had discovered that, despite
Supposed advantages of sex,
When that white globe was on the wax
He could not hope to be immune
To lunar influence, nor fight
The monthly fullness of the moon.

And then he saw some poplar trees
All in a line, set close together,
Essential to a stiff design
In formal-garden symmetries:
He counted them, and there were nine.

He thought that they were beautiful:
Then he began to wonder whether
They were, like him, susceptible
To that distinct unearthly pull;
Some influence, he saw, was making
Their leaves keep rustling and shaking
Strangely. There seemed to be no breeze.

Rest and quiver, rest and quiver,
The trembling trees stood close together.
Their false propinquity, however,
Was not surprising to discover,
For he remembered he had heard
Poplars would never touch each other
No matter how their limbs were stirred.

There was a symbol for his shield!

Nine poplars on a moonlit field
Aloof, fastidious, intense
With shuddering self-preference!
He had no one near him to touch
But the idea consoled him much,
And he, whose lot was not like these,
Took comfort from the poplar trees.

The Nation

Rolfe Humphries

WORDS TO BE FLUNG UP A STAIRWAY

Never you mind about my milksop heart!
If I no more shall be the full of the door
In your high hallway, O be very sure
That I have learned at least the way to part.
Taller than ever now, and haughtier,
The arrant body smolders, magnified
And swollen by the hot internal pride,
And saying "Ha! Well done, well rid of her!"
So to the street, my body and pride and I
Stumble?—not we, but walk the paving-stones
In rage and passion, feeling in our bones,

Under their singing tension, that whereby
We live and nourish our condign estate—
Our final precious food, the marrow-fat of hate.

The Nation

Rolfe Humphries

ONE FLESH

If there were modern magic, she would turn
Into a bullet, cursing, in her pride,
The puny element that let her burn
So hot for impact, so ungratified.
For she knew what she wanted—she would die
Against a rock too strong for her to move,
In battered ripping bitter ecstasy
Kissing the fierce stone body of her love.

But he would be a dull-green lump of sponge,
Soft as wet weeds across her rage, to heal
The threshing fever, check her savage plunge,
Embed in ooze the desperate crying steel—
—Or else an ashy heap of sand, to choke
Her madness with his dusty yellow cloak.

The New Republic

Rolfe Humphries

JENNY WAS A JEWEL

Jenny was a jewel, there were none to deny it
She lived with her father and her father would stand
by it;
He said she was a jewel and he loved her very much,
They both loved each other very very much.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a neat one, ev'ryone opined so
She kept up her cottage and the cottage floor would
shine so;
She baked and she brewed and she loved to very much,
She really loved to housekeep very very much.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was an odd one but people didn't mind her
She never had a lover and it seemed no man would
find her,
She hustled and she hustled and she never left the house,
Except to market mornings she never left the house.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a good girl, ev'ry one had said so
But when she heard them say this she tossed her little
head so,
She played and she laughed with the children 'round
the house,
Except to play with children she never left the house.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was so happy, no one could have missed it
And Jenny touched her cheek as though someone had
kissed it,
For she had met a sailor when she was buying fish,
She never talked to sailors except when buying fish.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny had a sweetheart and rumors told about it
But the sailor was a bad man so her friends could not
but doubt it,
Yet Jenny's eyes sparkled when she was buying fish
And the sailor's eyes glistened when he sold her fish.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a daft girl and this was the reason
The sailor went to sea when it was whaling season,
And she waited and she watched but he never came back,
She strained her eyes in watching but he never came
back.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

Jenny was a jewel, though many would deny it,
But her father was a wise man and he stood by it;
For Jenny left one night and never came back,
Went to the sea-side and never came back.
(And the grasses blow in the wind.)

The Double Dealer

Bravig Imbs

FOUR SONGS

I

Blaze not your glory
Among the green leaves,
For gold makes a story
And a legend weaves.

A tale of Pornic glitters
In a dark grave:
And sweets grow to bitters
On a salt wave.

But our legend lingers
On the fresh air:
And I run my fingers
Through your gold hair!

II

Why shouldn't it be gold?
For gold has tints of rust;
And I've a flame that burns
Deeper than dust.

Somewhere behind the mist
Of this wall, called flesh,
My moods got tangled
In a strange mesh.

And now I'm but giving
What was given me—
Star-frosted England,
Blood-burning Italy!

III

Oh, sail away with all of me
And take my passion out to sea,
And drop it on a salt wave
And let that be my grave.

And as I drift from shore to shore
Forever and forever more,
I'll cry your beauty everywhere
From hemisphere to hemisphere!

IV

Not many years now
Shall I be—
Nothing to listen to,
Nothing to see.

What will be worth then
Having no pain?
Nothing to lose and
Nothing to gain!

If I can't remember
And can't foresee,
There will be no tides
Flowing in me.

The only motion
I shall know
Will be this eternal
Ebb and flow—

*Of the earth rolling
In its race
Round the sun
In the centre of space.*

The Wire Basket

Edith Jabson

TENANTS

As to the Old Woman,
One said she was:
*Five white sheep in a pen
And ten crows' caws.*

Black winds on brown grasses;
Sick eyes may weep:
*Four tears dropped on a hill
And nine crows asleep.*

As to the Old Woman,
Old health is ill:
*Three smooth worms writhe and whip
In one crow's bill.*

The Ellsworth Weekly

Winifred Virginia Jackson

AND ONE IS TWO?

Who calls? I cannot say,
Nor do I care—nor care!
*Old Mother Hubbard went to her cupboard
And found that the cupboard was bare.*

The mouldering folk may call?
Ah, then, an end to songs!
Come to our wounds with cool powder and poultice,
And a gold pen to right our wrongs.

Who calls? And one is two?
The cat is dead—was killed!
Yellow canary will sing on the coffin
And live in the house—one will build!

The Ellsworth Weekly

Winifred Virginia Jackson

MIDNIGHT AT THE MILL

Once an Angel came and said,
"Arise, my daughter, from your bed
And come and walk with me."
"But, Sir," I cried, "the hour is late
And I and my Love wed at eight
And I would lovely be!"

No will had I to call my own
Before this Angel, ghostways blown,
All sorrowful and hoar;
So up I rose and out I went,
On strength that to my soul was lent,
Through black and lockéd door.

And far we walked and up a hill,
And down and down and to a mill,
Where waters darkly crept.
The Angel raised his hand on high,
And out full forty bats did fly,
And out a great cat leapt.

And through the doorway writhed a snake,
A lizard followed in his wake,
As slow the wheel did turn.
A clack of hoofs fell on my ear,
And on me burst a mighty fear
That in me hot did burn.

A rider, ruffed and gray of coat,
With ribald song loud in his throat,
Did stop and crack his whip:
And out the door a gaunt man came,
Who breathed a curse, who breathed a name,
Upon a pallid lip.

The rider flashed a dagger bright;
A cry throbbed through the dismal night
That on my soul did fall.
A hand touched mine with pitying grace,
As light bloomed on the rider's face
And pierced his inner scall.

The Angel raised his hand on high,
And in full forty bats did fly,
And in a great cat leapt;
And through the doorway writhed a snake.
A lizard followed in his wake,
As waters darkly crept.

And now I weep upon my bed,
In sore amaze, uncomforted,
Distressing of my kin;
At tale I told of that strange place,
Full well I read my Love's bold face
Uncovering his sin.

*Once an Angel came and said,
"Arise, my daughter, from your bed
And come and walk with me."
"But, Sir," I cried, "the hour is late
And I and my Love wed at eight
And I would lovely be!"*

The Magnet

Winifred Virginia Jackson

MAKIN' RHYMES

Rose wuz a hand at makin' rhymes;
But Shem'd no notion on't;
He licked of Rose a dozen times
An' tore her rhymes with taunt.

Rose set a lot by posies, tew;
Said things ter make yer laugh;
Like they had souls that somehow knew
As well's a dog or calf.

An' trees, Rose said, knew man fer man,
An' talked among theirselves;
An' once she took poor foolish Dan
Ter see the dancin' elves:

An' Dan, he said he saw 'em where
She took him in the wood;
An' Dan, he hummed a flighty air
They sung, ter words he buoyed.

An' Rose, she done of work right well;
She washed an' sewed an' baked;
In hayin', never missed the bell
On time, an' aluz raked

An' helped Shem with the chores an' all,—
An' aluz neat's a pin,—
Ontil a hayrick-pole did fall
On her an' stove her in.

An' sick, she begged of Shem ter let
Her hev a pencil so
The pain would ease if she could set
The rhymin' down, but, no,

Shem wouldn't. When the doct'r came
He went an' give it her,
An' listened while she told him some
The things, she'd seen, that were.

An' then, Rose said, the Gray Man stood
An' leaned on top his chair;
An' that the Green Man, from the wood,
An' elves an' all wuz there.

An' jest then Shem come in, Shem did,
An' grabbed the pencil rough,
An' swore of wuthless things well rid,
An' give of her a cuff.

The doct'r said he saw her close
Her eyes, like lilies do,
As slow, an' die; an' as wind blows
Up quick, a wind come through

With sounds like he hain't never heard.
Shem staggered out of door:
Ter hunt Shem everyone bestirred,
But he wan't seen no more.

The Magnet

Winifred Virginia Jackson

WIMIN'S WORK

She wan't like Ede er Kate er them,
With pith and thigh fer work
From one week's end ter 't'other, though
There wan't a thing she'd shirk

If it wuz wimin's work; an', fit er not,
She made no blat
An' that we knowed; but, John wan't one
Ter let it go at that.

Daise come from over Slab Hill way
Where John bought most of his sheep
Of old Jed Dunn, an', courtin' her,
He 'umored her a heap;

But when John brung her hum he sot
Ter break her in ter do
The outdoor chores that Hen had done,
Though 't'wan't much pay Hen drew,

Him bein' let out by the 'Squire
Ter help along the School,—
Hen bein' on the town fer alms
An more'n half a fool;—

So, Daise, she told John how it wuz:
'T'wuz wimin's work ter bake;
Ter wash an' iron; scrub an' mend;
An' hayin' time she'd rake

An' milk; an' take the biddies on
An' tend the lambs an' calves
The whole year round, fer men ware rough
An' tended them by halves;

But fence rails he would hev ter drag;
An' he would hev ter lug
The water; cut an' haul the wood;
An' rocks she wouldn't tug

Fer clearin' ner fer mendin' walls.
Daise sot ter make things plain
Ter John, who'd yoked his temper ter
A nut-gall crossed in grain.

Then old Ed's Boy, he told a tale
As how John licked of Daise;
John held Daise by her yaller hair
An' holler'd fit ter craze!

M's Bartlett, hearin' of the talk,
Decided she would go
Avisitin' of John an' Daise—
Git what there wuz ter know!

But, John, he gaff'd an' scratch'd fer Daise
Like a rooster fer his hen,
An' said of Grace, an' prayed at night
An' read a Chapter then.

An' when M's Bartlett went, John driv'
Her hum, as nice as pie,
An' asked her would she come agin—
She said she thought she'd fly!

Then vapors got ahold of Daise:
'Twuz when the hay was cut
An' John had men ahayin' there
An' driv her like a slut.

She claimed the pointed firs that run
On round the Upper Field
Stood there like sentinels by day,
But riz at dusk an' reeled

All night aback an' for'ards, like
A whip wuz on their backs;
That screech owls ware but poor lost souls
The devil toused on racks;

An' things like that; an' then she took
The notion God let fall
A seed an' made of her a flower
That waited of His call.

An', John, he couldn't make her budge,—
Though Sade said that he tried,
An' Luke did, tew, who worked fer him,—
Up ter the day she died.

POOR RIVER DRIVERS!

*We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers
 Withouten any home!
We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers
 Withouten any home!*

We hain't got no mother,
We hain't got no brother,
We hain't got no father
 Nor sister, cousin, aunt!
All we got is lammies,
All we got is damme's,
All we got is git-ter-hell
 An' can't an' can't an' can't!

We fergive conductors,
We fergive our ructors,
We fergive the brakeman
 We met on the train;
We fergive the dandies,
Dudes an' dukes an' landies,
Everyone as blacked an' eye,
 Till we meet again!

We fergive ol' Ellsworth,
We fergive the hell's worth
We give ter the playful boys
 Callin' us galoots!
We fergive ol' Kay-Jay,
Demmit Jim an' Say-Hay
Offen-ov-them-gol-dern-floors
 An' offen-of-them-boots!

We fergive the beller,
We fergive the feller
Tendin' at the Hancock Bar

Fer backin' his complaint!
We fergive the schoolin',
We fergive the foolin'
Of the plug-hat storekeeps
In savin' of their paint!

We hain't got no kisses,
We hain't got no blisses,
We hain't got no damsel
Ter give ter us a smile!
All we got is chinkin',
All we got is drinkin',
Fer ter comfort of our souls
An' sorrows ter beguile!

We hain't got no mother,
We hain't got no brother,
We hain't got no father
Nor sister, cousin, aunt!
All we got is lammies,
All we got is damme's,
All we got is git-ter-hell
An' can't an' can't an' can't!

*We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers
Withouten any home!
We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers,
We're poor river drivers
Withouten any home!*

Maine Bulletin

Winifred Virginia Jackson

BRANDY POND

Come all you jolly river boys and join me while I sing,
A song of days of long ago that recollections bring,
And you will hear how Brandy Pond was named an
honoured name,
And Johnny Williams of Great Pond was given of the
blame:

Though there was Judson Archer and J. Gooch of Yarmouth, too;
And Hopkins, up from Ellsworth, and the son of Donkey Drew,
As went into the wilderness to locate of the pine,
The punkin, and the hemlock, on the old Lute Jackson line:

*O brandy is the life of man,
Brandy! Johnny!*

*O brandy is the life of man,
Brandy for our Johnny!*

*I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
Brandy! Johnny!*

*I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
Brandy for our Johnny!*

*I drink it new, I drink it old,
Brandy! Johnny!*

*I drink it new, I drink it old,
Brandy for our Johnny!*

*We viewed a pond a gliffy's thrice,
Brandy! Johnny!*

*And set to cross it on the ice,
Brandy for our Johnny!*

*Close by the shore an air-hole hid,
Brandy! Johnny!*

*It almost caught our noble Sid,
Brandy for our Johnny!*

*But Johnny in the water went,
Brandy! Johnny!*

*As quick as that false ice it bent,
Brandy for our Johnny!*

*And in that hole our bob it fell,
Brandy! Johnny!*

*And down our grub it went as well,
Brandy for our Johnny!*

On top of Johnny, cold as ice,
 Brandy! Johnny!
We hauled John out but he wan't nice,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

Our keg of brandy did not sink,
 Brandy! Johnny!
It floated on that dangerous brink,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

We pulled that keg out, brave and bold,
 Brandy! Johnny!
For cold as Greenland grew the cold,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

No tun nor dipper had we then,
 Brandy! Johnny!
To drink us from, us freezing men,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

So we took knives and cut a bowl,
 Brandy! Johnny!
Down in that ice, and round that hole,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

We lay us down and drunk our fill,
 Brandy! Johnny!
And drunk us to the very gill,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

O brandy is the life of man,
 Brandy! Johnny!
O brandy is the life of man,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
 Brandy! Johnny!
I drink it hot, I drink it cold,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

I drink it new, I drink it old,
 Brandy! Johnny!
I drink it new, I drink it old,
 Brandy for our Johnny!

So, here I end the song I sing of that brave company,
A song that I have sung to you like one I learned at sea,
For that is how that Brandy Pond was named an hon-
oured name
And Johnny Williams of Great Pond was given of the
blame!

Maine Bulletin

Winifred Virginia Jackson

EROS

I see in your eyes what you have seen:
Laughter and wonder and dark wet trees
With the naked buds close clinging,
And a wind that races with swift bare knees
On the darkened earth and across the sheen
Rippled and roughened and cold and gray,
Shaken and trembling and clear and gray,
Of the lake and the wild duck winging.

I see in your eyes what you have seen:
One gray drake and another gray drake
And a young gray duck at the edge of the lake—
The cries and the splashing, the joy of the fight,
And the sudden rhythm of three in flight.
Low, high, in the cloudy sky.
Low, high, curve and dip!
She in the lead with taut neck steering,
This way, that way, turning, veering.
Low, high, curve and dip,
And the echo of the exultant note
That challenged her mate from her sure gray throat.

Deep in your eyes what you have seen!
The shaken water, the leafless trees,
And the long gray flight that swept between,
Gray as the clouds a March wind fings
From sky to sky, till above your head
They dipped, and a glory of purple spread,
A flashing oval of purple spread,
Like a sunlit sword, like a shout from the dead,

Like the naked pulse of a new born world,
Like a banner, suddenly unfurled
From the secret silver under their wings.

Low, high, curve and dip.
Gray, were they gray?
Suddenly into the lake they slip,
The one half-hearted backs away,
The other turns into the wind and flow.
Did she see, did she know?
Purple and silver are hidden away,
And he calls with a quiet protecting note,
While she swims behind with her head held low,
Ah, so chastened, so gray, so low,
Low, low,
And the ripples kissing her throat.

The Yale Review

Amy S. Jennings

ESCAPE

Shadows, shadows,
Hug me round
So that I shall not be found
By sorrow;
She pursues me
Everywhere,
I can't lose her
Anywhere.

Fold me in your black
Abyss,
She will never look
In this,—
Shadows, shadows,
Hug me round
In your solitude
Profound.

The Crisis

Georgia Douglas Johnson

THE RIDDLE

White men's children spread over the earth—
A rainbow suspending the drawn swords of birth,
Uniting and blending the races in one—
The world man—cosmopolite—everyman's son!
He channels the stream of the red blood and blue,
Behold him! A Triton—the peer of the two;
Unriddle this riddle of 'outside in'—
White men's children in black men's skin.

Opportunity

Georgia Douglas Johnson

REBELLION

I am tired of being patient, I am tired of resignation,
I am sick to death of waiting for a joy that never comes,
I am tired of stingy half-loaves, I am tired of imitation,
I am tired of tasting other people's crumbs.

Let us once, O soul, be truthful, let us fling aside
concealment

While we take our fill of sorrow as we never could of joy!
It is genuine, abundant. It is ours, and not another's.
Let us once, O soul, taste fullness, though that fullness
should destroy!

Palms

Josephine Johnson

INDIAN GIVER

Life, you have taken all you ever gave me,
Against your might my strength could not avail;
Laughter and youth and love, you snatched them fiercely.
Freedom and joy went down beneath your flail.

Faith in my fellow man you would not leave me,
And then, because I would not kiss your rod,
You sought of all your gifts the one most cherished,
And so you took away my faith in God.

Now I am empty-handed but undaunted,
I cry defiance with my latest breath.
Oh Life, have you forgotten in your triumph?
You *cannot* take away your gift of death!

The Lyric West

Josephine Johnson

ARGUMENT

You'd argued down so much of revelry;
You'd trimmed your virgin lamp so holy wise,
For once I hoped the flinty cavalry
Of storm would strike a madness in your eyes.

But though the white limbs of the sycamore,
So Pagan, where no whiter than your own,
You saw no pleasant satyrs by the door
Nor passion in the thunder's monotone.

You wondered, if the battened crows were driven,
If fanged lightning walked the fields in flame,
What right had we with mirth, what hope of heaven,
Thus safely housed?—you wondered in God's name.

And so with right and wrong the night we strove—
We had less need of argument than love.

The Fugitive

Stanley Johnson

THE BALLOON MAN

Balloons like a a flock of colored birds, hovering over his
wizened face,
Purple and gold and yellow birds, a bubbling glory
against the sky,
And out of the nest of colors, shrill as the hunting horn
of an elfin chase,
A whistle floats, and a little man in a derby hat goes
shuffling by.

"Ballo-ons! Ballo-ons! Fi' cent ballo-ons!"

Colored like stars and round like moons!

*The planets are only bright balloons, loose and drifting
across the sky!*

He holds the strings in his hands with the air of an
incog lordling bored with gold,

But the secret is that he's tied to them, and some day,
lifted along a breeze,

We'll see him rise like a goblin man at the end of the
threads he has to hold,

And kicking and whistling, dim to a point over the
grinning roofs and the trees!

"Ballo-ons! Ballo-ons! Fi' cent ballo-ons!"

He sings old magic and ancient tunes!

*The sun is only a yellow balloon that swims and sails in
the heat of the sky!*

Contemporary Verse

Howard Mumford Jones

A WIFE'S LAMENT

Behind his sharpened axle swords,
His hard, lean lions run
Into the desert where he drives—
Into the smoky sun.

His are reins of leathery gold
And girdle of hottest red,
Helmet of carven silver weights
Dull on his dusky head;

And slaves are crouching in the court
And concubines are sad
The palms which fan the cooling pool
Scatter the scent they had.

Lions are yellow anger burned
Into a loving heart;
Spears of the keenest, biting steel
Tear the fair flesh apart.

Yet he has driven to the wars,
Swift be his horses' feet!
I pick a thousand buds to waste,
Here on the marble seat.

Voices

MacKinlay Kantor

ON REREADING CATULLUS

The flutes, the silver flutes began with dawn,
With dawn the flutes and hidden birds began;
All tremulous with stops the music ran
Of light, skilled fingers lifted or laid on;
The birds were practiced, too, and played upon
Obedient throats that tracked no casual plan:
For as they played they all looked up at Pan—
Nor had the flutes his leadership foregone.

Then I saw altars gleaming, marble-pure,
With fire—or day—too bright to shine in words;
Again, I saw the satyrs' quick pursuits,
The nymphs' delayed escapes, with yielding sure,
While—was it flutes that waked the hidden birds
Or birds that brought awakening to the flutes?

Harper's Magazine

Harry Kemp

TIME

They talked of Palm Beach lots
And Pullman reservations,
Of building-funds and what-nots,
Breaking in upon my meditations,
Till suddenly I wondered why
Life should be clothed in irony:
For these two travelers were more prodigal of time
Than a solitary poet weaving an endless rhyme,
While you and I,
In one short hour together, sought to fathom truths that
lie

Beyond all living,
Taking and giving
Thought for thought with ecstasy.

Coming out of the cold March night,
With pale stars shining overhead
Like calm battalions of the dead,
Color and warmth and light
In an empty car
Beckoned to us from afar
Like poppies in a garden gold and red.
There beside you—touching you but lightly
As a flower might brush a bee
Yet with eyes like those
Of thirsty deer, at the day's close,
Drawing long draughts of sweetness from a forest pool
That is dark and cool—
I drank out of the clear depths of your eyes:
Your eyes that are deeper than the depth that lies
Beyond the faintest stars
Hung in the farthest skies,
Yet near with home and peace
Like lanterns swung from gently swaying spars
Of harbored ships
Far from tumultuous seas.
And so near were your lips—
Lips that I knew might be
More tumultuous than these . . .
Yet speeding through the night,
Like worlds that spin in vortices of exhaustless light,
Motionless, we talked of all things still,
Of stone and hill
And contemplation,
And dwelt in speculation
Upon man's final destiny.
Moment by moment I counted miserly,
Like drops of precious ointment falling from a broken
crystal,
Knowing that all
The golden effluence of that hour
Spilling upon time was drenching us with splendor

Like sunrise on the sea . . .
But suddenly
I saw a human gargoyle grinning there at me,
With leering eyes and wicked merriment,
As of one sent
Out of the deep abyss of hell to heaven,
To spy upon the bliss of a single moment given
When soul and soul
Are bound within one aureole . . .
Then light on light
Flashed back at us like white lilies in the dark,
Until the city, a scarlet flower, opened all her petals to
the night;
For beauty, though secret in its birth,
Even as a rainbow, rests its arc
Upon the earth;
And soon with hurrying feet
We added to the measured beat
And tread of sound upon a city street,
Until within a room illumined by many faces,
We fell to talking trivial commonplaces.

The Lyric

Sally Bruce Kinsolving

APRIL

I'll take my fill of April
While spring comes up the year,
And watch her young leaves tremble
In air that's April clear.

I'll go afar for wind-flowers
That climb a rocky steep—
For bloodroot and hepatics
And violets in a heap.

I'll watch the buds of judas-trees
Lie like a wounded thing
In bleeding purple ecstasies
Across the heart of spring.

The Lyric

Sally Bruce Kinsolving

THE STONE-CUTTER

We are like this dust that falls away
Beneath your chisel as you cut the stone:
Little by little stands the name alone,
Above the dust that mingles with the clay.

The Step Ladder

Richard R. Kirk

EXPLAINING THE BITTERNESS OF THE WIND

The wind has no home but the wide world,
The wind must wander,
The wind must wander through sun and through rain the
world over,
And the wind is bitter at times, and I think no wonder!

The Step Ladder

Richard R. Kirk

APPLES FOR SALE

In youthful days I saw old orchards bloom,
And watched green apples turn to red and gold,
And ripening, fall beneath the heavy bough.
And now for years I've seen apples for sale,
Piled high in polished shining pyramids,
In dust and grime and flies of city streets,
Until I am in danger of forgetting
The bloom that apples have upon a tree.
Today I know how Baldwins feel on fruitstands—
One cried in pain last night on Market Street.
Flowers they say can speak, and why not apples?
One learns to understand the apple-language,
And this, I think, the shiny Baldwin said
(One loses much of course in all translations):
"Oh Maker of orchards, how can apples die,
Treeless and sunless in the stench of streets!
Oh for the murmuring leaves, the swaying bough!
The nesting bird, the vagrant bee, the sun!
The summer rain, the nipping autumn frost!

The worm, the mildew, and the slow decay,
Feeding the root of the perennial tree!
Curious ideas you say?
I too, my friend, am polished and for sale.

The Mesa

Lewis M. Knapp

AESTHETICS

Your slender throat
Is smoother than the ivory crucifix you wear,
Is whiter than the moonflower in your midnight hair.
Your throat is molded snow,
Perfect . . . pale.
Tomorrow I shall hide you from the sun.
Tomorrow I shall watch the swallows come and go
In sudden slantings through the vale.

The Independent

C. T. Lanham

NEUROSIS

I can not seem to lose this little ghost.
It will not heed my stock of ancient lore . . .
Not even blood-runes on a sea-soaked post
Or holy water sprinkled on the floor.

Oh, I have buried it a thousand ways . . .
A thousand times . . . in wind, in fire, in sleet,
But still it pitter-patters through my days,
Weaving patterns with its little feet.

At night when it has followed me to bed,
I can not sleep . . . it never will be still.
I lie there watching this that should be dead
Dancing back and forth across the sill.

Palms

C. T. Lanham

LANCES

I have known a little pool of silent water . . .
Silver. . . green. . . or if I wish it. . . blue.
But you could never know, for all your knowing,
Truths, like this, that never could be true.

If I should stir it with the faintest singing
It would wake and either laugh or weep,
But if I struck it with the whitest anger
It would never waken from its sleep.

Oh, you may throw and throw your golden lances . .
It will lie as smooth as polished stone
And you will never see, for all your seeing,
Lances in its heart that were not thrown.

Palms

C. T. Lanham

THE PROFFERED CUP

Last night across the meadows of a dream
Youth came to me; her gay, expectant eyes
Were eager and her voice mellifluous
As bells that ring in legendary lands
Unknown of grief, impenetrable to pain.
She held a brimming cup and bade me, "Take,
Drink, and the years—the cruel, gradual years—
That cast their shadows now upon your heart
Shall be no more; your past shall be no more—
Nor any past, save as an old wives' tale
Mumbled before the fire; the future only
Is, and is yours, each hour an opening rose
Filled with the fragrance of young, sweet desire."

I took the chalice with a trembling hand.
To walk where lilies lean to kiss the cheek!—
Where neither empty nest nor barren bough
May rob the woods of melody and bloom,
For cold December snows shall break and foam
In April blossoms and within my breast
A thrush shall sing perpetually of June.
Youth! Youth! I lifted high the proffered cup.

But as the bubbles broke against my lips,
The spirit of my vanished years, enwound
In scarves of vapor, broideries of the moon,
Issued from darkness. Her autumnal eyes,
Though they were sad, yet held a tender radiance
And on her sober brow a jewel glowed
And gleamed with inextinguishable light.
I waited hesitant, and now her voice
Though low and sweet, filled all the silences
Of mist and moonlight:—

“Would you forfeit then .
The more humane, more exorable mind
The years have shaped within you, the more ruthless,
Forbearing heart, the wisdom that, though dim,
Unsure, was wrought of travail and despair
In lonely vigil—wisdom that has made
Your hand more swift to raise than to cast down,
Has gentled your young cruelty to kindness?

“Can you endure to yield your sorrows up—
Bid them begone that are as dear as joys,
Nay, dearer, as a house whose walls transmute
The echoes of lost laughter into weeping
Is dearer than one empty of grief and pain?

“And what of love, the pitiful, the blind
Young love of frail and perishable flesh
Whose iridescent wings—too weak to mount
Up to the skies—lose all their purple and gold
If but one cloud drift grey across the sun?
Will such a love suffice you once again—
You who have known a passion that can rise
On steady pinions high above the storm
In a large rapture of serenity?

“And will you lose again your fathers’ God?—
Stand helpless by and see him slowly pass
Through grey Gethsemane, up the lonely hill,
To vanish in the darkness of the cross?
Have you forgot that agony?—forgot

How heavy were the years you cried aloud
To empty skies, till beauty bade you seek
In rose and rue the vision of his grace
Who is the living God of loveliness?

"Again to tremble at mortality,
Wondering . . . fearing . . . hoping . . . my lips that
 laugh,

My eyes that glow, my rounded limbs that run
Up April hills—not these can come to dust!
You will crawl cringing to the knees of Death
Nor dare to look upon his face lest ruin
Stare out of empty sockets;—you who have learned
To call him friend, to see within his eyes
Wisdom and pity and beneficence!"

So spoke the spirit of my vanished years
The while Youth stood unheeding by and wove
Garlands of daisies.

 "Say no more!" I cried
And flung the chalice from me. On the night
It streamed in lucent splendor of the moon,
Then falling, all the crystal fragments made
A firmament of shattered hopes and dreams
Among the flowers and grasses. Now regret
Clutched at my throat, but soft across my heart
Drifted a scent from gardens of the years
Mellow with memories, tender with the dew
Of tears upon them. Comforted I stood—
The spirit of the past encircling me
With strong, compassionate arms—and watched bright
 Youth

Turn slowly from me, weaving her crown of May.
Into the mist whose moon-engoldened wings
Caressed her and enfolded her she went,
Singing a song careless and piercing sweet . . .
And so . . . still singing . . . passed into the night.

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

JOHNNY ONIONS

He loafs along the dock where the little fruit-boats
rock;

You will know old Johnny Onions by his gait,

For he rolls and heaves and lurches;

If you stop to make a purchase

Of an orange, you can use it as a bait,

For fruit is Johnny's passion

In his own peculiar fashion;

One date can change a pine into a palm,

And the very scent of mango

Makes him yearn to dance the tango

The way black Juanita danced it down in Guam.

A single red banana

Can transport him to Havana;

Though the years have laid old Johnny by the lee,

Yet his windward fancies range

Over waters wide and strange

And his gaze is ever outward to the sea.

He will tell you he was cook upon the square-rig, "Molly
Look,"

In the days before the lime-juice Parliament,

When the crew had tots of rum

And the Chinks their opium;

Salt horse was sweet washed down with 'aggie-dent'!

Plum duff and hot dog's body;

Ah, poor John, he 'would to God 'e

Could taste 'ash like that—then pass to Davy Jones'!

He is only a beach-comber,

Yet the name is a nisnomer

Though gunny bags are all the clothes he owns;

For clean the salt winds blow

Upon Johnny's heart, I know;

Across his spirit wild they blow and free;

Something wistful, something wise,

You will find within his eyes

That are searching—ever searching—for the sea!

The Lyric West

Mary Sinton Lettich

NIGHTFALL ON THE LYNNHAVEN

I love Lynnhaven river at this hour
Of dusk when streams are clearest; when the night,
Though tenderly concealing tree and flower,
Yet fills the water with translucent light.

The river shadows seem to take no more
Their being from the pines and willow trees
But, losing kinship with the darkening shore,
They turn to vague, enshrouded mysteries;—

Dim, muffled shapes—belonging to a past
That might have been—of yearning or despair;
Poor restless ghosts that now have found at last
Their rest, their peace, in that deep silence there.

Among the river reeds the solemn choirs
Of darkness sound, but in the tranquil stream
Are huddled still those wraiths of dead desires,
Those phantoms of illusion and of dream.

And now their wistful, shadowy hands are laid
In ghostly summons on me one by one,
Until with them my spirit seems to fade
Slowly to darkness and oblivion.

The Lyric West

Mary Sinton Leitch

CLUES

Swift spirit of Truth, unfaltering I pursue
Your flying feet;—an imprint on the strand,
A wisp of song blown by old winds that fanned
The fires on Moloch's altars or that blew
Christ's words across the world—and then the clue
Is lost in fog that creeps along the sand;
Too often dusk sifts down on a barren land;
That yields me neither sign nor sound of you.
"Truth is a phantom," mocking voices say,
But vain is doubt and all derision vain,

For I have seen torn scarves of April rain
Flung from your shoulders as you sped away,
Your breath makes sweet the rose and daffodil;—
Then, though you flee, I follow, follow still!

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

THE GRASS

How is the grass set free?
What liberates the green?
Is there some urging need,
Some inkling of that upper, far-spread scene,
Wedged in the seed,
That wills: go forth and be?

How can the tiny grains,
Held under heavy earth,
In that moist, smothering brown
Foresee the sunlight's worth,
Or dare, when that hard surface holds them down,
To suffer thrusting pains?

Is it from earth's deep heart,
That edict: Unhusk; go!
You shall behold a sky . . .
Undoubtedly, blades know
A motion to leap high,
Something that makes them start.

Or, from an ambient sun,
Perhaps, through miles of air
There falls a foreign word
Descriptive of how fair
To see the thunderous rain—the singing bird—
The white snow lightly spun!

Now the brave answer spreads—
Even the rock is glad;
The green—the green is here!

The naked suffering of the earth is clad;
A velvet folds the sphere;
The cattle bend their heads.

Must floor of heaven be gold?
Or pearl—or ruby red?
There, where our high dreams pass,
With floating, featherlike tread—
What purer than new grass?
Or lovelier to behold!

Voices

May Lewis

ALONE

On the thirtieth of September I heard a meadow lark
singing—

There was frost on the flat and the elm by the house
was bare:

“Victory! Victory! Victory!” high he was ringing,
Between two stubble fields, holding his plow to the air.

“Vireo, thistle bird, mourning dove, follow the flying
Tide of the sun to its new beaches. Old fields are
sown.

Leave me my dream, my cold shore where no shadow is
crying

Reap; for the weed is my weed and the stone is my
stone.

The New Republic

Dorothy Leonard

AFTER A CITY WINTER

Hill-tops are forms of silence,
And sunlight is like skin,
And every pine along the cliffs
Hushes what I have been,
And what I have known. And the quiet
Draws me to tingle and throb;

And a three-stemmed dogwood in blossom
Breaks from me like a sob.
There is nothing, and then still nothing
(Excepting everything)
And I vanish in many white sepals
And the blue curve of a wing.

Laughing Horse

Haniel Long

HISTORY

The massif of the dahlias lay between
The doorstep and the trees.
The sky sent white veins through the stems
Like wildfire through a frieze.

For centuries the city had seen war,
And victory, and flight:—
But the acacias were beautiful
In the lightning, tonight.

I shall forget the city's history,
But not how veined and warm
The presence was which walked our garden-paths
Under the coming storm.

Palms

Haniel Long

THEY THAT DIE IN THE LORD

A little boy is bringing some sticks of wood up the stairs.
He is holding them very tightly in his arms.
He is softly shutting the door.
He is carrying the wood across the room.
He is putting it into a basket.
He sees that nothing has dropped upon the floor—
That it is kept orderly and clean.

The little boy has crossed the room.
He has seated himself in a chair.
He is alone.

He is taking a book in his hands.
It is a book that he has read many times.
It is a story that he knows.
The room is very familiar.
The chair in which he is sitting—
The rug, the pictures and the walls—
The windows that let in light and shadows for the little
 boy
Have always lived with him—
They are his.
The face of the little boy as he reads is calm.
The light in his eyes is deep and very still—
It does not reflect the quickening of his pulse—
It does not change with the shadows in the room.

In the chamber above the little boy
It is quiet.
Soft white draperies are floating upon air that is not
 seen.
Beauty has been busy in the room.
It has filled it—
It has touched it with graciousness and peace—
It is there as an inhabitant—
It is singing
And its voice is low and still.

The little boy has remained sitting in his chair—
He has continued to read.
The heart of the little boy is rich with the beauty of the
 room above him—
The beauty that he cannot see.
The beauty of expectancy and love.

Contemporary Verse

Herbert H. Longfellow

SONNET

Time, of all artists, draws most clear, most true;
He washes out the false and careless line;
What should be red he never kills with blue;
His pictures are not *Ikons* for a shrine.

He paints this unsung queen beloved and soft,
And that one hard for all her sonneteers;
Beneath his brush Caesar is drawn aloft
And little men are shadowed by their fears.
And when I am composed within Time's dream
I shall be drawn in shadow dark and blue;
I am no queen who lost a throne for you;
I am another leaf spun on a stream.
Still, queens in love were light leaves only. They
Quivered and cried—there is no other way.

The Nation

Marie Luhrs

THE WAY OF IT

The day is born at sunrise time,
And lovely as may be,
It charms the eye and heart and soul
Like young hearts glad and free.

But when the day is at its noon
And growing old and slow,
It seems the middle way of life
With some good years to go.

Then comes the rose hued sundown time,
To fade and thus fulfill
The passing of the day away,
As old hearts fail, grow still.

American Poetry Magazine *Florence Van Fleet Lyman*

EDWARD GRAVES

Here where the honey-suckle vines grow wan,
Besieged by bugs that suck their green leaves yellow,
Well darned in sixty-odd winters' rusts and lines,
Sits old Graves on his porch all kinds of weather,
And ponders with his outside eyes turned in,
While mongrel hens seek out with lowered beaks
The bugs, well-filled with honey blood and bloom.

The browning honey-horns droop and faint,
Exhale in rainbow drops a timorous essence,
And spend their whiff of fragrance all unheeded
On lustful winds who whirl far to the South,
Heated with expectation of lying that night
On the voluptuous breast of weeping willow,
Flowing its hair beside some moon-lit river.

It hasn't always been like this with Edward Graves!—
He used to climb the top of Pilot's Knob
To see fresh color poured in the morning sky,
Or watch at eve the sparks fly out and hit the dusk
As the Master Mechanic ground the sun between
The flinty sides of distant jagged hills
To shine and clean it for the coming day.

What changed him so?
One evening he came to supper a trifle late,
And found the meat still frying on the stove,
The table set, and Jane run off with a show.

The Fugitive

Andrew Nelson Lytle

DREAMS

On a hill, facing heaven, I have prayed alone;
Stripped me bare of desire, laid my soul prone;
On a hill, near to God, praying silently,
I have dreamed Raphael, Jesus, Mary.

This on a hilltop, facing heaven's door;
Now in the valley dreams come no more.
Heaven's door is lovely; Jesus, Raphael, too;
I would be in the valley, with four walls and you.

The Gypsy

Virginia McCormick

WANTON

Strip her of her silken clothes,
Lay her lovely body where
Day's cold light may shine upon
Reddened lips and hennaed hair.

Goad her with your chastity,
(Virtue ever crucifies)
Read the pity in her face,
Love has made her very wise.

The Mesa

Virginia McCormick

BELINDA

Down the white gravelled path Belinda goes,
Belinda who is part of all the ages,
Yet not her bobbed hair nor her cheek's deep rose
Can fool for long the dullest of old sages.

Belinda loiters in her grandam's garden,
Snipping a pansy or a sprig of box,
She is its heritor, its valiant warden,
Despite her vanished curls, her boyish locks.

Belinda dreams along the gravelled path;
The larkspurs are reflected in her eyes;
She is tradition's sweetest aftermath,
Her grandam came again but far more wise.

*Naively fresh as Eve Belinda goes,
Hiding her subtleties beneath the rose,*

The Harp

Virginia McCormick

SUCH WERE THE MORNINGS

When my first father in America
Stepped to the shore,
Out of the Chesapeake,
Out of his boat—
He looked at the forest
And the shine of a birch set him dreaming of God;
He looked at the sky
And the clouds were tomorrow's children;
Then he faced to the West

And dreamed of Ohio, dreamed the Mississippi River,
He looked over Nevada and saw the Pacific.
When my first father stepped the first time on America,
Ah, the rock of the boat and the smell of the water,
The yield of the earth and the grass coming up,
He began a new rhythm,
A blood rhythm beating of beauty,
Singing a nation.
Now listen to it throbbing and throbbing
American music, my forefather's stride in me,
My heart and its measure,
Long clean sling of the axes and hammers,
Left and right—and left.

Here in his fields
I go up a path that his bold feet struck for and found
To a sky-meadow over the bay.
Here he watched the fog-barges push up the water,
Cold gray noses pushing November up the gray
Chesapeake
Into the creeks and the rivers.
Here he once stood with the sun, the noon, and April.
He watched the grass blades gathering for summer,
The anachronism of hemlocks in Spring,
And he dreamt of these apple trees,
Black knotted shapes of the winter,
Twist of these apple boughs bending like smoke
Across the blowing sky.

Come walk with me over his fields;
It was his eye laid the first line of the fences,
Set the first stones and followed with the rails;
Here against the night, against the forest, and the bay,
He lit his stubborn candle;
Against tomorrow
He laid his axe and plow.
(Yes he smelled the honeysuckles running the fences in
June,
Saw rabbit tails leap to the brush.)
See where he buried the first of his children,
Where he carried the first thin stone of death

And ate the first crust of his bitterness.
See where he trundled the great stones of God for his
worship—

Should you stop with me here in a plum blossom twilight
While the bells from his chapel ring down,
Down the willow roads and rivers,
Blossoms of dusk, blossoms of moon,
Petals of Maryland evening,
I know we should see him come up the path
Looking about him at April.

Once in the bend of an early May morning
I saw a young stallion, his black nose over a fence,
Watching as I came up the road;
His ears pricked high,
The curve, and the sheen, and the satin,
Taut and eager,
He held all the morning, all Spring.
I stood still and watched him as he watched me,
Neither of us moved the least muscle;
The shadows about us,
The long cool slant of early May morning and dew,
Here was no dust,
Here was first morning in America,
And we its possessors.

Such were the mornings of my fathers,
Their days and their nights;
And as they have labored, so I have reaped,
So I must plant and go on.
My heart's discontent turns easy
With the first green wheat-ripple tossed up a hillside,
And I shall know peace of the earth,
Peace with my fathers,
Holding my child the first time.

Down these furrows,
Plumbed and trodden by his feet,
Here with the sun and the soil,
A pocket of rain up the West,
I put out my hand and I touch my forefather's body;

I know the full depth of his breathing,
The stroke and the breadth of his heart,
The urge of his indomitable muscles,
Pushing, pushing,
Into America.

Now quiet men carve the winter away,
Furrow by furrow,
Crows stumble about on branches of Spring,
Unaccustomed to April—
While I in the fields where my fathers once walked,
Watching the skies they once watched,
I know old rains running over me,
I know old suns beating down;
And warm in my hands
I know the full burden,
Their great immortality,
Their love of America.

Look over back of New York City
You will see my grandfather busy with his plow,
Look back of Chicago
You will see him busy with his seeds;
San Francisco knows him,
All America knows him,
The urge of his step and his planting.

Voices

F. R. McCreary

HARVEST-HOME

The moon was curving like a sickle
 Against the grain, to cut it down,
When Thomas learned his love was fickle—
 And Thomas, not the grain, was mown.

Gay Thomas, with the welkin crashing,
 Went down like barley in his pain:
Gay Thomas saw the sickle flashing,
 Gay Thomas knew the grief of grain.

Cut down when full to over flowing,
He knew the agony of wheat,
And harvest-home was bitter going
For Thomas at his sweetheart's feet.

But Thomas, stricken like the barley,
Seeing her laughter, filled his lungs
With bitter moonshine and rose squarely,
Dowered with the gift of tongues.

And every phrase was ever sour
And all harsh words were ever spoken
Gay Thomas uttered in that hour
To tell her that his heart was broken.

The Double Dealer

John McClure

"THE POETIC MIND"

Plato himself in hell, that austere shade,
Walking among those amaranthine trees
Which glow deep red forever, reasons in peace
Untouched by hot corruption, while you fade
Into the darkness your emotions made,
Swooners of swoons, harpers of harmonies,
Crowning yourselves for these.
Plato has heard your paeaning—even he,
Pacing the floor of hell—his ears have heard
The childish twitter of your mockery,
Acclaiming wisdom in a jingling word,
Hailing the Logos in a sweet conceit,
Linking his eagle's vision with the wail
Of dismayed lovers or an old wives' tale.

The Double Dealer

John McClure

TO ALL FRIENDS

When this corruptible must be
Got rid of, do not make for me
A solemn funeral, nor prepare

A ritual, nor mark with care
The burial-place of my old bones
With rose-bushes and ugly stones . . .

I fear a pious epitaph
Would make the sad survivors laugh.

But since I must be buried, go
Lightly with me, that men may know
How happy we shall all be when
We find a way to meet again;
And where you put me, in that place
I shall be quiet, by God's grace.

I shall be quiet? That thing,—I?
These be the signs to know me by:

When, on an autumn night, you feel
Home-sick for God-knows-where, and steal
Out into darkness, wistfully . . .
There in the darkness I shall be.

Or on a spring night, when the air
Is full of lilacs everywhere,
And suddenly, not knowing why,
You stop and wonder . . . That is I.

Or when, on summer nights, the flash
Of imminent lightning, and the crash
Of thunder waken you from your sleep,
Come,—join the vigils I shall keep!

But, winter nights, I shall not haunt
The lonely roads, nor in the gaunt
Ungenial gardens shall I be,
Crouching for shelter by a tree . . .

God, no! But let your fancy stray
To some wild snowy yesterday,
And stir the fire. Put out the light,
And say: "We have with us to-night . . . "

Do not spend your money on stones
To set above my mortal bones,
But give a party. Let the air
Ring with it. I shall be there!

Scribner's Magazine

Francis Charles MacDonald

ROMANY ROAD

A fair word, and a fond word, and a word spoke true—
But I am off to the west land, where the world's yet new;
And it's whither-I-blow, thither-I-go, hither-I-take-my-
way,
Till I drink deep and a tryst keep where the wind bids
stay.

A tear falls, and a voice calls, and a hand stays mine,
And a prayer follows my hurrying feet from the fold
of the ninety-and-nine;
But it's never-I-come, ever-I-roam, never-I-make-amends,
Till my world's gold, and my world's old, and the long
trek ends.

A fear spoke, and a heart broke, and a life ebbs slow—
But out on the careless gipsy trail the wind is calling
me low;
And it's Jerry-may-care, Jerry-say-where, Jerry's-the-
odds to me,
And a tramp-home, and a camp-home, where the wind
blows free.

A fair word, and a fond word, and a word spoke true—
But I am away to the gipsy trail, off to the endless blue;
And it's fiddle-and-I, fiddle-and-die, fiddle-the-hours-
away,
And a gipsy pack by a gipsy track, at the end of a long
day.

The Lyric West

Mirza French Mackay

UNCLE JOHN FIDDLER

As I walked down on Greasy, Greasy
Bottom, when the mists were trailing,
I stopped to call at Fiddler John's
And met a rooster on the paling.

His ribald comb was gay as dawn,
His red-and-yellow crow was crowing.
A baby shoat went squealing by
And a brindled heifer lowing.

I clicked the gate and waited where
The smoky breakfast-pot was tilting.
A bantam hen came cackling out
Had laid her egg upon the quilting.

Then out *he* came and wrung my hand
With God a'mighty grace and blessing,
And nursed his fiddle on his knee
And rubbed the bow with rosin dressing,

And poked the cedar next his rib
And slanted down his gnarled check near it
And drew the charming-stick that loosed
The dancing legions of his spirit:

They raced along the taut strings where
His knuckly fingers touched and tapered,
They froliced through his frowzled hair
And down his twitching nose they capered.

The Round Town Girls they ran a set
Where *Cripple Creek* roared a freshet fountain,
Old Joe Clark jigged in *Cumberland Gap*,
The Lost Girl sang on *Sourwood Mountain*.

A shrilly cat-bird called the leads,
The jarr-fly joined the double-single,
A gander honked the promenade,
The very fleas hopped in the ingle:

All day they hopped; and when at dusk
I groped up Greasy in my trancing,
I vow the lonely evening star
Upon Pine Mountain top was dancing;

And in a gloaming cloud I heard
Old Satan roar a snatch at griddling,
And saw seven Cherubs smash their harps
To hear the Lord himself afiddling.

The Yale Review

Percy MacKaye

THE END OF THE WORLD

Quite unexpectedly as Vasserot
the armless ambidextrian was lighting
a match between his great and second toe
and Ralph, the lion, was engaged in biting
the neck of Madam Sossman while the drum
pointed, and Fifi was about to cough
in waltztime swinging Lily by the thumb—
quite unexpectedly the top blew off,

and there, there overhead, there, there, hung over
those thousands of white faces, those dazed eyes,
there in the starless dark the poise, the hover,
there with vast wings across the cancelled skies,
there in the sudden blackness the black pall
of nothing—nothing—nothing—nothing at all.

The New Republic

Archibald MacLeish

THE COLUMNIST

I'd rather stand important in a swallow
Tailed coat provided by the maison and
Take hats and wraps in the porches of Apollo
(Letting the gentlemen perceive my hand
By accident—the palm a little hollow—
Under the overcoats), I'd rather stand
Here at the door telling the crowd to follow
The golden arrows till they hear the band

Than work inside. Inside they never see
The pretty women in expensive dresses
Who come on tilted heels to dance nor the
Hibernian earls and Iowa princesses,
But carry coals in the old dusty hod—
For what? For nothing but to see the god.

The New Republic

Archibald MacLeish

ALL DAY

WEARINESS

All day I have thought of rain-wet bark,
Shaggy, hanging loose from the tree,
A little worm-eaten.
All day I have longed to lay my cheek against it,
All day I have longed to smell that dripping bark,
Sour, cool, like a wet shoulder after work.

All day I have dreamed of rain-wet bark,
Shaggy, hanging loose from the tree,
A little worm-eaten—
Like weariness!

WINDOW-BARS

Now I lie still,
Crossed window-bars let fine thoughts through.
A wasp goes by;
But lady-bugs crawl in to visit,
Two and two!

Now I lie still,
The oriole, the thrush, the lark,
Build me a house of song,
With every stair a winding canticle
From dawn to dark!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Jeannette Marks

STORM LULLABY

I

Held in the refuge of your arms,
This night I hear the storming sea;
High is the anger of its wave,
Deep is the breast of love to me.

II

Gleam now the flying fish and star!
Strike now the tolling of a bell!
Washed in the lustre of our dream
We hide in sleep as in a shell.

III

Held in the refuge of your arms,
This night I hear the storming sea;
High is the anger of its wave,
Deep is the breast of love to me.

The Forum

Jeannette Marks

O TRAVELER

O Traveler, what trenchant wonder
Enchained your stormy eyes?
Tell me what stark exultant thunder
Tamed your brave blasphemies?

Was it the old intolerant ocean
Inflamed with drunken foam,
Or some wild bird gone mad with motion
Stabbing the world's blue dome?

Perhaps upon a purple-misted
Island where houris whirl
Your brazen heart was trapped and twisted
By some bronze-bodied girl.

Or, maybe, on a night of magic,
To a barbaric tune,
You fell a victim to the tragic
Enticements of the moon.

O Traveler, once you ran wildly
A riotous universe . . .
What wisdom made you walk so mildly,
And crowned you with a curse?

The Buccaneer

Hermann Ford Martin

RETURN

I heard God singing
in the garden,
and went outside
to greet Him.

Seeking Him,
I came suddenly
upon the chapel
of my own heart.

I entered shyly, slowly,
for I had forgotten its beauty.

And there I found God
singing in the dusk.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Portia Martin

ISOLATE

I looked out over the ocean
and thought, tonight I will write to my beloved
and tell him of the sunset.
And I busied my mind
with symbols for the sun.

I thought, it is a toy balloon
a drowning child drags under,
it is a crystal sphere
afame with prophesies of great disaster,
it is a drop of sorrow
from Christ's shame-crowned head.

Dreams drifted into distance
and dissolved . . .
descended on my spirit
God's swift alchemy.
And I became the sun
and surged into the sea,
and I became the wind
and ran along the shore;
I was a tingling tangle of the sparse beach-grass,
I was the moon-enraptured tide,
I was stark sand.

But I could find no words for my beloved.
I bent my letter to a paper boat
and watched it disappear.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Portia Matthe

AT KATHERINE WALTON'S BLUFF ON THE ASHLEY

When it's April on the Ashley, 'twixt the tangled cypress
knees,
Wakes the wonder of the lilies lulled by honey-hungry
bees;
And, by Ashley's ebb and flow, to a Land of Long Ago,
There's a little pathway leading through the wild plum
trees!
Through the centuries it's leading to the Land of Long
Ago;
And, beneath the gypsy jasmine and the drifting dog-
wood blow,
Is a lilt of long-lost laughter and a silken stepping after
In and out abandoned alleys where the roses used to
grow.

Where was box in bordered by-way, terraced line and
leveled lawn,

Now the gray fox steals at sunrise and the dun doe
feeds her fawn;

And the wraiths of women's words and the ring of riders'
swords

Are but faint, fantastic echo on the river wind at dawn.

Are they echo?—or the Ashley's timeless, twilight tides
which tell

Twilit tales of forts whose bastions crumble to coquina
shell—

When the long road was astir from White Church to
Dorchester,

And the cavaliers of Charleston knew the Bluff's great
gateways well?

There are hushed and haunting hoofbeats underneath the
mosses gray

Where the druid oaks give entrance on King George's
once highway;

But, along their ancient arching where the Tory troops
came marching,

Now the only cry of crimson is the cardinal at play!

Yet, I know that Katherine wanders where the tawny
trumpet vine

And the jewels of the judas and the shadbush build a
shrine—

Where her ghostly gardens spread o'er a mansion of the
dead,

And the scented smilax clambers where was trained
the eglantine.

In the dreaming dusk of April I have seen her, and in
June,

When the sultry saffron orchids seem to smoke beneath
the noon,

In the still of slow Septembers (there are trysts that
death remembers!),

While the bent, brown broom is silvered by a sailing
southern moon!

As of old, she goes to greet him where the vagrant, fragrant breeze

Frets the painted pools of iris underneath the cypress knees!

As of old, he waits for her—in buff-and-blue, with boot-and-spur—

Where a phantom pathway passes through the wild plum trees!

Contemporary Verse

Kadra Maysi

LAST SONG TO A POET

This is the ancient irony of words,

That they, the light, the free, the proudly spoken,
More perilous and bright than naked swords,

Should fall in rust and be each one a token
Of musty memory, obscure and broken.

Ah, cool imperious words that gravely strive

To pierce dark separate meanings, lover by lover,
In arrowed ways . . The savage few shall live,

The disenchanted fragile rest give over . . .

Let the cold comfort them, the hard night cover.

But you, who are to me haunted singing

Of all the world's lost beauty . . let none stir

That song with lesser voices, lightly bringing

Moth-words to music, lovely words to her

Whose very silences are lovelier.

The Measure

Marjorie Meeker

WITCH'S SONG

Under the toadstool

In a gloom

Of dew-dark pool

And dank mushroom

The toad will sit
With jeweled eyes
In exquisite
And fixed surprise

On the moon, a disk
Near and pale
Crossed by the whisk
Of a black cat's tail.

*(I will walk in the wood.
I will weave a charm.
Much that is good
Shall come to harm!)*

The guilty lake
Will keep its dream
But the wood will shake
To the white owl's scream

And under stones
Cold slimy creepers
Will gnaw the bones
Of twisted sleepers

While I hurry
Where light is scant
And furred things scurry
And bat-wings slant . . .

*(Served by worse
Than night and these,
I will lay a curse
On my enemies!)*

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post Marjorie Meeker

BY AN INDIAN GRAVE

Sleep on, dead Seminole—your bones are chalk;
The red urn cracks beneath its heaping shell;
This is your spring to slumber, mine to walk

And hear the slow surf booming like a bell.
My spring to hear the limpid quail-song lift
Where jasmine and magnolia cup their cream,
And wind and sun forever shade and shift
Over the shrunken hearts of them that dream.
Your spring to sleep where shore pines, blunted, bleak,
Rock darkly on the night like dim sunk spars;
My own to wait beside the moon-torn creek
And watch the quiet crumbling of old stars.
Then pouf!—one dusk a moon shall rise and roll,
And we two dream together, Seminole.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Mildred Plew Merryman*

NO MATTER

Tonight it matters not to me
Whether you be black or red,
Gregarious as the honey bee,
Or strong as water chased by wind
Or independent as a tree,
Or weak as cotton thread—
Stay here, is all I ask of you.
Sit down beside me, share my glass,
Talk gibberish or argue fine,
Draw Rahab on the table-cloth,
Or Euclid's non-existent line,
Or guess the ways of auk and moth,
Or brag about your wheels and gold,
Or sigh for beauty under mold,
Or hawk the secrets of a friend,
Touch my hand, or look away—
I care not what you do or say!
Tonight all values shift and blend,
And I am here without a world.

The Measure

Scudder Middleton

DANCERS

".....and the King was a philosopher."

His high-flung noose had fallen
And the star had not been caught,
Still the unobtainable
Danced upon the air,
Mocking his omnipotence.
From his castle in the world,
He was always gazing there—
Past the white tides of the sky
Where the lost Atlantis floats,
And the days and nights are furled,
And the comets ply. . .

O poor earth with dancers, too,
More grotesquely gay
Than his deathless star—
Not so very far
His noose was flung for you!
Row on row your dancers swung,
Stepping on the air
Where the acorn-monsters writhe,
And the rooks keep out the sun,
And the lean wolves pair.

The Measure

Scudder Middleton

BALLAD OF SIMPLE SIMON

I have watered the stock and I've shoveled the dung—
Lean down, sleepy moon, lean down!
The squire, he says that my father was hung—
Lean down, sleepy moon, lean down!
My shoes are old, and my breeches torn,
And my hands, they are cut from husking the corn—
It's a merry old world for the masters born—
Lean down, sleepy moon, lean down!

I asked the proud master if he had any wool,
Come down, lazy moon, come down!
He said: "No siree, but gold—bags full,"—
Come down, lazy moon, come down!
O it's hard work for Simon, in the crib and the stall—
Sure the bees that hive the honey, get none of it at all—
The squire says my father loved to drink and brawl—
Come down, lazy moon, come down!

The squire's got a daughter with a face like a flower,
Dance down, silver moon, dance down!
One night she smiled upon me, and I cried for an hour—
Dance down, silver moon, dance down!
It's the sweets for the sweet, and the smart get the gold,
The squire's wife is sour, and she's seventy years old,
But it's sweat and swear for Simon in the heat and the
cold,
Dance down, silver moon, dance down!

My old hound, Tim, is my only friend—
Lean down, cheery moon, lean down!
How many times I wished the world would end—
Lean down, cheery moon, lean down!
The squire says my mother was a drunken hag—
The squire knows his mother was a dirty rag—
But who cares for Simon and his crazy nag?
Lean down, cheery moon, lean down!

Voices

J. Corson Muller

THE LAST HARPER

He stood in the blood-red wash of a towering sunset,
The great sun's fingers fondled his face and his hair;
He said: "They are gone—the hosts that were golden
with glory,
The Harpers of Truagh that sang on the evening air."

"They have passed like the wind on the withering gorse
of Glenmoiragh—
The rose-lipped women with eyes as blue as the dawn;

O where are the gay-hearted players—the fiddlers of
Galway?

They have passed with the wavering Light of the Gael,
they are gone."

"There's a shadow on the sun, my lad, we will kneel in
the twilight,

I see the milk-white stallion fade in the west;

The warriors that swung long swords on the marches of
Ulster,

Tonight, with Edward de Bruce, they take their rest."

We are doomed to the dust—it is well—the Great Race
passes,

Warrior and Harper and Poet—where the banshee cries;

I will cover my face with the snow and the hoar-frost of
winter,

I will pray for the curtain of blindness to cover my eyes."

Then bent with the iron of years, as the dusk was falling,

He knelt, and he peered afar to the menacing west;

He said: "I am old, I see a Proud Race passing,

I will go home to sleep now—sleep is best."

The Commonweal

J. Corson Miller

GOLD FISH

Through this blue crystal, mirroring still motion,

These subtle circlings feed my hungry eyes;

Here there is living color chained to silence,

Where peace, unborn of passion, never dies. . .

Symbols of turning worlds in patterned prisms,

The finny creatures trace each golden sweep,

While moments, like hushed monuments, raise voices,

In motion that is sculpture-stone of sleep.

The Commonweal

J. Corson Miller

A MOTHER

You were stained with the dust of the road
When first I saw you;
You were strapped with a weary load,
Little son, when I bore you.

For your father's feet were light
On the highway ever;
He left one winter's night
And comes back never.

Your father's eyes were deep
With gypsy passion;
To lie, and kiss, and sleep,
Was not his fashion.

Your father's eyes were wild
With storm clouds drumming—
You are your father's child
And summer's coming.

The Mesa

Ernest G. Moll

SCARABAEUS

The lady was white as ivory,
Was cool as drifts of snow;
She wore her loves at intervals
As the north winds blow.

Love, if it served her purpose well,
Always an enigmatic smile
Was suitable an hour;
Did tenderness deflower.

But one man came from Eastern lands
Where love blooms in strange forms;
"Thus shall I break her will to shards
Through harsh and devious storms."

Some seas are damned and grow in strength—
His love surged round her knees;

She flicked the drops from her finger tips
With never an "if you please."

There was no sight, no sound within
This lonely, torturous tomb;
He sensed the flowers, the lapis, gold,
That waited in the gloom,

That waited for the journeyings
Of one who lay asleep
Stretched on a carven golden couch,
Swathed in linen deep.

This one had loved as flesh should love
Had reaped a vintage rare;
Her body was wreathed in stars of blood,
Her feet in jewels fair.

"Anubis, god, forgive, I pray,
Such sacrilege as this"—
He bore her heart with him away,
Left on her lips a kiss.

Before his lady now he knelt,
Felt her derisive scorn;
"My dear," she laughed, "why have you come,
Why always so forlorn?"

Useless to importune her now,
Useless his flame to cool;
He breathed a word once Thoth had said
To use upon a fool.

She swooned upon his waiting arm,
Her eyelids sank to rest;
He drew his dagger, cruel steel-cold,
Plunged it in blue-veined breast.

Inserted carefully the heart
He had plucked from the dead,
Watched her the while he held her there
With searching nascent dread.

So fragrant, slim, so fair she lay,
The throbbing light stood still,
The flowers held their very breath—
Could she evade his will?

She moves, she sighs, her thoughts run free,
She questions with her eyes;
Her hands like white moths drift apart
Then rest in sure surmise.

The blood flows red through her flesh of snow,
The indurate shackles break;
Kheperi preens himself; the skies
Split wide for passion's sake.

Voices

Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery

DO NOT TELL HIM

Oh, do not tell him
That he loves you less
And never speak to him
Of faithlessness.

Go softly, loving one,
Aye, have a care—
Name not to him the name
Of one more fair.

It may be you have missed
His tenderness—
Charge not its lack,
Oh, never let him guess!

What though his small
Indifferences grieve you—
Do not proclaim love dead—
He might believe you.

N. Y. Times

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

DAEDALUS

Or Any One About to Adventure

Let the dull wise ones

Stay below and stare,

Too dull to dream,

Ever too wise to dare—

I, I have watched far eagles in the air!

Let them laugh now

And gibe at dreams and wings!

Who can be happy

With accepted things—

I lift my eyes to where the Sun God swings!

Let each attain

The sleekness of his sire,

As he nods, safe,

Beside his own hearthfire—

The rim of farthest space bounds my desire!

Aye, let them be—

Content to plow and plod,

Each in the furrow

That his forebears trod—

My eyes are free of serfdom to the sod!

Let them live out their lives—

Feed, breed and die;

Children of Earth

In Earth's deep bosom lie—

The kin of birds, of winds, of gods, am I!

Sky meadows call me

From the trodden tracks;

I glimpse far stars

Above dull, bended backs—

Ah, what if dreams be dust, if wings be woe!

Once, if once only,

I shall see and know!

Faring the ether—

If it need be so,

To splendid death—*on wings, on wings I go!*

TO HELEN, MIDDLE-AGED

According to one legend Helen, upon the fall of Troy, became reconciled to her husband, Menelaus, whom she accompanied back to Sparta. Here she lived with him many years in domestic peace and happiness.

The strife on Ilium's windy plain is still!

Cool, now, the blood that in the veins of men

So madly coursed, to view your beauty when

The Greek and Trojan fates hung on your will;

Unkindling, eyes that could not look their fill

On that bright wonder that was Helen then!

They will not wake to burn for you again,

Those thirsting fires that drove mad men to kill!

Now ships and towers are ashes on the wind.

And Paris, dead, your spring-time shepherd lover,

Slain by your lawful liege—who now leans over,

To smooth, mechanically, your graying hair

And say, in that calm voice, forever kind,

"Please, dear, a stitch! My tunic has a tear!"

II

You take the garment from his hand and smile . . .

"That hand slew Paris!" you think, suddenly—

And all the facile floods of memory,

Unsealed, pour over you! Your hands meanwhile,

Are dutifully busy, as your lord

Relates to you the details of the chase.

You listen, with a half-averted face;

And give him back an absent-minded word!

For, far away, a cool, sweet wind is blowing. . . .

High on a hill . . . and you are there again!

Your Paris is beside you—green, the Spring.

And young, the warm blood in you, leaping, flowing . . .

His lips are on your throat—and then, and then,

You are this Helen, here . . . remembering!

III

The tunic mended, with a "Thank you, dear!"

Your Menelaus takes it from your hands

That, snow and rose-leaf once, laid their commands
 On kings and kingdoms in a long-gone year!
 Transparent, fragile, but unwrinkled still,
 The small, domestic tasks engage them now—
 Strange, that today you should remember how
 Young Paris crushed and kissed them—on a hill!
 And yet, not strange! You are not first, ah, no!
 Of sister women, nor will you be last,
 To summon spectres from the passion'd past
 While you sit quiet, in the hearthfire's glow,
 Beside your liege—*tasting the tempered joys*
Time leaves to Helen who outlive their Troys!

N. Y. Times

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

PLOVERS

Presently I shall go with the plovers,
 Shatter this wall with the Brunt of my wing;
 I shall have nothing to do with braggarts, nothing to do
 with lovers;
 I shall fly in a fiery ring.

I shall nest with the gold and the black-bellied plovers
 In catalpas that do not exist;
 I shall not care for quibbles, I shall not care for covers,
 I shall pierce an impersonal mist.

The lapwing will know me, the sandpiper plover,
 The dotterel rummaging reaches of rain,—
 Perhaps in an orgy of crusading beaks I'll discover
 The breaking of light, again.

I shall lariat stars with the gallant plovers,
 Fling a noose for the loveliness they will be plying—
 Curl up, imperturbable claws, I am not one who hovers
 Indecisive, when plovers are flying.

Presently I shall go with the plovers
 With never a cry for our lodging together—
 And you will remember the unrecurrent year we were
 lovers
 And stoop to a fallen feather.

Scribner's Magazine

Virginia Moore

THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

She was a double gardenia
As red as thunder,
With amorous air above her,
And black loam, under.

The Breaker-of-Stems wrenched rudely
To incommode her,
And now, instead of fragrance,
A dark brown odor.

Voices

Virginia Moore

IN APRIL

There is a way that calls to me
When April comes,
Of sea and sand and petalled trees
Of surf-white plums.

And I must walk the dunes and watch
Each wave-bough break,
See the white petals of the plum
With new life shake.

And as the wind grows wild and strong
Whirling in ecstasy,
O which can be the lovelier,
White plum, white sea?

Contemporary Verse

John Richard Moreland

FAITH

I may not put my finger forth
And touch the wounds of One who died,
Nor thrust a skeptic hand into
His pierced side.

And yet I know Christ lives, although
I have not found the tomb's blank space,
Nor heard the music of His voice,
Nor seen His face.

For if earth has no power to hold
The smallest seed hid deep in her,
How could they shut all *April* in
A sepulchre?

The Personalist

John Richard Moreland

LAMENT

O yesterday her hands were white
As butterflies among the bright
 Red zennias in her garden-plot:
Today her hands are just as white,
 But all their motion is forgot.

O yesterday the velvet hue
Of her dear eyes was clear and blue
 As seas where slender palm trees grow:
Today her eyes are just as blue,
 But like dark violets under snow.

O yesterday her voice to me
Was gold and silver melody
 Of bells that tinkled on and on:
Today I wait expectantly—
 The music of her voice is gone.

Interludes

John Richard Moreland

THE PROUDEST FRUIT

Apples are the proudest fruit
Ever bent a tree,
Dreaming still of Paradise,
Heirs of mutiny:

Scarlet-coated harlequins
Who with impish fling
Lighted all the fires of Troy,
Taught how planets swing.

Ancient gods have not withstood
Their bright witchery;

With an apple Pluto won
Sad Persephone.

Golden apples, dragon-kept,
The Hesperides
Gave an island diadem
To great Hercules.

Painted flame and ashen heart
Dead Sea orchards bore,
Ghostly harvest of desire
Snaky stem to core.

Apples are the proudest fruit—
One life on a tree,
Then in children's cheeks they wear
Immortality.

Scribner's Magazine

Elizabeth Morrow

WHO SHAPES THE CARVEN WORD

Who shapes the carven word, the lean, true line,
And builds with syllable and chiselled phrase,
To rear a sheltering temple and a shrine
To house a dream through brief and meagre days

Must know that time wears words away like stone
And blurs the sharpness of the clean, straight thought;
A ghost will wander out and leave alone
And tenantless the temple that he wrought.

This will be ruins for another day,
Of lichen-bitten stone and empty tower,
A tumbled shrine whose god has moved away . . .
Yet later-comers, in some moon-hushed hour,
May find a strange light haunting still the shade,
And footprints that no mortal feet had made.

Scribner's Magazine

David Morton

NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

Here earth and sky and thudding hoofs of horses
And years, long gone, come together at last;
And dead people ride high on mountain courses,
Above the fields of tree-stumps and the vast
Slow sinking of the night, toward the sun.
These people had as long a day as any
In this the land they loved; now one by one
They have retreated with the more and many
To the dark house of one remembering mind
Whose light is but the shadow of new death,
When thought shall turn away to leave behind,
In night of exile, men who drew quick breath
For mountain beauty and the sky that showed
The dust of mica in the friendly road.

II

Be not afraid for any beating heart
That ceased, years gone, in such a place as this,
Be not afraid; or grieve that years depart
Like downward water where no staying is;
If lives are not exactly garnets strewn
Upon the road, at least they did deny
No right their matrix had to give them boon
Of life (wherein each took as much of sky
As flowers born of ruby blood may hold),
And pasturage of beauty for their day,
Where rooted trees and valleys and the old
Majesty of distance showed them the way
A heart may wait for the new night to rise
Bringing its elder presence—and closed eyes.

Voices

Charles R. Murphy

MAN BY HIMSELF

Because my grief is quiet and apart,
Think not for such a reason it is less.
True sorrow makes a silence in the heart;

Joy has its friends, but grief its loneliness.
The wound that tears too readily confess,
Can mended be by fortune or by art,
But there are woes no medicine can dress,
As there are wounds that from the spirit start.
So do not wonder that I do not weep,
Or say my anguish is too little shown;
There is a quiet here, there is a sleep,
There is a peace that I have made my own.
Man by himself goes down into the deep,
Certain and unbefriended and alone.

The Century Magazine

Robert Nathan

TO A WILD CROCUS

16 EMS

Little fluted pastel cup,
Gingerly I pick you up,
Empty now, for your white wine
Was not brewed for lips like mine.
Bumblebee and Butterfly
Sipped your dewy draught,—not I!
Yet, within your depth, I see
Golden dregs, they left for me.

The Lyric

Edith Carolyn Newlin

JOURNEYMAN

Love is a reaper, too, like death
With a scythe for the mowing.
He cares not what he takes for his tithe
Or of whose sowing.

Silent, complacent, he stands for a breath
With the field at his feet,
And the grain has only the sun for a shield
And the shining heat.

But when he has laid soft swath on swath
He is seen to tire.
How came he in this field to glean
And in whose hire?

Louise Townsend Nicholl

Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post.

BARRIERS

O, I would never, never dare
To marry you for fear I'd bear
You children I should always hate—
They'd be so proper and sedate,
And suck their thumbs with solemn air
As if habitually at prayer,
And look at me with grave, round eyes
Tearing aside life's thin disguise.

You'd fear my children too, I know
(You would not hate, you're not made so)
They'll be such little slim, brown things
With much of hoofs and some of wings.
And when they'd run along the wind
Out where the stars stand cold and thinned
You'd call them in and shut the door
And stand them on your study floor.

If it were we—I love you so
I would stay with you even though
Your prim, decorous saintly ways
Maddened me through all our days;
But every sun flecked path I know
Would call my children till they'd go.
And woodsmoke on a mountain trail
Would lead them like a Holy Grail.

So I must choose a brown hill lad
While life and love are young and glad,
We'll climb the heights like small brown elves
And have the world quite to ourselves.
And you must wed a Raphael maid

Incurious, sweet and unafraid
Of all the things that you will tear
Out from her heart, leaving it bare.

The Harp

Ellenor L. Norcross

THE GARDEN

Weary, he came unto Gethsemane,
The Master, with the world's grief in his weeping.
In the sweet grass, he knelt beneath a tree;
Pale April's spirit moved around him, heaping
The ground with petals, but he did not see.
He felt a tremulous misery creeping
Over his taunt-stabbed heart, and then he cried,
Cried till his heart was breaking in his side.

All through the dew-drenched night he knelt, and wept.
The stars swept brighter overhead; the trees
Loomed high with monstrous palms. Thin shadows crept,
Mingling with sounds of mystical, lost seas,
Whenever the wind that in the branches slept
Arose and stirred the night. Still on his knees
The Master prayed, and cried, and would not rest;
And once in the night he sobbed and beat his breast.

"Lord God, I have beheld Thee clothed in rain,
Invisible with beauty," Jesus prayed,
"And I have given love, and eased men's pain,
And wept their woes, and now I am dismayed.
I cannot face the people on the plain
Come with great crying unto me for aid.
I dare not look on woe; I turn to Thee
That I may see Thy sign, and what will be."

Over the hills he saw the lanterns shine;
Like a ship's lamps they were, rising and falling.
And there were soldiers in that straggling line,
For now on the wind he heard a trumpet calling
That died with the low wind. He heard it whine
Long after the centurions came bawling.
And darkness groped among the trees; the cold
Stirred in thick mists. He felt himself grow old.

His thoughts went wandering now to Nazareth;
He moaned, thinking of Mary and his home.
In the still hour, hearing far murmurs of death,
"How sweet," he thought, "it is to smell the loam,
To watch the stars in the pool, and feel the breath
Of home winds blowing, sometimes full of the foam
Of distant, breaking seas—how sweet, how sweet!"
There was a rustling now; he heard the marchers' feet

Tramping his doom. And still he knelt and prayed,
Lifting his head to heaven, and his face
Glowed with a rich unearthly light. He swayed
To the drone of prayers in that lone place,
And no man heard him; but he heard men wade
Through the tall grass with an uneven pace,
Circling him all about with glistening spears;
He rose now, and his face was clear of tears.

The Bookman

Charles Norman

AS ONE INVULNERABLE

I knew a man who met to-morrow
With hard, indifferent repose—
Buttoned his coat about his sorrow
And walked unarmed among his foes.
(For foes he has and foes a-plenty
Who will not lay his wound apart,
And show the world for five and twenty
The crucifixion of his heart.)

He stood at his deserted window
And would not set a candle there;
With dagger-pointed innuendo
The cheated public paused to stare,

Or boldly thrusting, fled affrighted
Lest they do battle with a shade,
When through his sinews, unrequited,
Whistled the sharp, offensive blade.

The Dial

Jessica Nelson North

MARKET STREET

And what if Spring is here at last,
And signs are high and low,
On Market Street we march too fast
To know.

And if such signs are there to tell,
The writing not so high,
Who reads of Spring on streets? We sell
And buy.

A poem may be very sweet,
A seed be very wise,
But Spring and seeds on Market Street
Are lies.

The Lyric

David Novak

SALOME TO THE DEAD JOHN

"What visions were there in that stony hole
That all your spirit's lust should be enticed,
And all the passions of your aching blood
Should waste upon the empty bones of Christ?

"Did you not know the white flames of my breasts
Held statelier visions, and your body's sword
Could pierce me deeper with life's holiness
Than all the spurious fire of the Lord?

"They feared you as your words like smoke came up
From out the mouth of rock that was your hole;
Eaten with vermin, lean with sleeplessness
You preached to them of your immortal soul.

"We two upon a couch of sky-swept earth,
Your thin, brown body for my covering,
Were prayers of flesh so bright with sacredness
We could have known no dread nor evil thing.

"But you would not. With starving you were filled
Too full, and hatred, so you must deny
The gift of love . . . For this I had you killed! . . .
And now I burn no longer and can die."

The Guardian

Gladys Oaks

IN THE CONFESSIONAL

About 1200, A.D.

At her window I came and sang,
My floure of grace,
She looked out her pretty face
Alléluia.

Angeles n'er could be soe faire,
My daintie flour,
I took myself within her bour.
Alléluia.

I had one cosse and then one more,
My flour pricelesse.
My fader, now do I confesse.
Alléluia.

The Reviewer

Katharine Oliver

COLOR OF DUST

I

Now I have learned this much at twenty-five:
That one may ring this world as does the sun
And find no land, nor any word of one,
Where there is wit or worth in being alive.
Well though he plan, and cunningly contrive,
The broth was brewed long since, the web was spun,
And he will have, until his days be done,
Sorrow to nurse him, bitterness to wive.

So it is here, and so in Samarkand.
Troy knew it so, and he is mad or blind
Who dreams it otherwise in any place.
I sought romance on many an alien strand.
One truth I found burns bitterly in my mind—
That man is a mean and crippled misfit race.

II

There is a glory in Northumbrian hills.
There is a charm on Macedonian lakes.

Yet in a flicker of breath the chalice breaks
And the tart amber ichor of beauty spills
Into the dust. A passionate hour distills
Life's wine to one rich draft. The dreamer slakes
His need—quaffs of oblivion—and awakes
To the dark travail of his own warring wills.

This is the curse—that ever a man must come
Back to himself—himself—past love, past vision
That are but phantoms woven by the sun
In a barred room.

It is not Byzantium

I crave, but some far place where the shrill derision
Of self will follow no more. And there is none.

III

So it is wiser to live as others do—
Straitly, with temperate tread and cunning eye;
Loving no thing too much, for loved things die;
Building no temples that the years may hew

Asunder. Toil will get you gold, and you
Can buy with gold full many a glowing lie
To warm you—music—pictures—and the shy
Sweet madness of poetry, loveliest, most untrue!

All lovely things are lies, in mockery fashioned—
Brave falsehoods—immortality, and God,
And rhythm, and pattern, and sacrifice, and song.
Treasure them craftily, that, duly rationed,
They may eke out this wearisome period
Before the dark—and may it not be long.

Lyric West

Ted Olson

COMPOSITION

"To sleep: perchance to dream . . ." He turned his
head.

And saw day's flare behind the heavy tower.

"Ay there's the rub; for in that sleep"—he said,
And stared into the river for an hour.

Or should the singing cease in gossips' laughter
Still lovelier sounds will billow up and after,
For every slope is starred with tiny bells
Where flocks are feeding in the shadows' wells,
And there's no beast, untethered or in check,
But wears a glimmering bell about his neck
To find him by, as well as beads of blue
To keep off Nereids, a pranky crew.
So veils of tinkling blow and coil about
Stirred by the unseen goatherd's satyr-shout.
I'll mention too—an elegy to win!—
That vigorous ecstatic choral din
Trembling like heat waves from the olive trees,
The mad cicadas, dear to Socrates,
Whose favorite singing place would seem to be
Around the old gymnasium—Pardee!
A lovelier singing place is not on earth,
Haunted like April with a by-gone mirth,
The mirth of young men stripping for the games
And calling out the poems of their names!—
All quiet now and bounded by gray trees,
Forgotten almost, haply not by these.
And here's a secret for enchanted ears,
Leal to sweet birds and waters and the spheres:
When night has poured the valleys full of dark
And Agamemnon's plane tree sees no spark
Of pipe or cigarette beneath his boughs,
But only one old man with pearly brows,
The Shepherd Silence listening to the stars—
Then, if you creep beside him, with the bars
Of witchery down, you'll hear the halting chills
Of faintest music quavering up the hills,
So stealthy, whist, and silvery with tears
It stirs the fairy fur upon your ears.
Far down and rimmed about by lonely ledges
With constellations netted to their edges,
A solitary shepherd tends his flock
In the deep darkenss. Leaned against a rock
And wrapped from throat to sandals in the cloak
That shepherds use, he's taken from his poke
That holds his bread and olives, wine and cheese,

A solace for the night as sweet as these,
 His flute, which Pan first whittled by the river
 (And taught our hearts their most celestial shiver.)
 Far down, in his great loneliness, he plays;
 About him, scattered wide, the still herds graze,
 Above, the herds of heaven slowly pass—
 To both, his piping falls like dew on grass.
 Ah, it must stir the heart of dead Apollo
 To come again and have the Muses follow!
 Alas, it stirs instead a mournful ass
 To raise lament that lazy night must pass!
 The bustling day crowds in with uncouth noise,
 Life frets about, that gives much and destroys,
 Along Parnassos mule-trains go for wood,
 Or carry wine harsh with the pine-tree's blood,
 And bells again and laughter and much song,
 Foregathering and gossip, and a throng
 Of glutton small boys raiding all the trees
 For almonds, figs, and stained mulberries.
 O barbarous pastoral old felicity
 Where men's thoughts could be thought by any tree
 And all our intricacies of fine grief
 Are ill and alien as to a leaf! . . .
 I'll not forget this table by the spring
 Where Agamemnon's plane tree slopes its wing:
 I've drunk three mastica and puffed the weed
 And writ a deal of rhymes that none will read.
 Heigh-ho! The olives lose their silver light,
 Soon but too tardily and there'll be night.
 Already gold has left the Shining Rocks,
 The upper air has grown wild hollyhocks.
 A stir of wind dawdles and starts a song,
 Then, kissing a dead leaf good-bye, is gone.

Contemporary Verse

William Alexander Percy

THE MISSES POAR DRIVE TO CHURCH

Neatly are their black silk mitts,
 And straight each stately sister sits.
 Out from the tall plantation gate

Issue the Misses Poar in state.
Their carriage-dresses, brushed and steamed,
Cover their decent limbs,—they seemed
No finer, really, before the War
When money was free in the house of Poar.
The Negro coachman in beaver hat,
Slightly nibbled by moth and rat,
Smooths his frock-coat of greenish hue—
But fitting as trim as when it was new—
With which he stiffens his spine of pride,
By tightly buttoning himself inside,
To drive in this elegant equipage
A yoke of oxen of doubtful age,
(They've had no horses since sixty-four
When the Yankees stopped at the house of Poar).
The ladies move to the square front pew,
Their Christian meekness in ample view,
And follow the youthful parson's word
With reverence meet for a legate of God
Up to the moment when he prates
Of the President of the *United States*.
Then—knowing full well that Heaven can't
Expect them to pray for General Grant—
They bury their noses' patrician hook
In dear great-grandpapa's Prayer-book
Wherein are found urbane petitions
To guard the Crown against seditions,
And rest King Charles the Martyr's soul.
Not that they hold King Charles so dear,
Although their blood is Cavalier,
But it suits their piety, on the whole,
Better to pray for the Restoration
Than the overseer of a patch-work Nation!

The Reviewer

Josephine Pinckney

GULLA LULLABY

The Buzzard and the Butterfly playing in the field,
Nobody home but the baby
Butterfly shivers in his red-speckled wings,

Nobody home but the baby
Butterfly giggles, "How sweet the fields taste!
I'll eat and I'll eat — not a honey drop will waste;
Death can't catch me till there's nothing left to eat!"
Long eyed Buzzard sleeks his feathers with his beak —
"Death will be a-coming either this week or next
week . . . "

Go to sleep my little baby

Go to sleep, go to sleep
Go to sleep my little baby
Loo-loo-loo-lulla-loo-loo-loo
Nobody home but the baby

The Bookman

Josephine Pinckney

JAPONICA BUSH

Tranced in utter dreams she stands,
Cool Iseult of the White Hands;
Wife whose beauty, maiden-dying,
Beauty-wise is death-defying.
Earth that took her prisoner
Must somewhere relinquish her!
Here are leaves of piercing green
(For jealousy of a Cornish queen),
And the white, white flesh of flowers—
Flesh-white in the sun-white hours,
Wraith-white in the white-lipped moon
Who has seen, in sea-lost lands,
Trees and queens untimely hewn.
This is Iseult of the White Hands.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Josephine Pinckney

OUR MOON'S AN ATTIC USED FOR STORAGE SPACE

Our moon's an attic used as storage space
For trinkets, time-worn fancies, loves, and such;
Where rents, to dreamers, cost not overmuch
And thoughts, like mice, are free to romp and race.
From star-dust peaks philosophers can face

Earth-life's perplexities, beyond the clutch
Of preachers praising each his patent crutch
From temple doors about the market place.

And poets, torn from beauty in the whirl
Of dervish-maddened, scrambling life of men,
Can view the earth—a gossamer-draped girl
Whose beauty serves at memory's altar when
We part; we earth-bound souls who must return
From lunar shores when dawn's mist curtains burn.

The Buccaneer

Dawson Powell

THE DARK

To Be Read to a Child

I see the first star shine,
Delicate, fine;
I hear a watch dog bark!
Hush! the sedges sway, and bow, tender and low!
They know! They know!
Hush! Hush! Noiseless, noiseless here comes the Dark!
The Blessed Dark

And all her garments woven are of dreams,
And her white feet are silver on the streams.
Gentler than any breeze,
Tall, dutiful,
And, oh, most beautiful,
She brings star splendor and heart's ease
In either hand. And as she comes she sings
Songs that no mortal ear
But birds only hear,
With their fluffed heads beneath their sleepy wings.

What would you? For she brings
The heart's most dear desire.
Thyme, and rosemary, and sweet-smelling spice,
Sandal, and cinnamon, and most magical odors out of
Paradise.

Ivory and peacocks from Samarkand;
O'er sapphire sea and topaz land

She brings. From Sheraphan
In Turkestan,
Ivory and pomegranates, amethyst, tourmaline,
And smoldering opals such as never yet were seen,
Save only of the boy Alla'ad dhin,
Stuffing his deep pockets full of gems,
The size of plums and apples, from the stems
Of trees in subterranean gardens marvelous;
All these, all these, and more she brings to us.

Oh, she has a store of riches that no spending can exhaust;
She has a key to kingdoms that can never more be lost;
She has in her cool fingers joys that no one else can bring,
And the mere hem of her garment is surcease of sorrowing.

The Dark, the blessed Dark!
Hark!
I hear a watch dog bark!
Hush! the sedges bend low, low!
They know! They know!
Noiseless, here comes the Dark—
The Blessed Dark!

Harper's Magazine

Laura Spencer Porter

"TO RESCUE TO-DAY FROM OBLIVION—"

As trees print coolness on the heated grass,
In clear, sharp images that lie outlined,
So beauty lays cool fingers as I pass
Upon the parched places of my mind:
The honeysuckle hedges' breathing bloom
That fills a little lane with fragrant May;
The star that swings her taper through the gloom
That gathers at the closing of the day;
The sudden glowing of a gracious thought,
Akin to wonder, on a lifted face,—
These cool imprints of beauty have been wrought
Upon the dullness of the commonplace.

And beautiful as bloom, or thought, or sky,—
A shining name, to-day, one called me by.

The Reviewer

Jane Preston

INLAND

He used to talk of ships, and I remember

Oh, I remember

Tall spars clustered in a drowsy, evening bay,
Clean winds calling, at white noon today;
Salt on the taffrail, foam at the bow,
And a singing at the windlass . . . how it all comes
back now!

(Though I never saw the sea.)

I sweep the rooms, half dreaming

Of tides

Slow breathing, languid giants sucking at the sands,
Surging to the harbors of brilliant, tropic lands;
An old black brig headed for the sunset's gold,
Bringing back the red dawn stuffed in her hold

(His words!)

The six-year maple on his grave is sturdy,

Yet . . . yet . . .

Night, all drenched with stars, and still we're outward
bound.

Oh, the creaking of the canvas is an erie sort of
sound,

And I hear the tramping watch as I lie warm-bunked
below,

Where the yellow slush lamp swings to and fro, to
and fro.

(Like that, his talk.)

I scour the kettles and hang up the wash,

But these pictures won't go out of my head:

Full, white sails on a level twilight sea,
A tired bark trailing to some port of mystery;
Green waves a-glitter, . . ships, ships, ships,

And a laughing sailor man with red, remembered
lips.

(God! How I'm still missing him!)

The Lyric West

Joan Dareth Prosper

THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH

He brought her a hat and a little golden shoe,
She looked at him, she shook her head, and said they
wouldn't do.

He brought her an eagle, and a small canary bird,
She looked at him, she looked at him, and never said a
word.

He walked around the gooseberry bush, where babies used
to grow—

Who can be running after him? Heavens! I don't know.

The Fugitive

Idella Purnell

REVOLUTIONS

I know now why the revolutions are.
If one keeps still, he feels the summer dust
Upon his mind, and on his heart grey rust,—
And the only cure for that, is war, is war!
One doesn't have to wander very far
To find a wave that lifts him to its crest;
And there he tastes the gay joys of unrest,
The mad reward of following a star!

This is a country where everything seems wrong
Unless one has the wit to understand
That the thorniest cactus bears the brightest flower,
The blindest beggar knows the sweetest song,
The deepest river flows through rocky land,
And in wildest battle is one perfect hour!

The Double Dealer

Idella Purnell

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

I have seen, O, the miller's daughter
And on her neck a coral necklace lies
And yellow glint of corn is in her eyes
Which are a blue stillwater.

The strange miller hath strange daughter
For he is pink and painfully doth walk
And life demandeth of them little talk
Beside the small millwater.

At candlelight I hear she goes
And on a bed of snow like snow she lies
Yet warmer much and lids her sleepy eyes.
Long lies the tall white tower which uprose.

At daylight some vague bird
Tinkles his little bell and she comes down
Coiling her hair as queens would coil a crown.
Yet queens are too absurd,

And so am I, poor bookish hind,
Who come by fabulous roads around the hill
To bring the famous daughter of the mill
No combs to sell, no corn to grind,

But too much pudding in my head
Of learned characters and scraps of love
Which O that she might peck at (dainty dove!)
And words vain to be said.

What then to do but stare—
A learned eye of our most Christian nation
And foremost philosophical generation—
At primary chrome of hair,

Astronomied Oes of eyes
And the white moons I tremble to behold
(More than my books did shake me, or a tale told)
And all her parts likewise.

She dwells beside a water
And counts the bins and ties the sacks pardee
And cleaves my closet thought, and is to me
A mose rare miller's daughter.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

PIAZZA PIECE

—I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying
To make you hear. Your ears are soft and small
And listen to an old man not at all,
They want the young men's whispering and sighing.
But see the roses on your trellis dying
And hear the spectral singing of the moon—
For I must have my lovely lady soon,
I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying.

—I am a lady young in beauty waiting
Until my true love comes, and then we kiss.
But what grey man among the vines is this
Whose words are dry and faint as in a dream?
Back from my trellis, sir, before I scream!
I am a lady young in beauty waiting.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

THE LAST JUDGMENT

(A *Fresco*)

To his angel company drowsing on their strings,
"Go call my trumpeter!" said the King of Kings.

So Gabriel gat him up from the trumpeting station
And winged into court with testy deliberation.

"Let them wait. My trump and I who have waited are
old;
Our wind is short; our joints are harsh and old."

But Jahveh's front was darkening like nightfall.
"Blow on thy trump, man! But what hast thou done
therewithal?"

" 'Tis boxed for keeping, Sire. So noble a pelf,
'Tis fast in lock, and reposeth high on the shelf."

"Recover thy trump, and sound through all the earth
An instant cease to the works of death and birth."

The ancient hastened to do his Lord's command,
On high his pinions creaking on either hand,

Unwrapped his trump, and beginning pale as the tomb,
By little he purpled his cheek on Crack-o'-Doom.

The frantical sinners heard it; and sinned right on.
They were not probationers now, they were damned and
done.

They clutched at their gold, and merry whores, and gin,
And cursed this Day that sundered them from sweet sin.

But a widow woman laughed at the shapes of Doom,
Brandished at Heaven's host her crazy broom:

"Ye have tarried I think by the way. The war is done.
Your summons had been timelier seven years gone.

"My two sweet boys are naked dissolute bones,
As a million other murdered mother's sons.

"Search France and find them; I shall thank you well
When ye dispose us in official Hell."

But how they accuse the tedious courts of Heaven,
Those queens, ungrovelling at Omnipotence even.

With such a wrack their empires had been strewn,
They hadn't startled at Gabriel's quaint tune!

They shot precipitate like inverted rain
By routes converging to the Heavenly plain,

They quaked in the transit, full of their sin and pain,
But soon they were grounded firm on Heaven's plain.

Luisa unlocked her smile, the rose and flaxen
Who published a sleepy beauty that was Saxon;

For since she was chosen once of Bonaparte,
All other women's husbands pricked her heart.

But swarthy and blotched was simpering Jezebel,
So late with the worms, so soon to be bride of Hell.

Then Cleopatra enacted every wile
That had ensnared the antique world at Nile.

Her Eastern arts had never been withstood
Till Antony's last drop of Roman blood

Had leaped, and he had burst her coil asunder,
And clattered on the field with Roman thunder.

But she endured not for her honor's repute
To be of a single old lover destitute;

Nor did her mirror comfort her in rage,
Discovering the creeping cracks of age;

She got a little snake, too sweet to hiss,
And propped him up for his long voluptuous kiss.

His venom mixed with the woman's milk and honey,
No doctors then would hire for the kingdom's money.

He sucked her sweet breasts with all his little strength,
Till Egypt was quit of its curse at no great length.

But now in Heaven here harlotries were renewed,
For she loosed the cerements wherewith she was gewed.

Her side was buckled, but she undid the clasp
And showed her small round bosom kissed by the asp.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

ECLOGUE

JANE SNEED BEGAN IT: My poor John, alas!
Ten years ago, pretty it was in a ring
To run as boys and girls do in the grass—
At that time, leap and hollo and skip and sing
Came easily to pass.

And precious little innocents were we!
Said a boy, "Now shall we let her be the fox?"
Or a girl, "Now which of you will climb the tree?"
We were quick-foot the deer, strong-heart the ox,
Business-man the bee.

JOHN BLACK SAID: I'll interpret what you mean.
Our infant selves played happily with our others,
The cunning me and mine came not between,
Which like a sword is, O sweethearts and brothers
Numberless, who have seen.

JANE SNEED: I tell you what I used to do.
For joy I used to run by river or wood
To see with what speed all came trooping too;
Those days, I could not quit you if I would!
Nor yet quit me, could you.

JOHN BLACK RETURNED: But now, Jane, it appears,
We are sly travellers, keeping good lookout
Against the face whose ravage cries for tears;
Old friends, ill-met; and supposing I call out,
Draw nigh, friend of these years!—

Before he think of any reason why,
The features of that man resolve and burn
For one long look—but then the flame must die.
The cold hearts in us mortally return,
We may not fructify.

JANE SNEED SAID BITTERLY: Why, John, you are
right.

We were spendthrifts of joy when we were young,
But we became usurious, and in fright
Conceived that such a waste of days was wrong
For marchers unto night.

JOHN BLACK SAID: Yes, exactly, that was when
It happened. For Time involved us: in his toils
We learned to fear. And every day since then
We are mortals teasing for immortal spoils,
Desperate women and men.

JANE SNEED CONSENTED: It was nothing but *this*.
Love suffereth long, is kind—but not in fear.

For boys run banded, and simple sweethearts kiss,
Till, on one day, the face of Death appear,
Then metamorphosis!

JOHN BLACK SAID: To explain mistrust and wars,
Theogony has a black witch with hell's broth;
Or a preposterous marriage of fleshless stars;
Or the Fiend's own naked person; or God wroth
Fingering his red scars.

And Philosophy, an art of equal worth,
Tells of a flaw in the firmament—spots in the sun—
A Third Day's error when the upheaving earth
Was young and prime—a Fate reposed upon
The born, before their birth.

JANE SNEED WITH GRIM LIPS MOCKED HIM: Who
can tell—

Not I, not you—about these mysteries!
Something, John Black, came flapping out of hell
And wrought between us, and the chasm is
Digged—and it digged it well.

JOHN BLACK IN DEPRECATION SAID: Be sure
That love has suffered a most fatal eclipse
All brotherhoods, filialities insecure;
Lovers compounding honey on their lips
With deep doubts to endure.

JANE SNEED SAID SLOWLY: I suppose it stands
Just so. Yet I can picture happiness—
Still wander lovers in the fairy lands
Who, when stalks Night the dark and fathomless,
Consort their little hands;

And well, John Black, those darkened lovers may,
For hands hold much of heat in little storage,
And eyes are flickerless torches good as day;
The flame of each to the other's flame cries Courage!
Soon heart to heart slide they.

Thus unafraid they keep the whole night through,
Till the sun of a sudden glowing through the brushes;
They wake and laugh, their eyes again are blue,
They run to the fields, and apprehend the thrushes,
And print the fairy dew.

JOHN BLACK'S THE LAST SAY THEN: O innocent
dove,

This is a dream. We lovers mournfully
Exchange our bleak despairs. We are one part love
And nine parts bitter thought. As well might be
Beneath ground as above.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

APPLES

Before she went from grieving,
To where all grief is done,
She walked amongst the apple trees
That grew in Avalon

I am not good at naming names;
I am not sure at all,
But that it was in Tyre. I know
The dusk was at the fall.

And through the dwindling of the light,
And clear unto the town,
Was heard the blunt, rich, huddled sound
Of the apples dropping down.

Her plaintive long hands at her side,
Her head drooped as of old,
She was that dwindling of the light,
And the bough growing cold.

Were I to find those apple-trees,
Half-lit, crabbed, slim with dew,
In Tarshish or in Babylon,
Would I not find her too?

For was not all her loveliness
Blown dimly down the air,
The gentle color of her gown,
The sweet dark of her hair?

Perhaps. But I am sure of this,
That clear unto the town,
There will be heard the sound again,
Of the apples dropping down.

The Reviewer

Lizette Woodworth Reese

OLD SAUL

I cannot think of any word
To make it plain to you,
How white a thing the hawthorn bush
That delicately blew

Within a crook of Tinges Lane;
Each May Day there it stood;
And lit a flame of loveliness
For the small neighborhood.

So fragile-white a thing it was,
I cannot make it plain;
Or the sweet fumbling of the bees
Like the break in a rain.

Old Saul lived near. And this his life:—
To cobble for his bread;
To mourn a tall son lost at sea;
A daughter worse than dead.

And so, in place of all his lack,
He set the hawthorn tree;
Made it his wealth, his mirth, his god,
His Zion to touch and see.

Born English he. Down Tinges Lane
His lad's years came and went;
He saw behind that blossoming thorn,
A hundred thorns of Kent.

At lovers slipping through the dusk
He shook a lover's head;
Grudged them each flower. It was too white
For any but the dead.

Once on a silver-mooded day
He said to two or three:
"Folks, when I go, pluck yonder bloom
That I may take with me."

But it was winter when he went
The road wind-wrenched and torn;
They laid upon his coffin lid
A wreath made all of thorn.

DREAMS

Even a fool can tell you that a week
Has seven days, or that a dove has wings;
That there are silks, and trees, and wharves, and kings;
That life is iron-hard; that one may seek,
And yet go empty. Even he may know.
By these we barter spires or a gilt cup,
Or patch a road, or pluck a flower up.
I flout them with my dreams that do not so.
For what I have, I hold not in my hand;
For what I save, piles higher than a town;
And for one thing I spend, I gather four;
A roof, a field are mine in every land.
Let a world rot, or a rose crumble down;
The dream of it will run from door to door.

The Reviewer

Lizette Woodworth Reese

VICTORIA

An oval, placid woman who assuaged men's lives;
Her comely hands wrought forth a century
Of oval, placid women who engaged, as wives,
In broderies and tea.

Voices

Ruth Mason Rice

A HAT TRIMMED BY A MADWOMAN

I saw she'd trimmed the straw hat with avid care;
And either side the brim she'd set a pair
Of raucous roses, red and bottle-green;
And sold it for a farthing at a Fair;
Not knowing she had sewed her madness there.

Voices

Ruth Mason Rice

ECHOES OF PHILAE

I

Make way for the dancers!
Sappho sings

Shall they dance
When their wombs are heavy
With the seed of the Conqueror?
Make way!

II

Two come
With breasts of bronze
And feet of ivory.

They dance
And Sappho sings
And the sea echoes.

Bare limbs in the moonlight
That burn with shame

III

Silver and gold
Is the Aegean sea—

The dancers tire.
Silver and gold
Their dark, attared hair

Delight sinks, drugged, asleep;
Madness awakes—
Beauty cries out, aghast.

IV

Waken, O sterile breasts!
These are my lips that stain!
These are my hands that slay! . . .

Your mouth melts into mine
As a pomegranate broken—
Our flesh fuses

As dusk with darkness.

You are flame
In the midnight of youth
That was ashes.

Four

H. Thompson Rich

MO-TI

You talked in mellow day-ends
as the rallying sun
spread quivering spokes of gold
like an iridescent fan behind the pagodas,
and smells of bamboo shoots cooked in spices
drifted out of the blown fires.

You pitted your words against the words of princes . . .
but softly . . . in even tones . . . and few listened . . .
so that you were not nailed on four boards
or smeared with honey and left naked where sands crawl
living under the sun.

Perhaps only a few boys listened
while the rice was cooling in the bowls
and auburn sunsets
changing into lavender and jade
shuffled into the lilac dusks.
A few boys listen always when one gives out of his
silence.

I do not think there were girls who listened . . .
girls . . . whose lustrous pale skins
threw back in dusky echoes
the faint gold light of evenings
that loitered with silken slippers upon the pinnacles.

Not your speech could have touched their deep
quietness . . .
Incomprehensible . . . moving darkly
under the froth of little words and the soft purling of
their blood
that perhaps sang to meet your blood . . . you passing them
all unknowing
while the light on the horizon was like a topaz wine.

Did women . . . scattering dry words
as trees dead leaves
that are no more communicants of the green sap . . .
women with shinning secrets in their eyes . . .
alertly curious eyes,
not baffled because not wondering . . .

catch a garbled word or so
and mutely
quiver along the margins of their silences?

Not again, Mo-Ti,
when heated days turn yellow at the edges,
and the sun comes down like a peacock to drink out
of the rivers,
will lemon-pale boys,
pressed against the narrow darkness of their eyes,
bring to you their spindling hungers . . .
(what becomes of all the boys who have touched silence
for a white shaken moment . . .
does the shy wild light that comes into their eyes
there beat itself out like a too long shut-in thing?)

I do not know if they talked with you in those gone
saffron twilights.
Only your

words have floated out of the night, enfolding them and
you in its seamless shadow . . .
words still seeking in vain noise
for some green hush to rest upon . . .
words carrying light like sunsets upon wings.

The Dial

Lola Ridge

LADY ANNE'S MEDITATIONS DURING DIVINE SERVICE

Suppose I were to bite Sir Hubert's ear?
Would he turn round and smite me with his sword?
Could anyone who looks so limp and bored
Defend himself? And if he did? Dear, dear,
I want a drink, that means I'll not attend
To any of the service, what a shame
To miss the Bishop's sermon when I came
On purpose not to miss it. I'll pretend
He mumbled, if he asks me. There! I saw
An ant crawl down Monsieur de Goncour's cloak.
What shall I do? Slap? What an awful joke

To rise in church and slap one's son-in-law!
Alas! Alas! I must compose my face;
At sixty one is loath to fall from grace.

The Bookman

Margaret Tod Ritter

PLAYED ON A CLAVIER

Oh, never, never may the words be said
But flit like ghosts about the quiet room.
Words that the humblest lad may hire a bed
To whisper on, while that sweet child to whom
The threadbare syllables are stammered out
Becomes a queen by virtue of their magic.
The things that we may never talk about
But parry, inarticulate and tragic,
Are common speech to lovers. Day by day
We brood upon the little goatherd's crime

Laughing intrepidly at those who say
The spring is beautiful: and all the time
My hand smoothing the moonlight from your head . . .
Oh, never, never may the words be said!

The Nation

Margaret Tod Ritter

REVERSAL

How should a puritan live in me
Who am prairie-born?
Yet when I hold an ecstasy,
It pricks me as a thorn.

It is as though a loveliness
Must be always forgone
Because some prudent ancestress
Has slipped my gay self on.

She wears me as a casual hood
No sooner donned than doffed.
For how could its lent charm be good?
Far, far too bright and soft!

But once I wore her as a pearl
Upon love's trembling hand.
Even she was once a dreaming girl;
She seemed to understand,

For suddenly the gray of her
Grew exquisite with light;
I felt her breathless questions were,
Could happiness be right?

The Century Magazine

Flora Shufelt Rivola

THOSE OLD SONGS

Patter, patter, tip-toe light,
Silver rain awakes the night,
Weaving songs whose lilt will bring
A thirsty world rich comforting.

Lyrics laugh where flowercups nod,
Sonnets stir the friendly sod;
Ode and ballad feed each tree
With supernal ecstasy.

Patter, patter, tip-toe light,
Music filters through the night.
Wake and listen, tinkling brook,
Rain is publishing a book!

N. Y. Sun

Anne Mathilde Robinson

REFUSAL

You had loved my laughter,
So I brought my tears,—
Ah! 'twas then and after
That the frowning years
Bade me, dumb and lonely,
Learn the lesson taught,
That my laughter only
Was the boon you sought.

Hushed, I laid my weeping
In a chamber still,
Where, awake or sleeping,
I could dream at will
That your love would share it
As a sacred thing,—
That your pride would wear it
As Love's offering!

Scribner's Magazine

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THE CATERPILLAR

Ah, that I too could go to sleep
A caterpillar, in the fall,
Could build myself a silken bud,
An oval bud with olive wall.

Like a quiet tulip bulb I'd lie
Unconscious of the frosty earth,
While the sure chemistry of life
Brought my dark glamorous wings to birth.

I'd rest and dream until I woke
In that bright season when Earth spills
From seed and bud the fleur-de-lys,
The peach-blooms and the daffodils!

Voices

E. Merrill Root

WAR

Did the rose-bush or the oak
Thrill at Trenton's battle smoke?
Or did the earthworm in the mould
Shout when Gettysburg unrolled
Its tawny thunders over him?
Did corn-grains buried in the dim
Terrible creative ground
Cease growing at the shaken sound
Of Grant's gaunt thousands marching by?

Well, pondering their conduct, I
Think their aloof indifference
Was most amazing commonsense!

Voices

E. Merrill Root

DECADENT

I used to worship the Moon,
I sought her for the boon
Which her purple valleys keep
Of stagnant lunar sleep.

I longed to drift and lie
In that sepulchre of the sky,
In the peace of the shadow-strewn
Abysses of the Moon.

But the Sun, that golden eagle,
Soared up in splendid regal
Magnificent morning flight
In chase of immortal night.

And the gorgeous Sun soared higher,
And I turned to worship Fire—
The eagle's crimson brood
That break from the shells of wood.

Yet who can tell how long
The creative Sun is strong?—
I fear that my soul is strewn
With the pallor of the moon.

Voices

E. Merrill Root

CITY MOON

A thin moon hurrying, blown from the sea,
A starved faun-moon that the black-roaring breakers have
hunted and bayed,
Like a leaf, like a white cry lost in the wind, like a bird;
A thin moon fluting while the city trumpets blare,
And the whistles are shrill at the crossings, the motors
screech and plunge—

"Stay with us, faun-moon!" the bright lights beckon and
cry;
"Hide in my breast!" calls the girl from the high window
leaning.

Wistful, hill-hungry, the faun-moon lingers at gaze;
Leaps the last chimney-pot, hurries, and fades.

The Century Magazine

James Rorty

TWO AMERICAN LANDSCAPES

Entry to the Desert

If I should hasten or cry out,
I would not see the aspens whipping on the rim
Of the red butte to the north;
I would not hear
The rainy march of the wind that breathes
A deeper shadow on the corn.

So let me no less delicately plant
My footsteps on this desert earth
Than the prim quail that leads her grave procession
through the sage,
Or the gray rabbit, pausing lop-eared and alert,
Scenting the rain.

Remembering the Mountains

Remembering the mountains, I was still.
Will you be quiet, my friends—will you gather close, you
who strive so hard to do, and do?
See, I bring you gifts of silence, and cool snows.
I tell you of tall pines, erect and motionless, pointing at
the sky.
I deal treacherously with your desires. I bleach your
hearts.
I confront your troubled faces with the old faces of the
rocks.
I give your strained ears only silence, and the zoom of
the night-hawk.

I take the greed of the merchant, the pride of the soldier,
the terror of the driven worker, and drop them one by
one into the lake.

Will you be quiet, my friends—will you gather close, you
who strive so hard to do, and do?

See, I bring you gifts of silence, and cool snows.

The Century Magazine

James Rorty

TO MY FATHER—BLIND

A stroke of darkness cuts thy life in twain
And stains with chaos all thy nights and days;
It walls with emptiness thy earthly ways;
It drops thy past, like a dumb, spacious pain,
About thy spirit; though man may not attain
Serener retrospect, nor calmer gaze
Where deed and consequence together praise
Hours that have been and shall not be again.

Thine eyes behold the rains of long ago
Greening the pastures where a boy's swift flight
Stayed the cloud's shadow; or, of labor done,
Review the steady winning, even to know
That she who woke thy manhood and thy might
Holds thy confiding hand and leads thee on.

The Mesa

Milton S. Rose

ANIMAL DISPUTANS

Green passions rise in me like monstrous frogs,
Jutting broad sensual noses through the mind
(Pangs of my ancient self that still am I).
Sprawling afloat with baby hands set wide,
They take the sunlight with their uncouth blinks
Irreverently musing on the day
As if the conscious soul were their own slime,
Or top of their thick generative mess
Which puts them forth as buds into the light.

But I know frogs like not pure flowing streams.

Shall cold corporeal things pollute the pool
That takes the amorous beauty of the moon
Within its bosom, and cherishes loveliness
From unattainable stars?
Frogs are but algae grown cooperative,
But still, they trouble me with their humanness,
Intrude within my sanctities of self
Till sometimes I forget my state and kneel
In kindly mood toward these dim lumps of sense
Which sit demurely with their rippling throats
To feed upon the idle summer hours
Unmarred by holy visions unfulfilled,
Oblivious of destines not theirs.
Of course, when I approach they dive below
Splashing headfirst through august idea
To squirm white bellies in the seepy ooze,
And in the dark plan procreative joys.

I know not how to keep the surface clear
So soon again floats up the muddy stain!
Where soul and sky, in blue communion pure,
Commingling light in rapt ecstatic pause,
Lie placidly, they poke their blunt snouts through;
There suddenly I see their bulgy eyes
Bobbing serenely on my wavy dream.
And where the floating lilies make Heaven bend low
In adoration, they dare venture in
As though the loveliness were part of them.

What means these croaking crudities of sense,
These lumpish glomerates of lower life,
To break into our human dignities?

Yet they breathe air, and may one day be birds.

The Mesa

Milton S. Ross

THE WIFE

'The wife', he said, whenever he spoke of her,
That little sweet-faced girl who seemed too young
To bear the name of wife. It was quite plain
Those wide blue eyes had never dreamed to be

The thing he thought her—just a thing of use—
And her quick smiles were not receipts for pay.
But things wear out in use; so she wore out,
Until, one day, when he called 'wife', none came.

This is a solemn story that I tell,
And half the sadness has not yet been told:
That her glad beauty never found a lover;
That all the starry joys of those sweet eyes
Should be degraded to the feet of use,
The use that never sees a flower or star.

The Mesa

Milton S. Rose

THESE ARE

These are more beautiful than words:
White clouds like sleds pushed down the curve of sky;
Wind-tossing of a thousand birds;
And steady flights of geese without a cry.

These are more beautiful than song:
A woman's body; the sharp arc of breasts;
A woman's hands, patient so long;
A woman's eyelids opening from rest.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Benjamin Rosenbaum*

THE ELFMAN

*Who is it creeping, creeping
That hasn't come to stay?
It is an elf comes leaping
This early Whitsunday.*

He comes by hedge; he comes by road; he goes not near
the belfry.

He has three whiskers for a load, and he is dark with
elfry.

He patters by the empty doors of good folk gone to
service;

He crawls by cradles, all on fours and makes the sheep
dog nervous.

And now he's passed the churchyard wall; he's peeking
in the windows.

He does not cross himself at all; his breath blows black
as sin does.

The holy water boils in fount; the candles glint and
gutter.

The fat priest pausing all astount begins to moan and
mutter.

The elfman sits him down in pew and folds his crook-
ed fingers.

Around his coat-tails, damp with dew, a smell of
hawthorn lingers.

The elfman he begins to pray with prayer-book from
his pocket;

The people round him melt away like tapers from their
socket.

They cross their fingers fore and aft with looks and
squeaks and whispers;

They gaze about as they were daft, or naked come to
vespers.

The elfman kneels upon the floor; he sings the hymns
and paters

Till matrons watching through the door forget their
bows and gaiters.

The sacristan blows through his nose; the viscount fumes
and sputters;

The vestry, gazing at their toes, ignore the words he
utters.

The priest makes crosses seven times in half as many
minutes;

The women's bonnets nod like limes beset by flocks of
linnets.

The elfman prayed, the elfman rose; he walked straight
out the entry.

The viscount squinted down his nose; the beadle watched
the gentry.

The elfman vanished through the trees—he never came
thereafter;

The crowd limped off on shaking knees with melancholy
laughter.

And just the plaster saints by night, with dark on dark-
ness piling,

Could see the Virgin's face turn bright as if her soul
was smiling.

And just the Blessed Virgin's ear, that heeds the hare-
bell's ringing,

The night the elfman prayed could hear the holy water
singing.

The Reviewer

Grace Ruthenburg

BLASTING

She drilled a drill of loss within her heart
And severance was sharp as steel on bone,
But she decided, better to be known
Than live, however peacefully, apart.
And so she severed their two lives, for art!
Well, fame arrived when love was overthrown—
She did not know it came, standing alone
Where lighted shadows rear a tall rampart.

She watched drills blasting . . . What is sunlight worth
To things torn out of their allotted earth? . . .
These rocks had clung like lovers in a kiss.
Now they were sundered; in the world's control . . .
Their ponderous moan re-echoed through her soul,
Engulfed the tinkling city's decorous hiss.

Pan Poetry and Youth

Kathryn White Ryan

WHITE BIRCHES OF NEW ENGLAND

Ghosts of tall lonely women, birches crowd
Into a cellar hole,—a crumbled home.
Up quivering hills like spectral girls they roam
In bridal satin given them for shroud.

On ivory keyboards edging some dim wood,
Forlorn they play a broken spinet-chord.
The sunlight bares their white brows to the Lord,
Robes them and steeples in one sisterhood.

Waters of Time descending do not shake
Even the mirror of the shrinking lake . . .
Snows blow disorder through their rusty hair . . .
They wait, these women with an austere air,
These stranded snowflakes in a lost recess
Sprinkling New England's wastes with loveliness.

The Bookman

Kathryn White Ryan

THE TURQUOISE BOWL

A bowl in the hand is the earth
A carved fragile thing that you hold—
Lacquer, turquoise and gold.
Oh, lift it and turn it and see
The winged sun sting its side like a bee.

The Commonweal

Kathryn White Ryan

BE NOT AFRAID OF BEAUTY

Be not afraid of Beauty when
Beauty, the lovely-eyed,
Fawnlike looks into your eye
On solitary pride.

Be then not halted to a stone
Of silence and high fear,
Nor send gulls desolate upon
The dusky sea to peer.

Seek out the voice within her eyes,
Which is music of bells,
And what the far wind, gathering,
Through the hair blowing tells.

She will not otherwise into
The wondering ear give word,
She who has words her own, lovely,
But will have them deferred,

Than if, having all done with fear,
You take her by the hand
And lead her, being led by her,
To her own woodland.

Here there is broken sun that falls
Through birch-tree lanes,
And the soft melody of winds
In silvery moon--rains,

And starry waiting for the dawn,
And twilight floating on
The water smouldering before
The yellow burst of sun.

The candle burning in the sky
Flares down into the wood
For the dim owls that brood.

Take her softly by the hand
And walk illuminate
Through mossy maze amid the chatter
And flutter of birds elate.

Be not afraid of Beauty when
Beauty, the lovely-eyed,
Has lost you in her witch's wood
And vanished from your side.

She has no fouler witch's art
Than all the night and day
To whisper in your aching heart,
To sing within your aching heart
And waste your heart away.

The Measure

Edward Sapin

FEUD

Poor wayworn creature! Oh, sorely harried deer,
What drove you, quivering like a poplar-blade,
To refuge with my herd? What holds you here
Within my meadow, broken and afraid?

Tilting your nose to tainted air, you thrill
And freeze to wailing wolves! Fear you the sound
Of the coyotes eager for a tender kill?
Or yet the baying of the hunter's hound?

Let fall your anguish, harried one, and rest;
Bed yourself down among your kin, my cattle;
Sleep unperturbed. No spoiler shall molest
You here this night for I shall wage your battle.

There was a day when coyotes in a pack,
Wolves of another hue, another breed,
With Christ upon their lips, set out to track
Me down and drop me, for my blood, my creed.

O, hunted creature, once I knew the thud
Of padded feet that you put into flight,
The bugle-cry, suffused with lust for blood,
That trembled in the brazen bell of night.

I knew your frenzied rocky run, the burst
Of lungs, the rivers of fire in every vein;
I knew your foaming lip, your boundless thirst,
The rain of molten-hammering in your brain.

Abide with me, then, against the wolves' return,
For I shall carry on the feud for you;
And it shall be, to me, of small concern
If the wolf-hearts walk on four soft feet or two.

Oh, let them come! And I shall burn their flanks
With a blast of hell to end their revelry,
And whistle molten silver through their ranks,
Laughing—one round for you, and one for me.

The Century Magazine

Lew Sarett

REQUIEM FOR A CROESUS

To him, the moon was a silver dollar spun
Into the sky by some mysterious hand; the sun
Was a gleaming golden coin,
His to purloin;

The freshly minted stars were dimes of delight
Flung out upon the counter of the night.

In yonder room he lies,
With pennies on his eyes.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Lew Sarett

THREE WISE FOOLS

I met two men upon the road
That leads to Derrytown;
All day we trudged the stony miles,
At night we lay us down.

Sprawling by a billowy flame,
We gazed below the hill,
And saw a placid bayou there,
Very blue and still.

And sunken in the pool, a globe,
With silver round-about,—
A sphere as creamy-white and smooth
As the milt of any trout.

I asked my friends, what is this thing?
This world within the sea?
This silver sunken in the blue?
Pray tell, what may it be?

"The imaged moon," the scholar laughed,
"A thing of snow and shale,
As common as this grain of sand,
Or the dirt beneath your nail."

Yet I was loath to believe the sage,
For once he'd said to me:
"This spider, crawling on my thumb,
Is man's analogy."

But when I watched the bug one day,
I never heard it sing,
I never saw it laugh or dance,
Or do a gentle thing.

"Ah, no! a virgin!" the dreamer cried,
"Chastely beautiful;
Contemplating, as she bathes,
Her image in the pool."

But when I held my glass to note
This vestal in the sky,
I saw a smudge upon her breast,
And a very knowing eye!

And lo! at last I understood—
It came to me at dawn—
No moon it was, no spotless nun,
This thing we gazed upon:

An old man searching in the sky
For something never there,
And seeking in the limpid pond
To drown his gray despair.

My comrades laughed and called me mad;
But better a fool than these:
Huntsman, seeking silver crows,
Or worshipper of cheese.

Voices

Lew Sarett

WORDS

He never flickered a muscle, never stirred;
Speechless he stood beneath the stinging whips
She laid upon him in each syllable
That crackled from her lips.

Yet in his heart a river of passion rolled,
And swept his words into a groaning jam,
As when a torrent chokes a rushing stream
With logs across the dam.

But when she flung at him the dynamite
Of foul black names and insinuating doubt,
With a mighty moan the pent-up tide gave way,
And the jam of words went out:

Words cut by a madman's axe; words brittle with ice;
Words pointed, barbed with sleet and torn of branch;
Words that cascaded, ricocheted, and split,
Fell in an avalanche.

Down with the flood of wrath they pitched and plunged,
Until at last there fell the utter peace
That settles on a stream when logs go out,
And flood-tides find release.

The Stratford Monthly

Lew Sarett

THE CONFEDERATE

Death called, but frightened, he had turned away
To where the dogwood's drifting snow piled high;
Its beauty pleading: "Give him no reply.
Death's blossoms are all withered and are gray."
He could not leave the orchard's rose and white,
The lilacs in their purple plumes arrayed,
To take death's cold embrace. He was afraid
And turned to watch a cardinal's crimson flight.

Beyond the lane his vision caught a flower
Of witchery, and through the stile he went
On his adventure. On his quest intent,
Forgot the panic that had stained the hour
He did not know that Death had swung the gate,
Or that the bloom was death's confederate .

The Lyric

Whitelaw Saunders

VANQUISHED

There is a way that I can save the hurt
Of you: Let all your bignesses I love,
Those mastering words no one can controvert,
With tricks and turns that I am thinking of,
Press on me one last time unbearably,
Until you darken to a mottled blur:
Then with a sneer I make you out to be
Buffon and knave, oh I could do it sir!

One final satisfaction will be this,—
 A certain conquered look that day we meet;
 No tax on your profound analysis
 To realize a triumph is complete;
 This breast, once tender, now the Amazon's,
 Covered securely with a shield of bronze!

Voices

Frances Sawyer

ANTHOLOGY OF OOM

- Oom* Make your mouth a cavern,
 It will say *oom*.
 One *o* is a hoop for a clown to jump through,
 Two pierce a corridor,
 M is its infinitely reaching wall.
- Doom* *D* makes it
 The labyrinth of destiny.
- Boom* With *B*
 It struts with a reiterative
 Pomp of sound.
- Whom* With *Wh*
 It paraphrases a man
 Pursued by perpetual motion.
- Womb* And with *W*
 It becomes
 The Phoenix' nest.
- Loom* For its action
 Escorting Fate,
 It takes the leg of a glacier,
 Adding *L*.
- Room* The precise *R*
 Makes it a commonplace of space.
- Gloom* Under *Gl*
 It sinks into a cellar of sentiment.
- Tomb* *T* makes it
 A wave of oblivion.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Isidor Schneider

HOT AFTERNOONS HAVE BEEN IN MONTANA

"All existence is one hundred hundredths"

Quiet and green was the grass of the field,
The sky was whole in brightness,
And O, a bird was flying, high, there in the sky,
So gently, so carelessly and fairly.
Here, once, Indians shouted in battle,
And moaned after it.
Here were cries, yells, night, and the moon over these
men,
And the men making the cries and yells; it was
Hundreds of years ago, when monks were in Europe,
Monks in cool, black monasteries, thinking of God, study-
ing Virgil;
Monks were in Europe, a land having an ocean, miles
of water, between
It and this land, America, possessing Montana.
(New York, Vermont, New Mexico, America has too.)
Indians, Indians went through Montana,
Thinking, feeling, trying pleasurably to live.
This land, shone on by the sun now, green, quiet now
Was under their feet, this time; we live now and it is
hundreds of years after.
Montana, thou art, and I say thou art, as once monks
said of God,
And thought, too: Thou art.
Thou hast Kansas on thy side;
Kansas is in the newspapers, talked of by men;
Idaho thou hast, and far away, Singapore, Alabama,
Brazil.
That bird over this green, under that sun, God, how
sweet and graceful it is!
Could we ever do that? Machines that fly are clumsy
and ugly;
Birds go into the air so softly, so fairly; see its curves;
Earth!
In Montana, men eat and have bodies paining them
Because they eat.
Kansas, with Montana, in America, has, too, men pained
by their eating;

So has England, with Westminster Abbey, where poets
 lie, dead now;
 O, what their poetry can do; what poetry can do.
 There is the brain of man, a soft, puzzling, weak affair;
 Lord, the perfect green of this meadow.
 Look at the pure heat and light of that big sun,
 And the cleanness of the sky.
 Night comes, night has come.
 Was not Montana here in the Middle Ages, when old
 Rome was at its oldest, when
 Aristotle wrote,
 In Greece, Greece by the Aegean, with the Mediterranean
 near?
 Indians killed each other here,
 With the moon over them.
 Indians killed each other near Cape Cod, near Boston,
 in Louisiana too.
 It was before white men came from England, to see
 them; the white men were seen by them.
 Snows have been here, in Montana, while the Indians
 have been.
 Girls are in Helena, mines are in Helena,
 Men work in them painfully and long for the bodies of
 girls;
 And long for much more that is in the world, in thee,
 Earth.
 Men work, suffer, are little, ugly, too.
 O, mountains are in Montana,
 The Rocky Mountains are in California, Utah, Colorado,
 Montana.
 Indians were here, too, by rivers, in these mountains,
 lived in mountains.
 Europe has its Paris, and men live there; Stendhal,
 Rabelais, Gautier, Hume were there.
 God, what is it man can do?
 There are millions of men in the world, and each is one
 man,
 Each is one man by himself, taking care of himself all
 the time, and changing other men and being
 changed by them;
 The quiet of this afternoon is strange, haunting, awful;

Hear that buzzing in the hot grass, coming from live
 things; and those crows' cries from somewhere;
 There is a sluggish, sad brook near here too.
 The bird is gone now, so graceful, fair as it was,
 And the sky has nothing but the brightness of air in it,
 The clean color of air.
 The sun makes it be afternoon here;
 In Paris and Sumatra, it is night;
 Dark Malays are in lands by the Indian Ocean,
 An ocean there is we call the Indian;
 Men went to these Malays near the Indian Ocean, in the
 eighteenth century, in frigates and ships-of-the-
 line;
 And men living here are Indians, too.
 O, the cry of the Indian in battle, hundreds of years
 ago, in woods, in plains, in mountains;
 War might have been seen once in this meadow, now in
 green, now hot;
 Hundreds of years ago it might have been seen, and tens
 of years, and a thousand.
 There was love among Indians; there is love in Paris,
 Moscow, London, and New York.
 Men have been in war, ever,
 And men have thought, and written books, about war,
 love, and mind.
 Mist comes in this earth,
 And there have been sad, empty, pained, longing souls
 going through mist.
 O, the green in mist that is to be seen in the world.
 And time goes on, the world is moving, all of it, so time
 goes on in this world.
 It is now a hot, quiet afternoon in Montana,
 Montana with the Rocky Mountains;
 Virginia with the Alleghany Mountains:
 (Indians ambushed Braddock in the Alleghany Moun-
 tains; the woods, once quiet, once dark,
 Sounded sharply and deeply with cries, moans, and
 shots; Washington was there;
 Washington Irving wrote of Washington, so did French-
 men who knew Voltaire;
 In 1755, Braddock was ambushed and died, and then,

in Paris men and women wrote of philosophy, who were elegant, witty, and thought spirit was of matter; say Diderot, Helvetius, and Madame du Deffand; Samuel Johnson was in London then; Pitt was in England; men lived in Montana, Honolulu, Argentina, and near the Cape of Good Hope; O, Life of Man, O, Earth; again and again!)

And there have been hot afternoons, all through time, history, as men say;

Hot afternoons have been in Montana.

There have been hot afternoons, and quiet, soft, lovely twilights; Gray, Collins, Milton wrote of these;

There have been hot afternoons in quiet English churchyards, and hot afternoons in America, in Montana; and green everywhere and bright sky; there are deserts in Africa, America, and Australia;

Clear air is healthful; men go to Colorado, near Wyoming, near Montana in the mountains, sick men go to the mountains where Indians once lived, fought and killed each other.

O, the love of bodies, O, the pains of bodies on hot, quiet afternoons, everywhere in the world.

Men work in factories on hot afternoons, now in Montana, and now in New Hampshire; walk the streets of Boston on hot afternoons;

Novels, stupid and forgot, have been written in afternoons;

Matinees of witty comedies in London and New York are in afternoons;

Indians roamed here, in this green field, on quiet, hot afternoons, in years now followed by hundreds of years.

Hot afternoons are real; afternoons are; places, things, thoughts, feelings are; poetry is;

The world is waiting to be known; Earth, what it has in it! The past is in it;

All words, feelings, movements, words, bodies, clothes, girls, trees, stones, things of beauty, books, desires are in it; and all are to be known;

Afternoons have to do with the whole world;

And the beauty of mind, feeling knowingly the world!
The world of girls' beautiful faces, bodies and clothes,
quiet afternoons, graceful birds, great words,
tearful music, mind-joying poetry, beautiful liv-
ings, loved things, known things; a to-be-used
and known and pleasure-to-be giving world.

The Nation

Eli Siegel

LANDSCAPE

MOUNTAINS

Stalwart old men of earth
Whispering their desires
To God . . .

HILLS

Stumbling children
Falling over one another
In vain endeavor . . .

RIVERS

Rich-blooded arteries,
Pregnant with life,
Wandering through earth's sprawling figure . . .

CANYONS

Huge open wounds
Waiting to be healed
By some miracle of destiny . . .

The Buccaneer

Challiss Silvay

BODY

My body is only lent to me,
I carry it with me tenderly.

I have given it sleep, I have given it sky,
So it will not be afraid to die.

I have taught it how to lie so still
It can hear the heartbeats of the hill.

I have given it every gentle care,
I have washed its hands, I have brushed its hair.

And I think when it goes down with earth
Something beautiful will have birth.

A bit of grass or a willow tree,
My body is only lent to me.

The Dial

Mabel Simpson

MARTINIQUE

Great cone-shaped mountains rising from a stream
All jungle-tangled; little bamboo walls
Of native huts beside clear waterfalls—
An island like a mad and lovely dream.
Mandarin trees, hibiscus blooms that gleam
And burn. Small towns, toy travesties of France,
With jabbering markets, the inquiring glance
Of turbaned women on whose wrists there scream
Bright parroquets. Smells of the tropic night—
Crushed cinnamon and smoke and breadfruit trees.
Great unknown shadows and the quiet light
Of the cathedral. Did you dream of these,
O Josephine, when some great sail in flight
Trailed on the wind the spice of Carib Seas?

Scribner's Magazine

Cornelia Otis Skinner

MISDIRECTION

I shape the vessel of my life,
Hammer it cold, hammer it hot.
I try my best to make of it
What it is not.

Blow, bellows, blow.

Burn, fire, burn.—

I try to shape a silver vase
Out of a copper urn.

The Bookman

Eleanor Slater

GALATEA

Through the night you showed me all
Beauty's silent ritual.
After dinner, shoulders bare
In the level candle flare,
When you raised your pumiced arms
Like two swans in swimming billows,
And hands clasped behind your hair,
Rippled down into the pillows;
Suddenly old Attic charms
Touched the shadows everywhere:
Columns, altar, and a spring,
And you poised, an ageless thing
Svelt as any moonlit blade
Still in Beauty's accolade.
Nothing wanted, nothing said.

Sylvan moon instead of candle.
Beauty by a pool you are,
Nude of girdle, veil and sandal,
Watching a reflected star.
Marble thigh and marble breast
Not so formed to be possessed,
Be possessed and leave me starved.
Marble once forever carved—
Beauty silent through the night
In eternal candle light.

Mind not made to stoop to me
In congeniality,
But in great and secret ways
To diffuse the moonlight rays,
Turning prismical, serene—
Silver, lilac, beryl green—
Keeping contours straight and clean
Where the lights and shadows meet.
Let me be the star beneath
The mirror pool beneath your feet—
Still as wonder's bated breath.

Or if curious and kind
You would reach to me to find

In exquisite ecstasy
What it is, the star you see;
Stretching down a pearly toe,
Touch the fountain of my mind.

Draw back! See the ripples go.
See the stars and planets shake,
All the universe a lake
Dancing to the tune we know.

Laugh the ripples out of sight.
What have they to do with you?—
Starlit fancies, spirit billows.
Dawn is peering through the willows
And the mirror quiets quite,
Rosy with a new reflection.
Do you weary of perfection?
Do you stir among the pillows?
Beauty, are you woman too?

The Double Dealer

Chard Powers Smith

SYMBOLS

It has been hard to learn that hair
And hands and eyes I loved just now
Were not themselves, but words somehow
Singing of something everywhere.

That hair was just a golden fire,
No more than sunset, and no less;
And all the busy tenderness
Of hands was only world desire.

That when I looked at loving eyes
And felt the spirit in the draw
Out of the depths, I only saw
As through a lens the quiet skies.

And love's communion was no more
Than contemplation any night
Of any star, or of the might
Of any surf on any shore.

That as the systems rise and fall,
The thing I am, the thing she was,
Are mingled in the final cause,
And we are One, and that is all.

Where are the million facets cut
Of love? Are they a single gem?
And all the divers lights of them
A rainbow that the sun put out?

Where are the songs of hair and eyes
And hands that I cannot forget?
Not lost, but separate, singing yet
Their old familiar melodies

In a new, future tongue whose breath
Draws not in flesh but in the sky,
A language I shall learn when I
Hear the translating voice of death.

They are the poetry of love
In the new country just ahead,
Where every light that love has shed
Beacons and moves as the stars above.

We love the meadows we have known.
We love the flowers that must change.
Yet the new summer is not strange,
Nor the old flowers ever gone.

* * * *

I do not envy him in fine
Who scorns the change, and loves the One—
The easy solitude of stone.
He sits his throne. I climb to mine.

Contemporary Verse

Chard Powers Smith

A GRAVE IN WINTER

Like tremulous spirits the snow flutters down through the
hemlocks,

More gently than sound.

There she is sleeping alone in the grave as we left her,
Calm in the ground.

Out of lost silent aeons she rose to a moment of being,
Coming to birth.
Now she lies as we left her there, waiting the long journey
homeward,
Back through the earth.

When the spring comes to wither the blankets of funeral
snow-petals,
She will wake from her dream,
And move into silence, a little more slowly than snow-
flakes
Melt in the stream.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Chard Powers Smith

AGED NINETY YEARS

The loneliness of her old age flashed clear
The day her body took its pilgrimage
Out of the little house where she had lived
Into the sunless house of brick-red dust.

The darkened room was empty, save for ghosts
Of those she loved who hovered near the place,
Unseen but felt, trying familiar chairs.

Impassioned grief for those who die in youth,
The grief that holds the village in a mood
As spellbound as a frozen Arctic river,
Was absent here; and only vague relief,
Mingled with tenderness like that which flows
From soft wet mornings after autumn rains—
Relief of water-lilies in a bowl—
Entered the quiet room where thin white hands
Were folded long and limp across her breast.

No throng of people followed to the grave,
A handful merely, these not friends of hers,
But of a daughter who watched over her
Throughout her failing years and closed her eyes,
Wishing perhaps a score of times the end
Might hasten on for respite to them both.

Within the half-forgotten ancient plot
The choking weeds and cemetery moss
Were blotting out the old New England names—
Seth, Adoniram, Hepzibah, Desire—
And curtaining the broken marble slabs,
As her stern faith had dimmed the marble tones
Of life beneath a Puritanic gray.

Leaving the last grave in the double lot,
They turned their faces toward the flaming west
And felt the spirit of the autumn sunset
Put gently out its hand to push away
The spectre of oblivion whose shade
Was stalking through these gray neglected slabs;
Foreshadowing like a winter night the hour
In which the proudest plinth the yard could boast
Would sink, like her, in chilly arms of earth.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Wilbert Snow

TAKING AWAY THE BANKING

When March winds carried prophecies of June,
We all went out and worked till afternoon
To take the spruce-limb banking off, and filled
The air with shouts, heaping what soon would be
A bonfire blazing by the willow-tree.

We tugged at big ends of the bottom brush,
The small ends as reluctant to let go
As winter was himself, although the rush
Of warmth, once started, was an overflow
Of sunny days, blue-birds, and brooklets racing
Like children from worn mothers, tired of chasing.

We found that spring already underneath
Had started on its work, the light-brown grasses
Were flaunting spots of green, the little teeth
Of mice and snouts of worms had chisled passes—
Worms we sent wiggling as a tempting cud
For hungry flounders coming out of mud.

O there were ugly days enough to come,
With rain and sleet and April fluffs of snow,
Big winds that moaned and made the wires hum,
And neighbors calling out, "We told you so";
But looking on it now I think the days
We coaxed the spring along, and felt the rays

Of March intensify the balsam smell
In those green boughs, and saw the underpinning
Exposed once more, and children run pell-mell
To hunt for crocuses, set fancies spinning
More rapidly than blooming hours of May
When all the hills of God kept holiday.

The Nation

Wilbert Snow

NEW ENGLAND

Inside, gray smoke curls up,
Outside, white flakes troll down
Against bare maple trees
In an old New England town.

Earth lags securely sealed
To any tropic gust,
Like a plain New England heart
Indifferent to lust.

Nestled in little hills
A warning of men
Birth-date their headstones—
What is left then?

The Nation

Wilbert Snow

A NORTHEASTER

For two bleak days the warning pennant red
Above a red square flag, foretold the gale;
The louring storm clouds, torn to many a shred,
Patrolled the sky till the frightened sun grew pale;
Southwestern flurries shook the weathervane's tail
Before the churning sea went foamy white;

Then from the feared northeast arose a wail
Which whined its way to every bay and bight,
And darkness hung like smoke on the blue-black shore
that night.

With clocks to punch the surfmen dragged their feet
To cliffs where keys were chained, embrowned with rust,
Their swinging lanterns, beaded thick with sleet,
Lit up black rubber boots against white crust;
Toward daybreak, in the calm that trailed a gust,
The watchman spied a wreck on "The Roaring Bull,"
Shot off a Costen light with hurried thrust,
And roused his comrades for a long hard pull
Against a dead head wind and combers brimming full.

Three hours feathering oars against the breeze,
They reached the *John P. North*, where eyes looked wide
On their deliverers, though running seas
Foretold a battle with the bucking tide:
Where heaped up breakers swaggering jealous-eyed,
Watched for their chance, the boat was jockeyed near
The guggling maelstrom at the schooner's side,
And seven tight-lashed sailors lowered clear,
While wolf-cries on the wind drew ratlines taut with
fear.

On lumpy light-green swells they neared the land,
The oars were shipped, the waves made quick retreat,
The men jumped out, and through the scratching sand,
Hauled up the boat, each pulling on a cleat:
The seaweed freshly green beneath their feet,
The bonelike driftwood strewn around a dory,
The wind through half-dead trees, the cliffs where beat
Infuriated seas, the fishers hoary,
Etched in a Spartan scene on a granite promontory.

A door swung, and a woman aproned white
Bade all come in, "We haven't much", she said,
"That's fancy, but we'll try make out a bite
Of something if you'll eat plain meat and bread."
The men devoured the table's ample spread
Of steaming pancakes, bacon, marmalade;
Kindled their pipes and snugly billeted,

Moved to the big front room where birch flames played
Over the braided rug and varnished swordfish-blade.

About the stove they sat, safe from the gale,
And told the story of the night before:
How, in the blinding snow they shortened sail,
Seeking the shelter of a harbored shore;
And how, amid the breakers' bellowing roar,
The ship misstayed and grated on the reef,
And how they wrote on scantling from the floor
Their names, and pinned them to their coats that grief
Of seekers for the dead might know some slight relief.

Talk drifted back to that unrivalled height
Of terror on the North Atlantic waves,—
The gale that struck the *Portland* in the night,
Hurrying all on board to deep-sea graves,—
Frozen to rigging, lashed to heavy staves,
Tossed up on rocks where spruce trees meet the tide,
The men and wrecks on island reefs, in caves,
Bestrewed the coast next morning far and wide,—
And pipes went out as each recalled some friend who died.

Another breathless tale that night they told;
How Captain Kidd hove to off the thorn-plum tree,
And sent four men with bars of Spanish gold
In iron chests ashore, but only three
Came back: the fourth was murdered quietly
Beneath the moon; his ghost still wanders there
Annoying treasure-hunters who would free
Those yellow bars from his bleached bones, and dare
Tarnish the pirate's fame still luminously fair.

These yarns made strong and salt with seacoast phrase
Led up to song: a sailor tried the keys
Of his harmonica in various ways,
And cleaned it out by thumping on his knees;
A ballad-singer, feeling quite at ease,
Warbled of John B. Gordon, Mamie White,
Bold Whiskey Johnny, and a bracing breeze
Of Western ballads whose rough notes delight
The men who hold in scorn the loftier poet's flight.

Twelve quick metallic strokes called loud for sleep;
The crew went out and scanned the pitch-black sky,
Then in soft beds of sheldrake down sank deep,
To dream of wives whom sleep that night passed by:
They heard no more the breakers boiling high,
The pear-tree drubbing on the gutter-spout,
The rote on distant ledges, or the cry
Of earth,—a ship released at one great shout,
Scudding her way through space with every reef let out.

Mitchell's Book Notes

Wilbert Snow

THE OLD HOME

On days when maids go laughing through the rooms
To sudsy revels with their whirling brooms,
Behind closed doors in my quaint house I must
Perform one sacred rite. It is to dust
The books. Though I am gentle, the dear ghosts
Haunting their pages wake, and tranquil hosts
Of memory become sad shapes that dart
Shafts of old pain deep in my quiet heart.

"From Edward, happy years to sweetest Kate."
Oh long the two have had them! This pale date
Was traced before my birth. "To little Fred
From Daddy." God dares not allow the dead
To know how yellowed leaves make loved eyes' brim
Or they would dwell less peacefully with Him.
I smile . . . There will be no one, soon, to look,
Anguished, at faded writing in a book.

The Mesa

Lilian White Spencer

PIKE'S PEAK

Throned on the west this naked patriarch;
His snowy locks down streaming; meditates
Among the windy stars as lesser pates
Of brother summits bow to him. The stark
Far crawling plains lie at his feet and mark
Their homage with red shrines; by men named "Gates

To gardens of the gods." In cloud he waits
Jehovah-like, above the ruddy park.

That old blanched head remembers when the young
Earth mother lifted him from chaos. He
Recalls how waters once around him flung
Proud scintillating arms triumphantly
And scorns these suppliant lands: whose age is wrung
With longing for his errant bride, the sea.

The Mesa

Lilian White Spencer

WILD HORSES—ARIZONA

Seeking high shrines of quietude, I found;
Warm with the south and like first chaos, still;
The cloister of a gaunt old hermit hill
Nearer to God than any brother mound.
Stark, for the lash of wind, and autumn browned
It suffered red assaults of beauty till
Submerged in blood that crimson sunsets spill.
My heart knelt. . . then—wild hoofs crashed into
sound.

Up, up, they galloped in a frenzied surge
Of liberty. I felt its ardent breath,
Laughed and ran forward (O the glad mad urge!)
To their encounter. By a twentieth
Of my brief length I missed them; on the verge
Brushing the mane of swift exultant death.

The Mesa

Lilian White Spencer

OF MOUNTAINS

All through the night I am aware
Of hills that are not hills
Beyond my window;
I am aware of flight,
High, heavy,
Across the sky.

Mountains . . .

And over them a crumbling moon,
A snow-flake on fire,
Scattered from their frosty tips.

Stone wings,
So sure of the way!

Lying there I can see them
Blue hour on hour,
And from my safe pillow I follow
Their granite flight,
White hills fastened to my heels!

*Morning lies prone upon the lake,
Like a pale woman on a silver bed
Who will not lift her head.*

—I had forgotten the green of trees at dawn, and how withdrawn are they from day. I had forgotten too how trees stray in their sleep across deep drowsy water, until the first breeze ripples them away.—

*Along the shore
Are little boats that dream
Of little journeys they will make;
Of journeys made no more.*

—Far up the slopes gleam languid patches of mid-summer snow that never go; dim flocks of snow among the rocks of a perched mountain meadow.—

*Only the mountains are awake,
Guarding the vague low sky;
And a bird for its own song's sake;
And I!*

—Only a bird would dare to break the stillness of this hour. Only a bird!

Mountains—high mothers!
Storms lie in their laps,
Thunders and lightnings play about their iron knees;
I have seen them rock the sky to sleep

The mists lift them;
Flint and ice floating as clouds float,
Unpeopled islands of a white unfathomed sea.

—They are like a vast crying turned to stone,
And beyond
Are stone echoes of the crying;
Beyond . . . and beyond . . .
Is a veiled whispering on its knees,
On its face,
Hushed finally on the far plains.

Out of blazing noon and into its cleft side
I creep,
To where the cataract,
Silver artery of the mountain,
Pounds through its bleak heart.

Abashed I stand in that covert place,
Silenced in the roar of the silent one.

Flowers and trees grow timid,
Follow me no further;
Grass runs to green safety on the lower hills.

Under my climbing feet earth climbs
And starves,
Its boulders start like bones from its gaunt sides;
Livid and alone,
It hurls itself forever upward,
Turned to blind stone
Beneath the glare of hostile spaces
And of skies estranged.

This is the Hill!
Mournful against the sky, and bare,
Where wind and darkness meet,
Crucified in the air.

And at its feet
The hills are gathered there,
Crowding and casting lots
For a green cloak to wear.

The way that I have come,
Winding so cannily,
Is a brown zig-zag serpent,
Alert along the tilting slopes.
Ready to leap and strike.

And looking down,
I fear its wily coils,
Knowing that I must tread them,
To reach again the cluttered toys
In the valley . . .
Where I shall sleep to-night.

They say the sea was here;
And it is like the sea to-day.

Waves, waves,
Green tides and tempests,
Closing in on me,
Granite waters that have crashed together,
Flooded and filled the deep places!

What are a million years?

These spread peaks
Are Eternity's stone fingers
On which she reckons the rhythm
Of centuries.

And they say the jungle crawled, lush and savage,
In this stark place.
Once I saw a glacier-rock
Lying numbered on a museum-shelf,
And as if carved upon it,
The drooping slender outline of a palmleaf
Fallen from a too hot sky.

Count on, stone fingers!
Fingers of ice, recount these careless wonders!

The sea was here.
Hidden beneath the ripples of on-coming hills,
Cattle are grazing on its grassy floor;
The sound of bells drifts by,
Like sea-weed on the surface of the air.

What are a million years?

Looking up
I see strange beauty . . .
Of clouds and mountains
Mating.

I see white clouds
That pace the high blue aisles;
And I see lifting rock
That lifts still higher.
Night . . .
With her misty curtain . . .
And down the deepening hour,
Veils . . .
Falling . . . falling . . .

Looking up and up!

*Dusk wanders here alone;
No cloud or star runs at her side,
The lit sky is her own.*

*Along her paths of snow,
In that far, fearless garden,
She walks alone;
And from the hills below
I watch her gather crimson flowers,
Roses in ice and stone.*

All day the church-bells
Showering from the slim gold steeples:
Drops of cool sound
That seem to glisten in the sun.

Bells,
Sprinkling notes like holy water
On to the graves below,
On to the marble crosses about the churchyard.

And over them,
Lofty and alight,
The gold Christ on His meek towering Cross,
Crucified Shephard of the marble flock

Waiting

In patient rows about the church-yard.

But at evening

The mountains lean out of the sky
To drink the glossy waters of the lake.

So came Hannibal's elephants,
Humped gray backs,
Heads lowered,
Lumbering through the passes,
Knee-deep in the deep water.

Snow clings to their rough flanks,
Their shoulders heave under the red and purple blows
Of the sun-set;
Detached from earth and sky,
They emerge,
They tread mightily up the valley.
And I watch them,
Mild beasts wading into the lake,
And I wonder they do not shatter its bright mirror.

*The boatman glanced along its darkening side,
From the pale water paler with the night,
And in his face I saw a sturdy pride,
An understanding of its strength and height,
Its silences, its storms, its lonely ways,
He who had lived beside it all his days.
He pulled upon his oar and naught he said;
But in his eyes were hills inherited.*

Under the iron wheels that lift us,
And about the sooty scars that tunnels make,
The mountain scatters flowers from an ample garden . . .
Fox-glove and hare-bell pirouetting on the dizzy

And we of the summer valley
Stumble shivering along its constant snows,
On feet that never climbed.

Our voices are thin in the thin air,
Our little hearts thud strangely;
We are near the nearness of its swift deaths

On these relentless heights,
Death, in the swerving rock and blue, bitter ice,
Death, in the sly shrouds that hang from its gray banks,
Death unconcerned.

And we shall trickle down to life again
Unimportantly ,
We of the summer valley.

And suddenly I fear them!
There is a howling in the air
That is the voice of mountains;
They leap the sky,
They tear at the clouds,
Foam drips from their steep jaws.

They sit hunched up along the passes,
Snarling in the gorges,
And one, his lean head strained toward the moon,
Howls, howls . . .

Night is overcast with their voices,
All the winds of the air
Are blown from their stretched throats.

The morning wears a Gothic air
And Sabbath bells are carved on its blue arches.

I am rimmed round with hills
Upon their knees.

So rose the first prayer to the first sky,
A wide doxology of early earth,
The while God rested.

Summer is leaving these high places;
With all their weight
The mountains cannot fasten to the meadow
One warm blade,
Hold to the bough its truest leaf,
Dismay or clamp upon the sky
Any small wing that chooses flight.

Not all the phalanx of these hills
Piled each on each,

Can do this thing,
Although they barricade the stars.
Summer is leaving these high places.

*Traveler, if you would go,
Go now;
Follow the breathless gray-lipped stream,
The bony finger of the bough,
Follow the faded falling road,
Forget the whole green episode;
Go now.*

*Go now if you would go;
That is a different denser snow
Along the black cliffs of the sky,
And down the hills
Their harvest spills
Its slanting squares of wheat and rye;
But overhead something is stricken
In the air,
That will not quicken.*

*If you would not see hill-sides die,
Stripped bare and brown,
With stormy wreaths on the indomitable brow
That wears this hour like a crown,
Go now!*

Hills that are not hills,
But a deliberate violent gesture
Of earth away from earth . . .
Upward, always upward . . .
What are seasons to you?
What are arrivals or departures?

But I,
How shall I go?
It is so long since I have seen the curved bar
Of the horizon
Making a prison of the world!

How shall I walk the plains again,
Go down and down
Into the valley of the shadow of life?

Only because of mountains in my heart
For me to climb,
Heights, my own,
Depths, higher still,
And I the pioneer!

Who is the pioneer?
He is the follower here,
Perhaps the last
Of all who passed.

He does not fear nor scorn
To tread
The ventured path, the worn,
Of those ahead;
Nor shall he fail
To blaze his own brave trail
Along the beaten track,
Make of the old a newer way
Of finer clay
For others at his back.

He is the pioneer who climbs,
Who dares to climb,
His own high heart,
Although he fall
A thousand times;
Who dares to crawl
On honest hands and knees
Along its stony ecstasies
Up to the utmost snows;
Nor knows
He stands on these . . .

Who is the pioneer?
He is the follower here,
Dogged and undeterred,
Perhaps the last
Of all who passed;
He passes too, the heavy bird,
Limping along . . .
Ah, but his song,
His song!

The American Mercury

Leonora Speyer

BALLAD OF A LOST HOUSE

I

Hungry Heart, Hungry Heart, where have you been?
I've been to a town where lives a Queen.

Hungry Heart, Hungry Heart, what did you there?
I ran all the way to a certain Square.

Hungry Heart, say what you did that for?
To find a street and a certain door;
And there I knocked my knuckles sore.

II

That was a foolish thing to do,
Alone in the night the long hours through,
Gaping there like a chalky clown,
At a stranger-door that had been your own.

Where was your pluck and where your pride?
They both were there, and love beside;
And suddenly the door swung wide.

I heard the sound of a violin
That seemed to bid me enter in:

For a fiddle's a key for many a lock,
And will open a door though it's built in rock.

III

Tell me, Hungry, what did you see?
A lighted hall where friends made free;

I trod with them a well-known stair . . .
How did you dare, Heart! How did you dare?

For a frowning face you may trust and like,
But who shall say when a smile will strike?

IV

Up the oaken stair went I,
And all made way to let me by.

Some reached a hand and some looked down,
But I never saw their smile nor frown.

I never saw familiar things
That sought me with quaint beckonings:

The carven Saints in postures mild,
Kind Virgins with the Heavenly Child,

Ladies and Knights in tapestries—
I never saw nor looked at these.

Only the Christ from a canvas dim,
Drooping there on His leafless Limb—
He looked at me and I looked at Him.

V

Where did you go, old Unafraid?
Up to a place where children played.
The happy hubbub the small three made!

Patter and prattle, and toys and games,
Dolls in rows with curious names,

Voices lifted like high thin tunes,
Lively suppers with round-tipped spoons!

Where should I go but up the stair
To the welcome I knew was waiting there?

But all was still, as only can be
A long deserted nursery;
And never a sound to succor me.

VI

So I turned to a room where a woman slept
In a gay gold bed, and near I crept,

And lingered and listened: O anguished morn,
O fluty cry of a babe new-born,
Louder than trumpeting Gabriel's horn!

O sea of Life, with Love for a chart . . .
On with the tale, old Hungry Heart!

VII

On with the tale, and on to a door
Where a man had passed to pass no more;
A quiet man with a quiet strength,
And over the threshold his shadow's length

Lay like an answer for Time to weigh;
And the dust from his feet spread thick and gray.

And I thought: Well shaken! Let friend or foe
Sweep up the dust and it please them so;

Let Lord and Valet tend to the room;
Lady and House-maid, here with the broom!

Bid Town and Tattle see to it too
That the windows be washed of the mud they threw.

Dust and ashes of what has been!
Sweep clean the house. And keep it clean.

VIII

I thought to curse, but strange, a prayer
Rose to my lips as I stood there.

And this my praying: now all good cheer
To him who sleeps where slept my dear;
For the sake of the good dreams once dreamed here.

IX

Back to the stair and down I sped,
Passing a great room table-spread;

Passing, but pausing as housewives do,
Judging the viands that came to view;

Trusting the sauce was tuned to the meat,
The wine well cooled and the pudding sweet;

Pausing, but passing—

*Stay, Heart of mine,
What of the guests? For I divine
Their looks were grand and their manners fine?*

X

A goodly company, I'll admit,
And some had beauty and some had wit . . .

And some you loved?

Well, what of it?

And some loved you?

Perhaps, perhaps,
With linen napkins in their laps;

With cups that foamed, and piled-up plates—
They loved me with a hundred hates.

They hated in such lovely ways,
With laughter, singing, kisses, praise—

How could I know? How could I know?
Hungry Heart, Hungry Heart, cry not so!

XI

But as I lingered watching them,
I felt a tugging at my hem—

My little dog was cowering there,
A glassy terror in its stare.

My veins turned ice: O smacking lips,
O dainty greedy finger-tips!

'Twas bones of Hungry Heart they ate,
Broken and boiled and delicate,

Platter on platter the board along,
And as they supped they sang a song,

An ancient ardent melody
About a lady passing by
Whom they must love until they die.

XII

And as they drank I saw the wine,
It never came from ripened vine,

It never was brewed in tub or vat,
Knew web of spider or squeak of rat;
But it knows their thirst and it pours for that.

A thirsty stream that none may gauge,
That none shall slake though the stream assuage,

Of wine the very counterpart,
Out of the side of Hungry Heart.

And mixed with the toast, a violin,
Mellow and merry above the din,
Held shoulder high 'neath a woman's chin.

XIII

*Hungry Heart, come, make haste, make haste,
Out of the house of hopes laid waste,*

*Out of the town of teeth laid bare
Under its smiling debonair!*

*Wait not, weep not, get you gone,
Better the stones to rest upon,*

*The wind and the rain for a roof secure,
Hyssop and tares for your nouriture!
These shall endure. These shall endure.*

XIV

I got me gone. On stumbling feet
I reached the stair and I found the street;

The door slammed to with an iron scream,
And behind it lay the end of a dream.

Behind it lifted barren walls,
And I thought of a play when the curtain falls
On a comedy written of shrouds and palls.

XV

*Hungry Heart, Hungry Heart, what did you then?
I fell on my knees and I cried Amen!
But now and again . . . now and again . . .*

I come to the door in the dead of night,
I wander the rooms till the panes are white;
A landlord ghost! Aye, one who knows
His lease outlived with the cock that crows,
A wraith content that contented goes.
Goes at the cry of the bird unseen
Calling the friends of what has been.
And some it names lie sleeping near—
Ah, wake them not, friend Chanticleer!

XVI

Three times it calls the end of the dream,
And still I return, for still I seem
To comfort a house that lives aloof
From all who live beneath its roof.
I must return!—to dispossess
Those bartered walls of loneliness:
Mortar and brick and iron and bole,
Where all may pass who pay their toll;
The husk of a house that has lost its soul.

XVII

For out of that house went its soul with me,
Running and calling after me,
To bear me faithful company
Over a clear and quickening sea.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Leonora Speyer

BAVARIAN ROADSIDE

Leave the chicory where it stands,
It will wither in your hands
If you pick it;
All its lovely blue will blacken

To a dull weed dry as bracken,
Leave it leaning by the thicket,
Leave it where it stands.

If your hunger crave for blue
Let the cornflower comfort you.

Where the gray goats browse and bleat,
All along the roadside dusty,
Where the tides of early wheat
Prophecy a golden leaven
Warm and crusty,
Leave the tangled chicory,
Bluer than the windy sky,
Leave the jaunty bit of heaven
Till it choose to die!

If your thirst you cannot bear,
Drink its color sparkling there
Like a blue wine brewed in air.

Voices

Leonora Speyer

TO A SONG OF SAPPHO, DISCOVERED IN EGYPT

*And Sappho's flowers, so few,
But roses all.*

Meleager

Jonah wept within the whale,
But you have sung these centuries
Under the brown banks of the Nile
Within a dead, dried crocodile:
So fares the learned tale.

When they embalmed the sacred beast
The Sapphic scroll was white and strong
To wrap the spices that were needed,
Its song unheard, its word unheeded,
By crocodile or priest.

The song you sang on Lesbos when
Atthis was kind or Mica sad;

The startled whale spewed Jonah wide,
From out the monster mummified
Your roses sing again.

Your roses! from the seven strands
Of the small harp whereon they grew;
The holy beast has had his pleasure,
His bellyful of Attic measure,
Under the desert sands.

Along strange winds your petals blew
In singing fragments, roses all.
The air is heavy on the Nile,
The drowsy gods drowse on the while,
As gods are wont to do.

The Nation

Leonora Speyer

DESPOTISMS

I would know not the despotism,
Of moonlight that lies quite unbroken,
In ivories swept of all flame;
Immitigate to the unspoken,
Too white for the call of a name.

I would know not the despotism,
Of gold-haunted June, that is lonely,
Because it is done with the past;
That owns not a catafalque, only
This hour it is spending—to last!

I would know not the despotism,
Of a sky, that is swept of all embers—
Not a mist, nor shadow nor cloud—
That festally clashing, remembers
No stitch there must be in a shroud!

Voices

Virginia Stait

VIRGINIA

I know not how her trees compare
With palm and northward pine,
But for each I could say a prayer,
The trees I name as mine.

I know not how her waters touch
The blue of other streams,
But if they hold a shade too much
They tell to me my dreams!

I know not if their plunderings race
With Scylla's pools afar;
But there are keepsakes I can trace,
Beyond what wrecks can bar.

I know not if her roses dare
The weight of Cashmere scent,
But every bud will burn to share
Her beggars' banishment.

I know not if her mountains reach
The Pyrenean peaks,
But all are learned enough to teach
What every alien seeks!

I know not if her land rates high,
As ducats count this thing;
But close, it ever will deny
Me, resurrection's spring!

Eleven Poets

Virginia Stait

AN OLD ELM TO A SAPLING

Hold fast to earth and have no shame
In loving that from which you came.
Much that you are was in the ground
That wrapped your tiny seedling round.
The cosmic question—what is Death?—
Is answered in earth's even breath;—
There all that's been is yet to be.—

By means of it your parent tree
Could lift you to a wing-fanned height,
A wee samara, stroked by light.
The wind's slim shoulders, curved with toil,
Bore you below to that same soil,
And you have learned, by lying there,
To carve your being out of air!

Reach up towards heaven, remembering
In swirls of vagueness that faint spring
When, drowsing on the sky's blue shelf,
You were and yet were not yourself.
Let gracile branches twist their way
Across the quiet night and day,
Content to know you share a scheme
That is a God's unending dream,
And ever willing to aspire
To something mystically higher.
Bend not to each slim air, but know
Strong winds that bear your seeds below.
In stars and silence wisdom find.
To storms be firm; to birds be kind!

Show love for earth and heaven, too,
By rendering unto each its due:—
Shed leaves to fertilize the sod,
And stand a cynosure to God!

Contemporary Verse

Violet Alleyn Storey

A WOMAN SPEAKS

You held me as the harbor holds the tide
Whose vagrant silver nestles in the grasp
Of the gray rocks an hour, then slips in pride
Back through the barrier shoal's detaining clasp.
You held me as the earth the unborn flower
Imprisoned with a miser's jealous care,
Before the valiant sun's redeeming power
Sets free its hidden beauty to the air.
You held me as the nest the fledgling bird,

But twigs and twisted grasses are not home.
How had the rapture of my voice been heard
Unless I sought the far sky's beckoning dome?
There was a way to keep me and control,
But no man's body binds a woman's soul.

The Gypsy

Charles Wharton Stork

TO ROMANCE

THE ODE

I

Gleam of lost wonder,
Too gorgeous to fade,
Roll of rich thunder
We hear unafraid,
Hot heart of chivalry,
Wine of all revelry,
Wild spark of deviltry,
Flame to our aid!

No more the fashion?
Zounds! 'Tis a lie.
Yours is a passion
Always beat high.
Fools doubt the truth of it,
See the uncouth of it;
Nay, the glad youth of it
Never shall die.

Sing, then, Romance, for us—
Fact is but chaff—
Drink, dice and dance for us,
Nothing by half!
Turn to frustration,
Time's usurpation,
Dare all damnoction,
Laugh the old laugh!

II

Chargers are dashing
The barriers along,

Lances are crashing
Fierce through the throng.
Ladies lean breathless,
Cowards die scathless;
Heroes are deathless,
Enshrined in a song.

Look! Is it Arden
Blesses our sight,
Verona's garden,
Venice at night:
Rosalind or Celia,
Juliet, Ophelia,
Faithful Cordelia,
Beckoning so bright?

Then—oh, D'Artagnan
In danger serene,
Where may companion
More dauntless be seen?
You that fought hard in all
Quarrels, could guard in all
Wiles of the cardinal
Your beloved queen.

Spice islands nestle,
Southern seas glow.
Mark yonder vessel
With ports in a row!
Lean are the flanks of her.
We'll have small thanks of her,
Walk the red planks of her,
Sharks wait below.

III

Pour us your potion,
Romance! Not a land—
Nay, nor wide ocean—
But owns your command.
Reason may grieve for us,
You can believe for us,
Crying "Achieve!" for us,
Waving your wand.

Who could aspire
Mid sorrow and sin,
Did not your fire
Spur from within?
So let us raise again,
Shouts to your praise again,
Drink to mad days again!
Loud be the din!

Come with your glorious
Power to entrance,
Ever victorious
Lord of mischance!
Dolts have berated you;
'Twas God created you,
With our souls mated you,
Deathless Romance!

The Buccaneer

Charles Wharton Stork

PERDITA

Lie on my heart and rest. Brown ferns are waving
Over this elfin woodland of the moss.
Come from the path where the long sleepy sunbeams
Cross and recross.

Ah, I have saved so many things to show you—
A little bath behind the waterfall,
A deer that comes to call on me at twilight,
Clearing the wall.

There's an old log with puffballs almost ripened,
A grapevine that I'll give you for a swing,
A hollow tree all furnished for the winter,
A mirror spring.

Over the corn the fireflies went dancing:
I said, "She would laugh at them—my dear."
If the whole swamp shuddered at the screech-owl:
"She would not fear."

Wait, there is more—I have a story for you—
I have a dress of red leaves—Only stay!
My arm is curved. It is a cruel hour
 To slip away.

And you will lose yourself in echoing caverns
That open off that lustrous way of space;
The monster hurrying winds will strike ungently
 Your wild-rose face.

Put down your head. Why, nothing bends and beckons.
They may have come, but this is all they said,
Leaving you here, O promise of a flower,
 “She is not ours. She is not even dead.”

Scribner's Magazine

Marian Storm

THE BURNING BUSH

If the afternoon gathers in a honey tide,
Flooding up the valley till it breasts the slope
Under the dark laurels where the old house died,
And the sun's gold fingers grope,
What will they find there now? The rim of the leaf-
 choked cistern,
The earth cellar where the weasels hide,
But never the hearth where the firelight played when
 the mice were scampering,
Nor the lamp that made a pool of life on the midnight
 mountainside.
The clearing is swallowed up; given again to the forest.
Over that phantom doorstep in winter and spring go
 ferns,
But the “burning bush” of her hopeful planting blazes yet
 when the frost comes.
Defiant, red as the sunset,
The thornbush burns.
The only living thing to tell of the house the dust holds,
Like an immortal passion its fire returns.
The burning bush on the mountain, grotesque out of
 the laurel,

Rekindled by grave November, a beacon the hunter
learns;

A waning flame that flickers from scarlet to coral,
A memory triumphant; her bush burns.

The New Republic

Marian Storm.

A GOD FOR YOU

*I am making songs for you!
Soon you will be asking me
With your solemn baby stare—
Soon I'll have to answer you
When you ask me, "What is God?"*

God is where you want to go
When we reach the river's head
Where the branches are too low—
And we go home instead.

God is everything that you
Have not done and want to do.

God is all those shiny bright
Stories that I say I'll keep
To tell to you another night—
If you will go to sleep.

God is every lovely word
You want to hear and haven't heard.

And if you should need a place,
After searching everywhere,
To hide a secret, or your face—
You could hide it there.

God is much the safest place
To hide a secret—or your face.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Marion Strobel

LAODICEA

By the fruit I never stole,
For it hung too high for reaching:
By the lie I might have sworn,
But that truth stood out confest:
By the woman's heart left whole
That turned flint to my beseeching:
By each ill design, forborne
As occasion missed the zest:
By the narrow paths I trod,
Faint with longing for the broad:
By the broken spur and trace
That gave panting quarry grace:
By all unsought mercies, found
'Twit the saddle and the ground—

Judge Eternal, dost Thou hearken?

Soon must day be one with night.
Tell me, 'ere the sun shall darken
And the dark design show bright,
'Ere the urgent flame devour
Soul and body for its prey,
Wilt Thou see me in that hour
As I see myself today?

For heaven all unmeet,
Too innocent for hell,
Till the mire about my feet
Foul me, breast and arms as well:
One that has not loved Thy law—
Never broke, save through desire:
Neither ripened ear nor straw,
To be saved nor set afire:
Neither sheep nor goat outcast,
On the Tribune's left nor right—
See me stand beyond Thy face,
Abject still—still not chastised,
With the risen soulless past
Heedful not how Thou requite,
'Mid the inoffensive race
Of the mad and unbaptised?

WILD GEESE (1740)

There's a cloud across the moon,
And a boat that rocks below,
And it's "Come!" the breakers croon
"While the tide is at the flow."
Oh! the keening and the crying,
When the Wild Geese would be flying,
From a land that, sore and sighing,
Lets them go.

There's a regiment in France
That they call the "Irlandaise,"
But it's oh! the weary dance
That their fife and bugle plays.
And it's oh! the heavy measure,
And the piping without pleasure,
If the heart that was your treasure
Bleeds and pays.

There's a shadow on my heart
Like the shadow on the sea:
But the sooner, love, we part,
Sure the sooner back you'll be.
Oh! the dancing and the singing,
When the Wild Geese west come winging,
Bringing home their king, and bringing
Mine to me.

The Commonweal

Henry Longan Stuart

HISTORY

If, by the number of pebbles in the hand,
Men say, "This was the path of the perpetual snows:
A glacier moved
—Ten inches every day—and here it broke;"

If, by discovering an ancient jaw,
A thigh-bone, and some pitiful back teeth
Hugged by the earth,
Men say, "Three thousand years ago he lived,
And he was five feet seven inches tall;"

And if, by unearthing eighty-eight bright fragments
From a rubbish heap, at an excavated fane,
Men say, "Lugal-Zag-Gisa sent
One hundred vases, an offering to this place,
And from the Mediterrean to the Gulf
Was his domain,—"

Why can I not decipher present you,
And know you?—All beyond analysis
Dateless and nameless you!
How strange you are.
Even your hand is my bewilderment.

Palms

Roberta Teale Swartz

THREE MORNINGS

I

You're making me a crown that will not go
On my small forehead, being welded from
Metal too heavy for a mortal whom
You love but would not punish. Even so
I climb where you are giddily lifting slow
Laboring arms, to make this crown that is
Tall as a city, fragile as a kiss,
And waved like towers in water to and fro.

Here in the arches and the scaffolding
I turn from under solid rock you've hewn
To find a pansy painted on its stem,
With waltzing mushrooms in a mimic ring:
These you had tossed me, hammering a tune
Of iron rivets for my diadem.

II

You make grave mock of me, who follow where
A hundred little trails may lead to you.
Thinking you stay in some far cave with bare
Earth for your floor, and one great tilt of blue
Slanting a roof, I break the cobweb hair
That hangs across all woods I wander through,
And never find you—only balsam air,
And broken webs where you have wandered too.

You are so wilful in your sweet extremes,
More savage and more delicate than I;
Seeking to find your fountain-head of streams
I come upon a mist-and-flower fly,
With petal wing and dot of emerald eye
Against a rushing waterfall of sky.

III

We who are welded in this sweet device
Know all the zones of being, from the snow
That folds and quiets, to the cutting ice,
The late and mellow summer with its slow
Maturing burden; winds that kneel and rise
In autumn valley; all the gusts that go
Over a grassy world in rippled guise:
These we have made one flesh by being so.

Before you were, I made my home in one
Unvaried narrow valley, I who now
Am given to plunder lands of utter sun
Nor yet denied pure burial in snow:
Feeling all mad variety glide over
Me, as I run the gamut of my lover.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Genevieve Taggard

STORM CENTRE

Past noon, past the strong
Hour for full song,
—However late—
Mere silence holds me.

Here are met
Furious winds, and the great
Quiet is desperate.

Utterly still they stand locked.
Once only the earth rocked
With the weakening of one.

This is battle, forehead-on.
Barbarous singing follows when
One triumphs. Now the centre
Tightens again,
Closes. None enter—

It is silent where
Wrestles the air.

The Dial

Genevieve Taggard

SONG FOR UNBOUND HAIR

Oh, never marry Ishmael!
Marry another, and prosper well;
But not, but never Ishmael.

What has he ever to buy or sell?
He only owns what his strength can keep,
Only a vanishing knot of sheep,
A goat or two. Does he sow or reap?
In the hanging rocks rings his old ram's bell—
Who would marry Ishmael?

What has he to give to a bride?
Only trouble, little beside;
Only his arm like a little cave
To cover a woman and keep her safe;
A rough, fierce kiss, and the wind and the rain;
A child perhaps, and another again.
Who would marry Ishmael?

The arrogant Lucifer, when he fell,
Bequeathed his wrath to Ishmael.
The hand of every man is set
Against this lad, and this lad's hand
Is cruel and quick. Forget, forget
The nomad boy on his leagues of sand!

Marry another, and prosper well;
But not, but never Ishmael.

The Century Magazine

Genevieve Taggard

MEMOIR

Such bliss he had, such agony,
And what he had he gave to me.

I shut the door of our small house
And lived with agony's carouse;

I opened the door and let in
Others to live down the din;

And all the time his bliss was there
Eluding me like silver air,

And when I caught his silver glee
It was too magical for me.

I broke his bliss, I hushed his woe,
We stood in our empty house to go

Packed and coated on our quest:
He went east, I went west,

Until at length we met before
The narrow panel of our door;

We stood and faced each other as
Long as lifetimes take to pass;

Into the house I led him then,
I shut the door on living men;

And now we watch grope to and fro
The ghost of bliss, the ghost of woe.

The Nation

Genevieve Taggard

SERENE

No words I say to her can break
The calmness of her certitude,
When I point out a slight mistake
She makes me feel I am being rude.

Serenity with a complete
Lack of most ordinary sense,

Hoist down my standard in defeat
Before I marshall my defence.

Too positive to be quite wise,
Too negatively prim,
One feels he should apologize
While asking her to marry him.

Voices

Paul Tanaquil (Jacques Le Clercq)

PHILANTHROPIST

The milk of human kindness ran
In rich abundance in his breast,
It left thin grease stains on the tan
Of his asbestos vest,

And though his cup of life with good
Was full up to the very brim,
It seems he never understood
Why people laughed at him.

Voices

Paul Tanaquil (Jacques Le Clercq)

ATTITUDINIST

Grace was the loftiest recompense I wooed,
Lightly I turned my back on life to set
My noblest dream into an attitude,
My high despair into a pirouette.

Voices

Paul Tanaquil (Jacques Le Clercq)

ADVICE TO A YOUNG ROMANTICIST

Young man, you hold your head
Too high in the air, you walk
As if the sleepy dead
Had never fallen to drowse
From the sublimest talk
Of many a vehement house.

Your head, so turned, turns eyes
Following a vagrant West;
Fixing an iron mood
In an Ozymandias' breast,
And because your clamorous blood
Beats an impermanent rest
You think the dead arise
Westward and fabulous:
The dead are those whose lies
Were doors to a narrow house.

The Nation

Allen Tate

LONGITUDE

The wardrobe towers above the table lamp,
The harpsichord stands sentinel between;
The clock's tin argument whines out its damp
Terror, like an eyelid winking through a screen.

Young bats around the hills like sands are whirring
Past clouds of roosting vultures sick with flight,
Till the rag carpet on the hardwood stirring
Wrinkles to winds which are a swift delight.

Impanelled walls, raging with gloom, abound
In commonplaces to moralize the eye —
Which are white cats whose slick metallic sound
Cuts to the heart with a half-completed lie.

And ladies with their nails prepared for tea
And sunken barques that coast the shores of hell
And old men vacant of propriety
Have faintly rung a next-door neighbor's bell.

On the iron cot the coverlets are neat
With the bold care of an ecstatic trull
Who rearranges with impartial feet
The silence in the caverns of a skull.

The Guardian

Allen Tate

POSSESSION

"To me are given many things:
Colors that shame a bird's bright wings;
The velvet softness of the dew;
Forget-me-nots; the sea's deep blue.

"The windblown rose that seems to speak;
Peach blossoms, iris, slim and meek;
The birch trees in their silver dress:
Grass and the clover's loveliness.

"The mountain roads that run so high
They seem a pathway to the sky;
The yellow dunes salt with the tide:
The calm and peace of eventide."

Norfolk, Va., Ledger-Dispatch

Elkanah East Taylor

CHORUS-GIRL

Poised like a fire-fly, burnished steel and blue,
She led the tawdry line of painted smiles
And darkened eyelids, and the tripping miles
Of slender silk-shod legs, her slight suede shoe
Keeping its perfect time. Her small head knew
Far more than any in those swaying files
Of love and lust and men and high-paid wiles,
And the sharp price her white young beauty drew.

Yet in that mass she was the only one
Who fired your tenderness, and held in trance
Your sated disillusion, with her grace,
Even though you knew she would be swiftly done.
With tarnished dimming of her eyes' clear glance
And ash instead of firelight in her face!

Voices

Mary Atwater Taylor

IN THE ANTWERP GALLERY

Shadowed velvet and rosy pearls,
Mechlin lace in wide-set bands,
Heavy neck and florid face,
Smoothly sensual hands.
Matchless emeralds around the throat,
Fingers clustered with showy rings,
Flemish figure and bovine gaze,—
The gaze that feeds on things.
Hard blue eyes in a hard drab brow,
Set with a curious Eastern slant,—
Yes, it's an excellent likeness, that,—
Rembrandt's portrait of my Aunt!

Voices

Mary Atwater Taylor

SILVER SLEEVES

She was a queen with silver sleeves and ermine,
And she wandered in the stately castle-wood,
She was a dryad and a forest-shadow,
—Lovely, not good.

She was delicate and fine and haughty,
She hated ceremonies and she hated things,
She was a thread of pale-curbed passion,
—She was the King's.

The wood re-echoed to her mocking laughter,
She struck her maid and kissed her falcon's head;
"Oh, I am sick of courtiers and of manners
God knows!" she said.

"May the King perish on his latest hunting,
The castle burn, the banners cease to flaunt,
Courts choke to death and vanish. A butcher
Is what I want."

* * * * *

A poacher strode thro the castle-wood,
He was a thick-necked bully and a liar . . .
The queen with silver sleeves laughed gently;
—Her eyes were fire.

"Hither, lout, and cease your clumsy kneeling,
I am done with courts and all the silly play,
Stop your staring and your stupid smirking . . .
Take me away.

The yokel took her. Many years have passed them.
He is still a savage, huge, unspent;
He hates this life with her he cannot fathom . . .
—She is content!

Current Opinion

Mary Atwater Taylor

AT TINTAGIL

Iseult, Iseult, by the long waterways,
Watching the wintry moon, white as a flower,
I have remembered how once at Tintagil
You heard the tread of Time hour after hour.

By casements hung with night, while all your women
slept,

You turned toward Brittany, awake, alone,
In the high chamber, hushed, save where the candle
dripped

With the slow patient sound of blood on stone.

The ache of empty arms was an old tale to you,
And all the tragic tunes that love can play,—
Yet with no woman born would you have changed your
lot

Though there were greater queens who had been gay.

LET IT BE YOU

Let it be you who lean above me
On my last day,
Let it be you who shut my eyelids
Forever and aye.

Say a "Good-night" as you have said it
All of these years,
With the old look, with the old whisper,
And without tears.

You will know then all that in silence
You always knew,
Though I have loved, I loved no other
As I love you.

THERE WILL BE STARS

There will be stars over the place forever;
After the house and the street we loved are lost,
Every time the earth circles her orbit
On the night the autumn equinox is crossed
Two stars we knew, poised on the peak of midnight
Will reach their zenith; stillness will be deep —
There will be stars over the place forever,
There will be stars forever, while we sleep.

The Yale Review

Sara Teasdale

FONTAINEBLEAU (Autumn)

Interminable palaces front on the green parterres
And ghosts of ladies lovely and immoral
Glide down the gilded stairs;
The high cold corridors are clicking with the heel-taps
That long ago were theirs.

But in the sunshine, in the vague autumn sunshine
The geometric gardens are desolately gay;
The crimson and scarlet and rose-red dahlias
Are painted like the ladies who used to pass this way
With a ringletted monarch, a Henry or a Louis,
On a lost October day.

The aisles, of the garden lead into the forest,
The aisles lead into autumn, a damp wind grieves;
Ghostly kings are hunting, the boar breaks cover,
But the sounds of horse and horn are hushed in falling
leaves,
Four centuries of autumns, four centuries of leaves.

The Dial

Sara Teasdale

AT DUSK

I stood upon a little hill
And loved the world—a world so still—
So still I thought I heard its heart
Shaking the blades of grass apart!

I paused beneath a cherry tree.
Blackbirds objected, there, to me.
I ran away, and the cool breath
Of earth dashed on my cheeks. Oh, death
Was but a silly nonsense rhyme
Beginning "Once upon a time . . ."

Poplars lifted thin arms, and prayed,
And, lost in ecstasy, they swayed;
And close to one I knelt, and said—
"God, is it true I will be dead?"

A crow flew by; his long, stiff wings
Flapping. Delicious murmurings
Trembled along the grasses' tips.
I touched a daisy with my lips.

The Commonneal

Mary Dixon Thayer

COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAN

Clasp not the ankle of the cursive moon
Nor agitate the stars with your despair:
They know you not; and singularly soon
Their beauty shall not be your nightly care.

Impose your will upon the transient earth
And order the divergent ways of man,
Let East Wind know your spirit's mounting worth,
Let cities know which way you will, and can.

Join not with dogs in barking a dead moon,
Increase not mountainous rivers with your grief,
Granite and dumb, outface the raucous noon,
Granite and dumb, hold yet yourself in fief.

Assert the heart, and count not loss or gain
In other metal than the heart allows;
Assert the heart, and know not other pain
Than that wherein a heart may nobly house:

The pain that stars are stars, that earth is earth,
That man is man, and that hearts, too, shall die.
Though multitudinously you prove your worth,
When Death confronts you, you will not reply.

The Dial

Scofield Thayer

"WHEN PAN LAYS DOWN HIS REEDY PIPE"

When Pan lays down his reedy pipe
And all the world goes silently,
And fruit decays before it's ripe
And mountains drop into the sea—
When the black hind no antler wears
And there is sweetness in the rue,
Then is the time for bitter tears
For I'll no more be loving you.

Margery Atwood Todahl

The Lantern, N. Y. Herald-Tribune

THE OLD CONSERVATIVE

(On the Battery)

I saw the old man pause, then turn his head,
Stumbling a little as with vertigo,
His lips pursed out, his squally, red-rimmed eyes
Sweeping the wide periphery of the bay.
Dumb with unspeakable thoughts, at last he turned
And, with an angry flirt of his thick stick,
Growled, "Ar-r-r!" and, clumping, hobbled out of sight.
Beyond a doubt, I read his very thought:

"Here once I saw proud clipper-ships, bound in
From Java Head and up around the Horn,
Brail up their tripping skirts like dainty maids.

I heard the hawse-pipes roar, and saw the ships
Turn noses to the wind like hunting dogs
Still eager for the chase, though once more home.
Brown men swarmed on the foot-ropes; 'Harbor furl!'
Mates roared from decks; and shanty-men, perched high
Upon the knight-heads, to the click of pawls
Lined out their shanties for the singing crews.
I had no need of house-flags then to know
Each slender beauty as she opened out
Beyond the slope of Bay Ridge like a cloud.
I knew them all, the temperamental dears,
Each meeting trouble in her own sweet way;
One springing up the tall seas with a laugh,
One burrowing in pillows of white foam,
Like any other sulky, crying girl,
But human, mind you. There in quiet docks
Tall ships drove jib-booms far above the street
Where brown-faced sailors stood about in groups
And talked of brawls and mates, but most of girls—
Of slim, dark girls who poled the bum-boats down
The river at Manila in the dawn;
Or others that in crowded Singapore
Laughed from black doorways, but wore daggers, too.
South Street was like a foreign market then,
Where sailormen hawked parrots from Brazil,
And Malay creeses, rolls of China silk,
And full-rigged ships in bottles, curious things;
Or, grouped about the apple-women's carts,
They bought broadsides of sentimental songs,
And proudly bragged of things no one believed.
And sometimes through the huddled throng would stalk,
In black broadcloth and high silk stocks, grim men
With cold, unseeing eyes—masters of ships
Who might have had a knife between the ribs
But for that something, majesty or law,
That hedged them in. And mostly good men, too.
But give a dog a bad name—well, you know.
The street's half gutter now, and desolate,
With all that good salt water flooding past
Without a sail. For see our harbor now!
There goes a liner, just a huge café,

With dancing girls, and officers in white,
And dock-rat crews of pantry-serving boys,
And not a soul of all on board who knows
A quarter gasket from the futtock-shrouds;
And there a hog-backed tramp, listed to port,
Slobbered with iron-rust and ashy grit,
And smearing God's own blue with her foul smoke;
There a tin wagon run by gasoline.

Oh, why not play one vast joke on the Flood—
And dump old Ararat into the sea,
And make the 'vasty deep' a boulevard
For motors and joy-riders! All it's worth."

The Virginia Quarterly Review

L. Frank Tooker

FROM BEYOND
(*For Memorial Day*)

Pity us not
Because we tried to battle and to go
Like men upon the beckoning of Death,
Because through all your life you may not know
The pain we suffered with one dying breath,
The gnawing agony, the burning woe!

Pity us not
Because, torn by the might of blasting shell,
Our bodies never find a place of rest,
No stone where those we love may come to tell
The sorrow that is weighted in their breast.

But pity us
Because the earth is lovely still, and fair,
And there is still the spring of which to dream,
Because the stalwart poplars proudly bare
Their beauty to the marble moonlight's gleam.
And pity us
Because men desecrate this shrine of God,
Ravage the altar of earth's loveliness,
Sow seeds of bondage in the bitter sod
To reap the grain of torture and distress!

Pity us too

Because the world prepares another hell
For sons of ours to rage and suffer through,
For sons of ours to die by gas and shell,
For sons of ours to know the pain we knew!

Pity us

Because a truer and more Godlike way,
Men will not even seek to know or find,
Nor hail the coming of a kinder day;
Oh, God, the shame that they should be so blind!

The World Tomorrow

Lucia Trent

A LADY AT THE OPERA

In your pale hair is a coronet of diamonds;
Diamonds glisten in your ears and on your fingers.
Your white breast is flashing with diamonds,
And they encircle both your wrists.

But under this glistening burden of jewels
You droop wearily . . .
Sitting so still . . . so still and so cold,
Like a winter tree heavy with sleet,
Bent low by the weight of its sparkling garment.

I pray you, leave the white feather fan
Idle in your lap;
You are quite cool enough.
Do you know, lady, what a terrible thing it is
To be ice-bound?
You must know, for your eyes are dull
With looking too long on diamonds.

You seem to listen,
But you do not hear the music.
It is only a cold wind blowing over you
That sets the diamonds dancing
Like ice struck by moonlight.
Is there nothing can warm you?
Surely, once . . . long ago . . .

Oh, listen, listen keenly to the music!
Can't you feel that it is pulsing warm
With broken hearts and living souls?

O lady, I should like to see your eyes
Flame with some burning passion
That would melt away your diamonds,
And dim their frozen fire.
I want to see them melt and drip in tears
Down from your pale hair,
Your neck, your heavily-ringed hands,
Till even you,
Like the ice-bound tree released by the sun,
Shall stand once warm and human,
Rid of your jewelled isolation,
Swayed by music,
Alive and free!

The Lyric

Emma Gray Trigg

A MAY DAY ORISON

An angel chants:

These are the children of the May.
This is their youth: this is their day.
Upon the threshold of your world
They stand and wonder. Closely furled,
Life's message, like a banner rolled
Awaits them. As you shall unfold
Its meaning, so their consciousness
Will bear its tender, first impress
Of welcome, sweet as sweetest May—
Sweet as themselves! or dour and grey,
The breaking of their morn must seem
The onset of a mocking dream—
If you betray them. In their breasts
Love throbs, hope sings, contentment rests.
Laughter hides in their limpid eyes
For which their lips are curving—dies
If you quell it.

The children sing:

Ah, dear world

Of mother-hearts, that held us curled
Safe, warm within you—throng to heed
Our living, urging wants, our need
Of all the simple, childish blisses—
Sweet sounds, soft words, warm arms, close kisses.
Oh, father-minds! *your* souls' rebirth
Depends on children; on the worth
Of your resolve to guard the flame
Of childhood's holiness from shame.
By you, Christ's self is kept alive
In every child you help to thrive:
Thus through the vow he made to men
You meet your God, a child again;
Fulfilling in diviner way
The lovely promise of May.

Ah, you who prize us, set us free
That we may cheer your world, and be
'A sign that for eternal day
Childhood's springtime shall be May!
Look in our eyes and see the light
That shines there. Is it then too bright?
Must it be dimmed? Are skies too blue
For us? Are fields too fair for you?
Or woods too green and cool? Beware
How you withhold joy—beauty . . . Care
Comes with wisdom. Carefree is best
For youth. Hence we are wholly blest
By joy. So let our voices ring
In song. In dance our bodies fling
About the may-pole decked with flowers,
Emblem of happy hours.

The Forum

Elizabeth Stanley Trotter

PORCELAINE DE SAXE

Petite Madame, your smiling face
Serenely scorns the commonplace,
And you, Monsieur, your bow is quite
The fine quintessence of polite!

In seventeen seventy you showed
Your garments as the latest mode,—
Panniers and puffs and fine plumed hat,
Buckles and bows and lace cravat—

But he who made you never guessed
That Time, who loves a sorry jest,
Destroying kings and monarchies,
Would spare you, gay futilities.

How many a timely circumstance
Has saved you from the swift mischance
Which would have left your pieces scattered,
And all your china graces shattered!

The busy housewife, in a fluster,—
A maid's far flung, impetuous duster,—
Twixt you and these still intervenes
The god of foolish figurines.

*I shrug, but ruefully. Alas.
When I, and all of mine, shall pass.
Still in the best ceramic style
Monsieur shall bow, Madame shall smile!*

The Lyric

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

DELILAH

Oh, but certainly you will adore her.
Other, and wiser men have knelt before her,
To burn pale candles,
And kiss her bright sandals.

Oh, but certainly you will become her lover,
Not tenderly, but only to discover
What smouldering secret lies
Behind her mocking eyes.

Oh, but certainly you will grow weary.
There is nothing there to find but the dreary
Monotony of old desires,
And the ashes of cold fires.

The Fugitive

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

THEY SLEEP SO QUIETLY

They sleep so quietly, those English dead,
In Bruton churchyard, when the cold wind sighs
Through the stripped branches, weaving overhead
Fantastic webs against the wintry skies.
They do not heed the hurrying snow which covers
Their unremembered names,—Margaret, and Joan,
Philip and Lucy, long forgotten lovers,—
Where the white silence of the drifts is blown.

But when the hawthorn spills her petals down,
And ranks of jonquils break in shining blooms
As April lingers in the little town,
They will lie dreaming in the ancient tombs
Of Cornwall's cliffs beneath the soft spring rains,
Or foxgloves nodding in the Devon lanes.

The Lyric

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST LESSON

You call that beauty, child? that regular
Sweet rounded line of hip and breast and chin?
That dainty cheek, whose dimples are set in
At just the spot where dimples rightly are?
—There sat with me last night a woman far
From ordered loveliness, on whose pale skin,
On whose beleaguered eyelids, bruised and thin,
Beauty had fallen like a scimitar—

This that you dote on, child, is but a Thing
Which Beauty may choose out to carve her own
Wild, secret lines upon—which she may fling
Untouched aside. Her ways are all unknown,
Unpropheied.—You are not following?
(Well, kittens' eyes will open, left alone!)

The Mesa

Belle Turnbull

SONG TOURNAMENT: NEW STYLE

Rain, said the first, as it falls in Venice
Is like the dropping of golden pennies
Into a sea as smooth and bright
As a bowl of curdled malachite.

Storm, sang the next, in the streets of Peking
Is like the ghost of a yellow sea-king,
Scooping the dust to find, if he may,
Whatever the earth has hidden away.

The mist, sighed the third, that lies on London
Is the wraith of Beauty, betrayed and undone.
By a world of dark machines that plan
To splinter the shaken soul of man.

The rush of Spring, smiled the fourth, in Florence
Is wave upon wave of laughing torrents,
A flood of birds, a water-voiced calling,
A green rain rising instead of falling.

The wind, crooned the fifth, in the bay of Naples
Is a quarrel of leaves among the maples,
A war of sunbeams idly fanned,
A whisper softer than sand on sand.
Then spoke the last: God's endless tears.
Too great for Heaven, anoint the spheres,
While every drop becomes a well
In the fathomless, thirsting heart of Hell.

And thus six bards, who could boast of travel
Fifty miles from their native gravel,
Rose in the sunlight and offered their stanzas
At the shrine of the Poetry Contest in Kansas.

The American Mercury

Louis Untermeyer

JEWISH LULLABY

Husha, O husha,
And lull-lullaby;
No mother in Russia
Is prouder than I.

You stumble no longer,
Soon you will run;
And you will grow stronger
Than Samson, my son.

You will be famous,
Your thoughts will go wide;
Isaiah and Amos
Will walk at your side.
Your words will be graven
In metal and stone;
And the Great Ones in Heaven
Will envy my son.

The New Republic

Louis Untermeyer

CORNISH VILLAGES

They are nothing but sifted
Sand in the folds
Of round hills lifted,
I think, from molds,

So smoothly they rise,
And so grittily sound
The names—Pengrise,
Trelithick, Germound—

Of the flint-gray places
Beneath and between.
Hear the wind on their faces
Keeping them keen!

The Century Magazine

Mark Van Doren

FORMER BARN LOT

Once there was a fence here,
And the grass came and tried,
Leaning from the pasture,
To get inside.

But colt feet trampled it,
Turning it brown;
Until the farmer moved,
And the fence fell down;

Then any bird saw,
Under the wire,
Grass nibbling inward
Like green fire.

The Century Magazine

Mark Van Doren

SEVEN P. M.

Slow twilight bird,
Suspended, as you sail, along the nearer edge
Of nightfall and the beechwood,, are you heard
In places past my ears? Are you a wedge—

Slow tapered wing—
Driving into the outer walls of time?
Eternity is not so strange a thing,
At evening, when the towers that were to climb—

Slow searching beak—
Lie level with your progress in the soft,
Dark-feathered dusk, and there are known to speak
Gentle, wild voices from the dark aloft.

The Century Magazine

Mark Van Doren

TIME IS A SPACE

Time is a space between two miseries,
Between two knockings on life's splintered door
Through which one glimpses wonder stretched at ease
Waiting for conquering steps upon that floor.
Time is a moving point that has no rest,
Accented by our sorrow or our bliss;
Its measure is the mounting of the crest
Whose slope is slow oblivion of this.

It is the outer circle of our death
Which like a broken water ripples out
Beyond the dying flutter of our breath
To join immensities past faith or doubt.
Infinitely we close in finite clocks
While it escapes between the ticks and tocks.

Voices

Berenice K. Van Slyke

SEA-CHANGE

Before a young lark sings,
For many 'an hour
He sits as mute and still
As bud of a flower.

Small head upraised to sun
He drinks the air,
The tranquil solitude
About him there.

He flicks his tail indeed
But his calm eye
Ignores his feathered reach
Were he to fly.

Yet if to him a bird
Begins to sing
He straightway answers back
And lifts his wing.

And he is born again
In double flight
Of song and pinion loosed
On seas of light.

The voice that called to him
Was cause of this,
That silence after joy
Should beat with bliss.

Later the bird may sway,
Mute flower on bough,
But he has sung: his heart
Remembers how.

The Dial

Berenice Van Slyke

SETH

Seth was right in holding to
A theory he thought was right
Although he gave the ghost up, drew
The final breath with land in sight.

I think he had a fear of land,
That death would get him in the end.
Not in the place that he had planned,
And hardly where he'd recommend.

He had arranged a final flight
In which to slip and take a last
Gulp of the sea and sink from sight,
Well in the shadow of a mast.

I think he planned the curtain drop,
At such a time, and really it
Was rather bad things had to stop,
With the stage set the opposite.

A special gift it seems to me
Was his in knowing deck from spar
And, well, he should have died at sea,
Although it is not popular.

And if the *Dutchmans'* flying still,
I hope our wise and true Creator,
Lets Seth climb from his dusty hill
And be its ghostly navigator.

It really was disturbing to
Go to his Maker in this wise,
Bereft of sails, which hitherto
Had been a banner for his eyes.

Voices

Harold Vinal

TIME MENDS

Time mends a ruined wall as well
As hands can ever hope to do;
A gap is covered with laurel,
Where yesterday the cows went through.

And spring can cover the débris
Along the brooks when the snow goes,
With violets a jubilee,
And bursting bud ends turning rose.

And though there is no hope of bird,
Singing where the freshet runs,
Twenty, though it seem absurd,
Are singing vernal orisons.

The Lyric

Harold Vinal

BLUE NORTHER

I. THE TOWN

Alone and self-imprisoned there, the town
Was jealous of its name; the circling hills
Had guarded well the square, the central noun
Of all its life. Before the lesser wills
The town was lovely in its naked pain;
The bare brown street, the houses all one way,
The cedars turning purple in the rain,
And all the drowsy commerce of the day.

And farmers in the fields were proud to see
Above the shadow-slanted hills the cross
Upon the church. They sang a trinity
Of town and farm and kin; and what the loss
Was, no one dared to say, and few could tell
Had not they lived so poorly and so well.

II. HAMMOND

Had he the will, he would have sung all night
Upon the handles of his plow, and dreamed
Of high carousal with the stars. But light
Of gossip was upon him, and it seemed

So often had he been the way to sin
He knew no peace save when he broke to own
The hills' vast silences where rain had been;
And beauty pained him and he wept alone.

The years of youth had been but little more
Than strange bewildered flames, and then the grey
And stolid years had yielded up their score
Of ashes. Yet he married, one bright day,
And women in the town were sure that she
Would calm his madness and his ecstasy!

III. HIS WIFE

Here once she came and saw the clearing made
And here returned to share his house and bed,
And beauty left her face; but sorrow stayed,
For time was plowing deeply. Hammond led
A fitful race; she gave a willing heart
To know his joys and yet she toiled to turn
His longings. Hard it was to see her part
With youth, a withered sacrifice to burn.

She shook the earth about her plow and bent
Her wearied body to the curving song
The furrows made. She was an instrument
More powerful than man, as hard and strong
As cedars after fire had passed, yet strung
With songs her weaker heritage had sung.

IV. THE TWO WHO KNEW HIS YOUTH

They had a way of sitting every day
Upon the porch to sun themselves again
And quicken up the old desires, and say
Such trivial things of people; it was plain
They were as puritanic as the chairs;
Precisely as two clocks within a room.
They were the first to check the daily flares
Of Hammond and the first to set his doom.

To them he was a child they sought to make
A man by forcing on him manly things.
Beneath their fine precision he would shake
As doubtful as a pagan one who sings
A Christian song and scarce believes his ears
For feeling prey to old and hidden fears.

V. SPRING REVIVAL

The church was crowded and the preacher spoke

With all his pompous rhetoric till the room
Rang hotly with his words before they broke
Into a Heaven and a Day of Doom.
Beneath this glory Hammond kept his seat;
Disturbed and frightened by the whispered threats,
The whine of violins, and the thump of feet,
He lost, and yielded to his old regrets.

Then like a lamb they quickly led him down,
Yet she who loved him knew how very deep
The spring's mad beauty burned him; but the town
Rejoiced that he had come alone to weep;
And they who welcomed him were loud in praise
As they had been condemning, other days.

VI. THE HARVEST

The fire of summer glowed, and flared, and died;
And none among the farmers worked as much
As Hammond did; in all the countryside
There were no crops like his, no barns with such
A store of harvest when the autumn came.
But some within the town were well aware
His lantern burned as if it were the same
Desire his heart had known and hidden there.

It happened when he led the horses down
To water that he saw the sumacs burn,
And suddenly he cried; and in the town
That night they knew him by his mad return
And cursed their God who in His righteous way
Had moulded man and poet in one clay.

VII. REBELLION

The night was still and yet she heard no sound
But wind upon her temples; past the gate
Her horse's hooves beat thunder on the ground
A thundered echo to the dreaded fate

She knew was his. But where the lonely place
She found him none could tell; they only heard
She wept to see the beauty on his face
And held him tightly like some frightened bird.

Then surely as a storm the people passed
Their puritanic sentence on his head,
And even she who mothered him, at last
Was certain that the race he wildly led
Was ended; but he fled their stronger wills.
And loud that night his song rang on the hills.

VIII. BLUE NORTHER

The silver-coated legions of the wind
Went shouting through the cedars, and the town
Shrank startled; but the snow as if to end
All moving things grew hungry on the ground
And seized the river with its iron hand,
And seized with fear the hearts of those whose shame
Had made him seek a storm for peace; the land
Grew strangely silent as they called his name.

They never found him, but his kinsmen say
His flaming heart was comfort through the night;
And there are some, remembering his day,
Grow anxious for the wisdom of his sight
And know that there was something in his face
To make them wish they were in Hammond's place.

Isaac W. Wade

Bulletin of Southern Methodist University

THE FEAST OF PADRE CHALA

(Tocaima, Colombia)

There are solemn figures walking up the roadway to
Tocaima;
There are gestures and loud talking 'neath sombreros and
umbrellas;
For the sun is shining brightly through the palms along
the valley,

And the bells are tinkling lightly for the feast-day of
Saint Thomas.

Padre Chala, with bandanna stands and greets them from
the doorway—

And the belfry rings Hosanna as they mount unto the
chapel;

Padre Gomez de Camilla, on his easy-pacing mula,
And the Padre Carrasquilla, reining in his restive stallion.
While on foot come Fray Ansado, rector of the Recoletos,
Padre Ramon de Tejado, preacher from the Jesuitas,
And the portly Fray Rosildo, from the house of San
Domingo.

And lean Fray Hermenegildo, from Our Lady de la Pena.
Carmelites and Augustinians, Escolapians and Marists,
And their steps become the faster near the belfry of
Tocaima.

All are airing their opinions, as they tread the dusty
highway;

Where the Padre Chala, pastor, is awaiting with his
dinner.

In the early morn the squawking from the barnyard of
the Cura,

Set the neighborhood a-talking of the chickens old Jesusa
Was preparing for the dinner of the feast-day of the
parish.

What a spread for saint and sinner!—Cool papayas,
aguacates;

Juicy yuccas and melones, with the platanos and pinas,
And the maizes and rinones, from the sopa to the dulces!
As the Cura asked the blessing, and his guests were bowed
in silence,

One could hear the parrot calling from the garden a
petition—

“Pray for us!” (it was the loro) “Pray for us, O great
Saint Thomas!”

As it learned it from the coro and had chanted and re-
peated,

Years without a variation—“Pray for us, O great
Saint Thomas!”

And from this demure oration, it had never deigned to
vary,

Though the brightest minds had striven, with most
implicating questions

To have explanations given for devotion so exclusive;
But the Cura their endeavor answered—"Ask not what
Saint Thomas—

'Tis our patron-saint, however, our Saint Thomas of
Tocaima!"

Padre Ramon, forward leaning, with his finger made ob-
jection:

"Yet the customary meaning of the Church in such
connections,

With no other term appended, is to indicate Apostles—
So 'twould seem to us intended, that this sole ejaculation
Of the loro, is the Doubter—Thomas Didymus, Apostle!"
Fray Rosildo, red and stouter, choking down a piece of
chicken,

Gave it out as his opinion, where there was a greater
figure

In theology's dominion, such as Thomas the Aquinas,
That his claims should be admitted in the naming of the
patron.

Padre Carrasquilla twitted Padre Ramon's orthodoxy,
Blinking through his glasses merry: "Should we seek
distinguished patrons,

There is Thomas Canterbury, if we won't accept
Apostles!"

While an Augustinian friar: "He, of Spanish Villanova,
Our Saint Thomas," he'd inquire—"how about him as a
patron?"

While they argued, there came swooping o'er the patio a
falcon,

Which dropped down upon the loro, scooping it amid its
talons,

While the priests and servants hurried, as it rose above
the garden,

Where poor Padre Chala worried, and bemoaned his
ravished loro.

Sudden in the upper reaches of the noontide's blazing
splendor,

Woke the startled loro's screeches: "Pray for us, O great
Saint Thomas!"

And the frightened falcon, hearing, loosed its prey and
soared defeated—

While the loro reappearing, took his perch and sat
unruffled.

Then the Padre Chala kneeling, with his pious guests
around him,

Raised his broken voice, appealing: " 'Tis a miracle of
Heaven!

Let us cease our disputations, raise no further points
about him—

Praise Saint Thomas, of Tocaima—none can question now
or doubt him!"

The Commonweal

Thomas Walsh

WIND FEAR

"Someday," you said,
"I shall go
Quietly as to bed,
Leave off my body
As I leave this dress,
And my beautiful hair
Instead of your hand
Shall know the caress
Of the fingers of sand,
Someday."

So one day
You went
When the weeks of wind
Were spent
And three stars
Had come over the dune
Ahead of the moon.
Unto the desert you left
The delight of your flesh,
And your beautiful hair
To the creeping despair
Of the sand,
As you planned.

Only this you forget
And are not
For all of your strategy
Free.

That the fingers of sand
May uncover
Your beautiful hair
To your lover,
That your delicate bones
May lie bare
And his eyes not see
You there
And his hand not know the dust
That was your hair.

The Measure

Eda Lou Walton

TAKE WHOM YOU WILL

Take whom you will for mistress; let me be
Someone unknown in sleep or in desire,
Touching your mind at evening as the sea
The beach to give fluidity for fire.
Call whom you will your lover; let me walk
The star-etched hills of Vision by your side;
Turn me your face and let me hear you talk
Of mountains beyond mountains where we ride.

I shall not wish your fingers in my hair,
Nor yet be frightened with my lips unkissed;
Even my breast forgets its aching where
Is granted me the beauty I have missed.
Take whom you will within your arms for rest;
Make me companion of the Hopeless Quest.

Palms

Eda Lou Walton

PIANO BURIAL

Empty the garden where I played your singing,
Empty the garden now become a graveyard,
Deep in the earth strings rust and ivory ages,

Into the soul of music worms have eaten.
 Over the keyboard I have planted iris,
 Into the body I have sunk a pool.
 Here are all echoes frozen into dancers,
 Ecstatic marble elegantly cool.
 Circling the garden I have reared a boundary
 The Yellow Book and sunflowers,
 Kansas and yellow journals,
 Honey, butter and yellow-jackets,
 Canary cottage, cages and circus-wagons:
 Whole worlds of flaming yellow fire—
 And oblivion, yellow with the dust of ages!
 . . . We drove out miles this afternoon
 To see the yellow in the woods:
 Mountains-sides of aspen.

Palms

Eda Lou Walton

MY LITTLE SISTER

My little sister had everything,
 Everything in the world—
 Blue eyes, dimples, pink cheeks,
 And her hair curled.

 She played forward at basket-ball,
 And shot ducks from cover.
 She had a sweet rose-colored hat,
 And a tall lover.

 All her life she had everything,
 Plenty and more than plenty.
 She did not need a perfect death—
 Death at twenty.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

May Williams Ward

GIFTS

I have had lovers and would-be lovers.
 One brought burning lips;
 One, a restlessness such as hovers

Over ships;
One brought a whirlwind of merrymaking;
One, his first-born song—
(For a little I might have been his for the taking,
Not for long.)
So many disturbing gifts—even the singing—
And not a giver guessed
I shall be won by a lover bringing
Only rest. . . .

The Nation

May Williams Ward

REVERBERATION

At night in the old house of life I lie alone:
Spiders have fastened their soft webs, like clouds,
between
Rafter and ceiling; threshold and gray floor are grown
Heavy with dust, where for so long no foot has been.
Mice in the dark of the old walls gnaw at the deep
Roots of the night, and softly on the dewy air
The cricket's cry comes drifting in—even in sleep
I hear it; but I am too sorrowful to care.
Love has left me and Song has left me, and I know
I am a harp silent to all those lovely Things
That laid such hands upon me here so long ago.
Night deepens. Echo slumbers along the strings—
Only the murmur, vaguely felt, of the hushed blood
That on the shores of the old dream, like a vast sea,
Moves in the darkness, morning; and in the solitude
Of my heart's forest a far horn sounds drowsily . . .

Harper's Magazine

John Hall Wheelock

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

Heaven is full of stars to-night; the earth
Lies hushed, as she shall lie some day, perhaps,
When life and death no longer trouble her—
No voice, no cry in the whole countryside.

The empty road rambles through field and thicket,
And in the road are prints of hoof and foot:
Along the surface of this lonely planet,
Now naked to the hunger of the stars,
Man and beast, on the old pilgrimage,
They passed together here—not long ago.

What was it they were looking for I wonder,
Or if, themselves, they knew? Where were they going?
Footsteps—always footsteps going somewhere—
What country is it that they all are seeking,
Who up and down the world by night or day
Move with such patience, always to one end?

Not the least sound. Not the least leaf disturbs
The immemorial majesty of heaven.
Footprints—only footprints going somewhere.

Wherever they were going, they are gone.

The Yale Review

John Hall Wheelock

I SOUGHT' YOU

I sought you but I could not find you, all night long
I called you, but you would not answer—all the night
I wandered over hill and valley, heaven was bright
With crowded stars, and I was calling you in many a song.

The road through wood and meadow rambled here and
there:

Few were the travellers on that lonely road, and none
Had heard of you by wood or meadowland—not one
Had heard of you, or seen you passing anywhere.

At midnight, thirsting for your loveliness, I lay
Under the shadow of the leafy hill, and cried
Three times, calling upon your name. No voice
replied . . .

The pebbly brooks went babbling, babbling, all the way.

The waters had a drowsy sound, the hills were steep—
My heart grew tired travelling; but there was no place
That suited me, and I was homesick for your face.
Dreaming of you, at the wood's edge I fell asleep.

Scribner's Magazine

John Hall Wheelock

THE DARK MEMORY

It was our love's Gethsemane, and you wept.

Around us, in the drab twilight, the little room
That had known our love, that had known our tears and
our laughter, kept

Shamed silence. Silently 'round us rose the gloom—

And in the street the first few lamps were gleaming;
day's

Last fire on garish windows glared. The light
Feebled. Over the huddled city's wastes and ways
Gravely and pitifully came the night.

Darkness—and from far off a whistle mourned. The sands
Of time drew downward, but still no word was said,
No word—only your poor hands lying in my hands
So hopeless, against my shoulder your poor head.

You were so tired, you were so hushed, so fain,
Poor love, all blind with weeping; pinched and small
Your face shone in the glimmer—but I, who felt no pain
Save pity, I was so eager to end it all.

And I could not endure it; suddenly my heart grew old—
In the gray evening, in the drab twilight—while, one
by one,
Your hot tears ached along my hands. O stern and cold
I sat beside you, in that last hour, and you wept alone.

* * * *

Such was the stage, appointed—with darkness 'round
about—

For our youth's drama; pitiful and bare
The scene, no crowds applauded, no sorrowing strings
cried out,
But the eternal tragedy was there.

* * * *

Brief was our parting, very brief, and without a word.
With a mute kiss we parted—you turned, and I,
Closing the door, in the outer hall-way heard,
Already as if from far away, your sudden cry.

That cry—what silences followed! What silences haunt
the space

Of the years grown wide between us. On barren
rhyme

I have wreaked my youth; I have followed a phantom
loveliness—your face

Fades in the hungry darkness of Time.

But now, in my nights, now, in my loneliness I know

The bitter passion that moved those tears, and why,
When my life went home to you—when the tides groped
—you shuddered so,

And the agony of that love, the dolor of that cry.

Had you foreseen, O wise and sad, the unkindler ways

My feet must wander on strange roads? Did you fore-
see,

Beyond that wilful hour, the desolate nights and days—

And the tears that I pitied so, were they shed for me?

O fatuous dream, that like a sword clove us apart!

Dear room, where once your sorrowing lips on mine
Trembled, where humbly for my proud and ignorant heart
You broke the bread and poured the living wine!

Love, I have heard it told, is God, and once Love found
me—

Across my heart his very heart was bowed—
He came to me out of the darkness, his arms were laid
around me:

But I was stubborn, I was foolish, and very proud.

Often, often now, in the silence of the after years,

In the night I remember your weeping. O my own,
In the darkness I have remembered them, your sacred
tears

Shed for my sake, and how you wept alone.

Southwest Review

John Hall Wheelock

SALUTATION

(For a Book of Poems)

You, perhaps yet unborn, that some day shall read these
rhymes—

Know that I was a man even as yourself, and from the
womb

Issued in nakedness, also that I suffered the doom
Common to all men, and that I pondered these things
many times;

And ceased. So shall you cease: brief are the days and
few.

I have made these songs that we for a moment might
partake

Of the one dream. This is my spirit offered for your
sake.

Eat, drink; this is my spirit given for you.

It is night, and we are alone together; your head
Bends over the open book, your feeding eyes devour
The substance of my dream. O sacred hour
That makes us one—you, fleeting, and I, already fled!

Here is my love, here is my sorrow, my heart's rage,
Poured out for you. What tenderness brooding above
you

Hallows these songs! I have made them all for you.
I love you.

What love, what longing, my brother, speaks to you from
this page!

Saturday Review of Literature

John Hall Wheelock

FOR THE IDES OF MARCH

(*Ave Caesar!*)

This is Time's sorry jest! You could bestride

Colossus-like the pigmy state of Rome;

The masters of the earth would strive to hide

Their shrunken thrones beneath your sheltering dome;

Beside your foot-stool Empire made her home,
 And conquerors took your name for ample wage;
 Your deeds flare bright in History's brightest tome;
 Fame's fullest cup slaked not your noble rage;
 And dying you could leave a world for heritage.
 And this your volume,—the ensanguined roll
 Of legions, cities, chieftains, captives, ships,
 Sieges and slaughters,—all the crimson toll
 By courage paid to genius:—Cicero's lips
 Once praised its lucid flow; the fiery whips
 Of Cato's wrath assailed the reeking tale;
 It shadowed forth to Pompey that eclipse
 Full soon to make his easy glories pale,
 And bring on Rome war's long, immeasurable bale.
 How are the mighty withered! You are now
 Become your book, and that (O last of woes!)
 Shrunk to a school-room bogey. Pedants plow
 With salt your fields, and there no harvest grows
 Save juiceless weeds of grammar; never knows
 Your page the poet's heart, the soldier's eyes;
 But over it still unceasing conflict flows:
 Bewildered warriors join discordant cries,
 Butchered to make the loathing School-girl's exercise!
 Imperial Caesar dead—the poet dreamed—
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind at bay;
 And, musing on your destiny, it seemed
 You well might envy that not-useless clay!
 Yes, we, who through the sieves of youth today
 Watch, Danaid-like, your noteless stream consume,
 (To find no guerdon of our toil for aye!)
 Salute you, Caesar, partner in the gloom
 Where Prince and Pedagogue abide in equal doom.
The Conning Tower, N. Y. World George Meason Whicher

ON BORROWING PLUMES

It is too true: my sonnets' every phrase
 Is but a gleanings from the field of song.
 All my poor fancies have seen better days;
 My flocks of rhyme to other folds belong.

I joy to steal a crumb from Chaucer's feast;
 Echo a cadence Shelley's lips have stirred;
 Or taste again with Keats (rich fare, at least!)
 Some rare-ripe, long forgotten, luscious word.
Even my thoughts are plunder: this has known
 The lightning-heat of Shakespeare's brain erewhile;
 That broad gold piece once Browning stamped his
 own;
 This gem was smoothed by Gray's experienced file;
 That pearl of price I brought—for my heart's ease—
 From long, loud-thundering billows of Miltonic seas.

Harper's Magazine

George Meason Whicher

BLUE HERON

Once in the evening it was there,
And at the reedy margin of the lake,
Its wild blue note against the silver air,
Flowed out like music, when spent intervals of silence
 break

With unclaimed legacies of song—
A long, long note as night and stars are long.

The hours blow outward like a chime of bells, but fall
In shadows not in cadences.
They wrap the dusk about them for a shawl,
And where its fringes tangle in the trees,

The pines reach upward out of silence into speech;
Into a muffled requiem reach and reach,
Above a thin, advancing mist, that drops
Downward in whirling phantom shapes, and stops
With one protesting shiver, where it yields
To a long flow, like moonlit water through the fields.
And then the nearer world becomes a blot,
And things spring into being that are not.

Dark wings swirl eerily, and cries
Out of the unlit silence, rise and rise.
The wet fern has a sudden poignance, sharp and thin,
As if hands struck an untuned violin,

And in chilled water to their knees,
Huddle the uncomplaining cypresses.
In one blue note against the darkening air,
The mystic heron vanished—where?

The Yale Review

Mary Brent Whiteside

THE SONG OF JOSEPH

None shall make a yoke or plow
Better than my own,
But this child, whose sunlit brow,
Holds the kiss of angels now,—
He will build a throne.

Mine to teach his little hands;
He shall learn the whole
Craft the workman understands,
But in this and wider lands,
He will guide the soul.

I shall show him tricks of birds,
Where the sparrows built their nests,
Teach him lore of fleecy herds,
But his heart will hold the words
Hid in sages' breasts.

Mine to teach the lower ways,
Little secrets of the sod;
His to guide in later days,
Where celestial torches blaze,
In the light of God.

The Lyric West

Mary Brent Whiteside

FRAGMENTS

How little words that I have loved go shod
In fragments of the loveliness of God!
And men have dared the pinnacles of art,
Who hold one vanished gesture of a saint,
In stateliness of marble, or in paint,
Whose source is deep within the Infinite heart.

Marble is cold, and paint is all too thin
To shape the body of God's beauty in;
We dare a brow, and reach a garment's hem,
To touch it lightly, as the trees will hold
In late October, miracles of gold,
Before the spendthrift winds sweep over them.

These winds have scattered us about earth's feet,
Like colored leaves that whisper in the street
Outside a high and royal garden close.
We are ourselves but fragments; passionate stuff
That shapes one dream of God; it is enough.
We are spent leaves, but we have touched a rose.

The Forum

Mary Brent Whiteside

THE HUSBAND OF LADY GODIVA

True it is, women are deceivers!
They make us think them soft, submissive, dull;
And on a sudden—catch us up!
When I dared *her*
I reckoned on her spurning me
And pestering me no more
With her lousy hungry herd.
Yet—there she rides—
Naked, except for her bright hair;
Her body as it were molded of new cream
And sweetly curved as a little shell.
But she seems *covered!*
I could tear off her clothes
But never strip her of *that*. It makes her more impreg-
nable
Than the highest tower of my castle.
It would stay whole
An I could crack her every bone!
Greater than modesty,
Proof against threat or weapon,—
I can hear words, feel swords, see blood,
But what *she* has, I cannot grasp!
I'll keep my promise
(Though I shall roar and curse and stamp)

And after this crazy ride
I will be wary!
By God, I'll be in fear of being cut
By that diamond, bedded in white velvet!

The Lyric West

Frances Wierman

CRISS-CROSS PATTERN

The birds stitch
Back and forth
A criss-cross pattern
Until the sky is a maze
Of threads of flight.

Across the sky
From tree to tree
And earth to sky
And tree again,
With now and then
To hold, a stitch
Upon the hillside,
Or, over the orchard
A thread they fasten
In a high tree
Upon the mountain.

The Lyric West

Ethel Brodt Wilson

THE SPINNERS

*Araignée du matin, chagrin;
Araignée du soir, espoir.*

Spider, spinning in the sun,
Hope is done;
 Why with weary webs of care
And time interminably spun
 Still snare
 The creeping worm despair?

Spider spinning in the night
Shadows gray,

Weaving threads of dreams and dew
That the low-hung moon shines through,
 Ah, pray,
Spider, spinning in the night,
Catch me the wingèd moth delight
 That flies no more by day!

The Century Magazine

Anne Goodwin Winslow

SAN MICHELE DI PAGANA

Why light your candles on a day like this,
The sunshine being what it is
And faith not quite the thing it was before
 On the Ligurian shore?

Your restless bells that call again to prayer
With such light voices on so blue an air,
Seem ringing something foreign to the sense
 Of mortal penitence;

And solemn angels should not stand like these,
Blowing their trumpets in the olive trees
That grow so intimately near and tall
 Beside your tinted wall.

Inside there is the pallid pictured Lord,
And Michael, holding his avenging sword
And a red Lucifer beneath his heel,
 But not the eyes that steal

Where those escutcheons that the morning weaves
With trellised clusters and enameled leaves
Are framed in slender ogives opening wide
 On all the sea outside.

Ah, little church, set in too fair a place,
Hold fast your spiritual and inward grace,
Lest beauty beating so on every side
 With waves unsanctified,

Through deep ablutions that are strange to you
Should fashion man's mysterious soul anew
And get him in a shorter way to heaven,
His sins all unforgiven!

Yale Review

Anne Goodwin Winslow

ALCESTIS

On the third day, the loud deliverer said,
She will awake; she stands so silent now,
With that white veil across her whiter brow,
Because thus silent were the dead;
So still she stands
With those yet folded hands
Because she found
Such stillness underneath the ground;
But take her; she is all your own—
Beloved and known. . . .

So she had come again to tread
Her ordered household ways
With ordered mind,
And still, as long ago,
To find
Her joy at morning and her peace at night,
And light
As flowers round her head
To wear the garland of her blameless days;
For he had vanquished death and made it so.

But did he know? . . .

Among her maidens in the spacious room,
What dimness steals across the loom,
Changing the pattern that she weaves?—
These are the leaves
That grow not on the trees of earth;
These flowers
Drew their mysterious birth
From no dark seed of ours;—
Such are the tints that pale and gleam
Beyond that Other Stream.

Mixed with the music and the mirth
That ring
Through the wide hall,
What murmurs drift and fall
Upon her ear?
How should these alien echoes cling
To notes she is so used to hear?
Faint are the winds and far they blow
That bring
Such breathings low
To our clear pipes, and wring
Such unknown sweetness from the harps we know. . . .

So was it all in vain.
The twilight mists that steal
From those wan meadows may not lift and rise
Again for eyes
That drank their shade too deep;
Nor music mend the broken chain
Of mortal memories;
Nor may forgetting seal
Those wells of silence soft as sleep
Where music sinks and dies.
Light is the joy of earth, too light its pain,
To keep
And bind again.

Scribner's Magazine

Anne Goodwin Winslow

IN THE BEGINNING

This is how He made the snake:
With the brand new garden rake
First He raked the leaves away;
Then He spaded up the clay
With the brand new garden spade
(On the fifth day that was made),
And a sticky yellow lump
Like the new-made camel's hump
(Yonder, grazing—there it stands),
This He took between His hands,
Sat him down upon the grass,
While his sun made shadows pass.

Thought awhile and simply sat—
God has naught to hurry at—
Humming tunes for new-made psalms
Rolled the clay between His palms,
Rolled it smooth and slim and long
Pressing it between the strong
Rapid fingers—it became
Like a wriggling rope, the same
Length and thickness as an arm
While the horse inhaled alarm!

Lidless emeralds for eyes—
For a nose He dented twice
With a yellowed finger-nail
The flat head; and for a tail
Lengthened to a furious whip
That thin body's other tip.
Pried the angry fangs apart,
Whispered poison to the heart,
Taught its native hiss to sound,
Flung the creature to the ground!

Having made the snake, there was
Only Adam in His place.
God was gone, and gone for good:
In His footprints Adam stood,
And the serpent slid away . . .
It was dark of the Sixth Day.

The Nation

Robert Wolf

CRADLING WHEAT

The horn, the horn, the harvest horn,
The horn, the horn—bedeviling the dawn!
Pitiless dawn just coming white. . . .
The horn, the devil in the horn, a snarling fiend
Dragging to life limbs heavy with sleep:
Limp upon the hay.
Long bare table, steaming bowls;
The level sun through the hickory woods;

And across drenched meadows where slow chewing cows
Hold the night's dew upon their hairy coats
And sharp-hoofed colts run swift and kick,
Glad of the sunrise.

Emmanuel's gang lean on their cradles,
One ashen finger of tall Hannibal's
Neat spliced with well-waxed thread;
Guffaw and jest,
Clear ring of whetstone on steel blades,
And the west wind across the wheatfield. . . .

O Hercules, you now are black, your name Emmanuel,
Mighty your arms and crisp your curling hair,
Huge thewed your back and muscled deep, your loins.

Your reapers show white laughing teeth,
And shinning black breasts bare.
Come Hercules, lead out your gang.
Into the wheat he strikes with a great bite
And one by one the black skinned phalanx steps in line—
Swinging each cradle in slow swaying rhythm,
Smiting the grain. Black Emmanuel sings.

"Swing your cradle, brother, like a man.
Swing your cradle like it was a tune.
Swing your cradle like a man—a man,
Des wait till noon.

"Swing low.
Swing slow.
Swing steady in de field.
Swing all togedder, brothers, like a tune;
De marster planted, but de Lord he give de yield,
Des wait till noon.

"De Lord is my shepherd and when I die
By de throne I'll sing a tune,
Fetch me home—Fetch me home—
O Lord up in de sky.
Don't wait till noon—"

And Big Phil breaks into a chant—
Grunting to mark each sharp-edged stroke
In rhythm to the cradle's swing:

"Ah-Ha—
Ah-Ha—
Look out for stones.
Ah-Ha—
Ah-Ha—
Look out for stones,
O de Lord is mighty
An he aint goin' to lose
None of his children.
De black and de white
Is de Lord's children.
He is de father and dey is de children.
He won't lose none, not one—
Not one."

The swaying, swinging, sweating echelon
Booms a deep chorus:

"Look out for stones.
When you done strike it dat's too late,—
Look out for stones,
Look out for stones—
And de Lord God Almighty, at de Golden Ga'
Ah-Ha—
My Jane.
Ah-Ha—
My Jane.
Swing your cradle for de boss won't wait.
Ah-Ha—
Oho—
My Jane."

Emmanuel chants in mellow baritone,
Long—easy—slow:

"Goodbye, Mistah Wheatfield,
O goodbye.
We's bit you a good bite
And you got to die.
Dere's de big oak a-waitin'
And de water keg
In de shade,

In de shade
Keepin' cool—
Keepin' cool
In de grass—
In de leaves.
Once round de field
And we take a drink
In de shade of de oak,
Gittin' cool,
Gittin' cool.
In de shade.
De sweat is running
Down into our eyes
Let 'er go—
Let 'er go—
De sweat of de just
Is de fat of de land.
Swing 'er low.
Swing 'er slow,

Goodbye, Mistah Wheatfield. O goodbye."

The phalanx chants and groans and sways,
As one linked black leviathan:

"Ah-ha—
Swing your cradle, brother, like you was a man
A man—
Swing your cradle like it was a tune,
Swing your cradle like a man—a man
Des wait till noon—
Ah-ha—O Lord—
Here we stand
O Lord—
Bless de field,
Bless de yield,
Bless dis bawl —
O Lord—
Don't wait till noon."

Sing, sing black Hercules of glistening skin.

"De moon is a-comin' up tonight,
It surely is—

Big and round and shinning bright,
It surely is—
It is watchin' like a God-Almighty's eye
As it go a-sailin' thro de sky,
It surly is—
O I'm goin' down de sassafras lane,
By de light of de moon to meet my Jane,
I surely is—
I surely is."

Again the chorus organ ntoes.

"Swing 'er low—
Swing 'er slow,
Down de sassafras lane
By de light of de moon . . .
Swing your cradle like it was a tune.
Swing your lady like you was a man,
Don't wait till noon."

Sway and swing and hiss of cutting blades.

"De sun is grinnin' up in de sky—
And dis wheat field must surely die
Ah-ha—
Oh-ho—
I see a keg grinnin' in de hiding grass
Keeping cool—
In de leaves—
In de shade—
Vinegar and molasses and sassafras bark,
Water from de spring shinin' in de dark,
Where de grass grow rank and de bullfrogs sing—
De shinin' spring.
Keepin' cool for me
Till we rest in de shade of de big oak tree,
And de Lord give us rest in eternity,
Ah-ha—
Bless de Lord."

Laughter and babel as they fling themselves
Upon the garss in the wide oak's flickering shade;
Cradles are hung on low drooped limbs,
And tossing off the wide brimmed rye-straw hats
All drink from yellow gourds.

The Measure

Charles Erskine Scott Wood

WHAT THEN OF US, WE HUMBLE FIDDLING FOLK

What then of us, we humble fiddling folk,
Who do not plough the field, nor weld the tool?
Whose beauty-chastened singing never spoke
Doom for the stumbling, over-burdened fool?
We choose the only path that we can see,
Heedless of dark and cold, hunger and thirst,
Travailing in our wrenching misery:
Beauty must flower, though the soil be curst.
And as we dull, the marble wakes to form,
The canvas glows, the air is singing wonder;
And beauty, borne on wings of terrible storm,
Tramples the souls of faithless mortals under,
 To shine serene with a still deathless gleaming
 Till the last mind forget its final dreaming.

Contemporary Verse

Clement Wood

OUT OF SINGING DAYS

Break out in fire, my hill, at autumn's calling;
Badge the blue sky with ecstasies of flame.
The leaves are falling, as the days are falling,
And you are neither apt to die, nor tame
To take the waning sunlight and the chill
In meek abandonment of lowly brown.
Mint gold and red gold in the sky, until
Your haughty banners swirl superbly down.
Your grass has burnt to purple, and your low
Persistent shrubs lift bleeding hearts in air;
Fillets of fire cling to your trees, and glow

In conquering agony; and everywhere
A gross red laugh indifferent to death,
Echoing the hot plea that burns my breath.

II

Cue me, O voices whispering at my ear,
In reach, but out of grasp: voices of stone
Unsung since men shaped them for arrow and spear,
Unsung since first they cooled as the earth's bones;
Voices of scentless flowers; voices of grass
And vine and tongueless sky aspiring tree;
Of beasts that stumble, and great wings that pass
Silently deathward, but for song from me.
Cue me, men wrenched by bitter useless pang.
And no less men made wordless by white bliss;
And O you vaster truths and powers, that clang
Your shields softly beside me, grant me this:
To read your silence, and to choral still
Your slow-unveiling, all-directing will.

III

What is a poet but a tiny flaw
Within the massive silent wall of things?
A trickle of thin beauty, misty law,
Escaped from their majestic prisonings?
Harmonies heaven-swelling, wherein we dwell,
Can only seep, a lessening, broken stream,
As dim as ocean-echoes in a shell,
As faint as an almost forgotten dream.
We are dumb enough, God knows; but life is dumber,
Only the rare dull echo of sweet noise,
A desert of winter, with an hour of summer,
A desert of pain, with a far cloud of joys
Mocking our bitter thirst. Then sing, faint breath,
Though nothing heed you but the ears of death.

IV

Sounds sing about me, like a great and glorious
Cloud of swift swallows; like a shower of leaves
Loosed in a tempest; ribald and uproarious
Snatches of catches; a dull tone that grieves

In the wrung heart; sounds like the hot stars chanting;
And the low dust tittering scorn at a tread;
The agony of wrenched creation panting,
The deep and sombre music of the dead.
Sounds sing about me—fugitive and mocking;
And when I pen them in these scrawls of black,
They leap away, with laughter black and shocking,
And I can find no voice to call them back.

And I have found now what it means to die—
To be held dumb, when the soul breaks for a cry.

The Nation

Clement Wood

IN SORROW

Soon the thoughtless vandal
Again will make them dwindle,
Whose sight is a caress,
Whose sin is loveliness:
Imperial marsh mallow,
Striding through the shallow;
Fugitive Mayflower;
Misty virgin's bower;
Jewel-weed and spotted
Azalea; hot-hearted
Columbine and tansy;
Trillium, wood-pansy;
Starry amaryllis;
Early-blown faun-lilies;
Plumes of mountain laurel,
Humble yellow sorrel,
Purple flame of asters,
Pepper-bush's clusters,
Golden-twining dodder,
Melilot, and madder.
Their sin is loveliness,
Their presence a caress:
With no one to defend them,
How long before men end them?

The New Republic

Clement Wood

LET ME UNLOOSE—

Let me unloose the satin shoe,
Release the shapely heel;
What's neatly done I shall undo,
As at your feet I kneel.

And let me exile all the rest
That prisons from my sight
On either hand a little breast
Sensitive to delight.

Now I have put it all away—
The last so fragile thread
Of your irrelevant array,
Releasing you instead.

For so we come, and so we love,
And so at last we go;
Then, for this so brief hour above,
Take me and hold me so.

Voices

Clement Wood

MIRANDA'S SUPPER

(Virginia, 1866)

Between the solemn portico's
Column and column the lady goes;
Between the proud and painted stalks,
Plucked from Corinth, Miranda walks;
Pale, elegant, at point to vanish;
Her shoes are French, her shawl is Spanish;
Her silk in pure Manchurian rustles;
Three novices went blind at Brussels
To weave the enigma of her scarf;
Her lawns amazed the India Wharf
With webbed enchantment like a witch's
Before they flew in feather-stitches
To flounce her meanest petticoat.
A pair of cameos clasp her throat,
Wherein Psyche, pink and cream,

Slim-handed slants the candle-beam
On Cupid, swooning in carnelian;
Such trifles are antique Italian.

Miranda is a gentlewoman:
She met the invader as a Roman
Who scorns, above the screaming battle, a
Vercingetorix or Attila.
Fair-haired barbarian hordes disperse
Without the comment of a curse
From bitten lips like beads of coral;
She never made her anger oral.
She remained a marble memory
To the Cambridge Captain Amory,
She used him like a prince's legate,
But Oh, her eyes—her eyes were agate!
His mild and courteous Platonics
Shattered on flesh as firm as onyx;
She taught the boy to know his betters:
He saw the crown and heard the fetters.

Between the peony and rose,
Slim and sallow Miranda goes;
In light that's neither gold nor lunar,
This one later, and that one sooner;
Between the yellow and silver both,
Between the swallow and the moth,
Between the heavy walls of box.
Seven! Seven! cry all the clocks;
Five old clocks that chime in chorus,
One the gift of the Grand Duke Boris,
Malachite, with Peter in bronze
Setting his horse at the Persian guns;
The clock with a print of the Flying Castle;
The singing-bird clock that came from Basel;
Bonaparte's clock, with the bees worn shabby;
And the clock with the voice of an English Abbey.
Five aristocrats, gilt and argent,
Wound at the word of a raw top sergeant;
Wound by the paw of a brutal sentry,

To toll the obsequies of gentry,
In that Palladian temple standing
Empty over Peacock's Landing.

Between the box and the brier stalks
Pensively Miranda walks;
The mingled scent is cool and acrid;
Conventual evening is sacred.
Night invests its vistas slowly, as
Moonlight blooms on the magnolias
Whose cups contain the Holy Ghost;
Nothing is lost! Nothing is lost!

The evening is an ardent chapel,
A garden fenced with flowering apple;
Every flower enfolds a candle
Impregnate with the breath of sandal
And ambergis; a chamber arrased
With prayer, where peace lies unembarrassed;
Lies asleep, and does not move
Under the arching orchard grove.
Nothing is lost, nothing is murdered;
All is safe, and softly ordered.
Miranda kneels upon the grass;
The ruffles of her taffetas
Crackle and speak; the sound is crisper
Than her voice subdued to whisper.
The evening's vault is a cathedral;
Kneel and pray; forget the Federal!
Forget the foul receding fever;
Peace is immaculate as ever,
And seven thousand lovely acres
Once more Miranda's and her Maker's:
Edens relinquished one by one.

Miranda rises and goes on
To where upon a wooded crest a
Temple dedicate to Vesta—
Roman-Greek, a little bastard,
Pillars not of stone, but plastered—
Lends a look Hellenic-Latin
To a lawn like sea-green satin;

A structure, elegant and airy,
They call the thing a belvedere.
Why does Miranda stand and shiver?
Here is Phoebe, with her quiver
Furred by moss, and here's Apollo;
But the summer-house is hollow,
Hollow are the negroes' quarters,
And far away, across the parterres,
The mansion hangs on a hill's summit,
Hollowness resounding from it;
Streaming from it like a pennant;
Desolation is its tenant.
Harps and horns and windy whistles
Overflow the empty vessels.
Where are all the souls that filled them?
Who has killed them? Who has killed them?

For a moment's space the lady
Feels her pulse's beat unsteady,
Hammering and helter-skelter;
But her heart is safe in shelter,
Willow-vaulted, verdant-pastured,
Secure in silver mail investured.

Miranda buckles on her courage.
Nevermore the beast shall forage,
Rooting with its bloody tusches
Among the rose and lilac bushes;
Trampling with devil-hooves of iron
The velvet gardens that environ,
Calm, austere, aloof, commanding,
The pillars and roofs of Peacock's Landing.

Miranda steps across the lawn
More precisely than a fawn
That shakes the dew from delicate ankles;
Nothing is wounded, nothing rankles,
Nothing is wicked, nothing whispers;
All is safe as a church at vespers,
On Christmas eve, when the bells cry Nowell!
Miranda takes her garden trowel;
She stoops, she kneels, she digs in the ground.
What is the thing that her hands have found?

Is it horror, or beautiful?
Is it a mandrake, is it a skull?
Is it a crucifix, is it a pistol?
The thing is a cup of Chinese Bristol.
Pure in color, correct in shape,
Bright as embroidered Canton crape;
Mongol faces, demure and pale,
Small as Miranda's finger-nail;
Almond eyes, impertinent, tilted,
Flowers of April suavely melted;
This is a cup to hold infusions
Of caravan tea reserved for Russians
Or brewed for the throat of a thirsty Manchu;
This is a charming cup, I grant you;
Better by far than the willow patterns
That make a lady's soul a slattern's!
Behold Miranda now uncover
With lingering gestures of a lover
A grave that brims with twenty moons
Filling the bowls of the silver spoons.
Her mind grew duller, her mouth grew muter,
Each time she stirred her tea with pewter,
Or touched a knife with a black bone handle;
Now she is lighted like a candle.

She tastes the sugar and the spice in
Simple porridge served on Meissin;
Grand bleu de Sevres, Italian faience,
Hold starvation in abeyance;
Poverty begins to shine,
The crust of bread is steeped in wine;
All the miracle of Cana
May be performed by painted china,
And even the portent of the mass
Imprisoned in a crystal glass.

How many lovely shapes are here:
Brilliant and dark, opaque and clear;
Deep in earth, concealed thereunder;
Miranda dips her hands in wonder.
Here is Minton, smooth as cream;
Glass translucent as a dream

Of blue-green waves along the Lido,
Buried, as a bone by Fido!
Candle-sticks, divinely mated,
Fluted Sheffield, silver-plated,
Leap like lilies from the mold,
Clamoring for tongues of gold!

Miranda wakens from the dead;
Soon her table shall be spread
With alchemy of Belfast looms;
Tapers shall enchant the rooms
And make them populous as once;
Power shall flow from every sconce;
Like Delphic tripods they shall burn.
All the Peacocks shall return
As the sea's uncounted pebbles;
All the gray and golden rebels,
Fallen down like stars, to spangle
Earth, upon the Bloody Angle;
The devout and ivory ladies,
Back from heaven, back from Hades,
Back from other earthier scenes,
Baltimore and New Orleans;
Back from exile, back from durance,
Home again to proud assurance.

Here prepared within an upper
Chamber is Miranda's supper.
Now partake; it is her body;
And the carven cup is bloody
Where her fingers drew it forth
From mortality of earth.
Every broken crust and crumb
Savors of your coming home,
And the berries she has gathered
By divinity are fathered.
Eat the bread she is adoring,
Drink the water she is pouring;

Now approach, both man and ghost;
Nothing is lost! Nothing is lost!

BITTER-SWEET

Like the rustle of old silk thru barren halls,
The west wind's breath touches every leaf
Giving voice to the solitudes;—

Each tree speaks and each to memory recalls,
The subtle fingers softly playing
In fantastic transient moods.

DECRIED

Of beauty there will be always,
Flesh and of tree;
Of fruit there will be always,
Flesh and of tree—
Until Apollo hides his face
And earth becomes a desert place.

Canst see it in the laden bough—
Canst see it in the waving fields—
Canst see it in the Maiden—now?
Because a son, for God, she yields?

Fie! Thou wert a barbarian!

For pollen blown by winds
In summer roundelay,
Frail Lotus-flower flesh,
Condemn thee?—

Condemn the Madonna?

Bookfellow Anthology

J. Roy Zeiss

Part II

**Yearbook of American Poetry
For 1925**

Abbreviations

<i>Am. Mercury</i>	The American Mercury
<i>Am. Poetry</i>	The American Poetry Magazine
<i>Amer. Heb.</i>	The American Hebrew
<i>Atlantic</i>	The Atlantic Monthly
<i>Argosy</i>	The Argosy
<i>Bard</i>	The Country Bard
<i>Bookman</i>	The Bookman
<i>Bohemian</i>	The Bohemian
<i>Buccaneer</i>	The Buccaneer
<i>Bost. Trans.</i>	The Boston Evening Transcript
<i>Cath. World</i>	The Catholic World
<i>C. S. Journ.</i>	The Christian Science Journal
<i>C. S. Mon.</i>	The Christian Science Monitor
<i>Ch. Cent.</i>	The Christian Century
<i>Ch. Herald</i>	The Christian Herald
<i>Ch. Guardian</i>	The Christian Guardian
<i>Ch'man</i>	The Churchman
<i>Chic. Post</i>	Chicago Evening Post
<i>Col. Humor</i>	College Humor
<i>Cin. Times-Star</i>	Cincinnati Times-Star
<i>Circle</i>	The Circle: A Journal of Verse
<i>Club Woman's</i>	The Club Woman's Magazine
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<i>Golden Gal.</i>	The Golden Galleon
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<i>Gypsy</i>	The Gypsy
<i>Hart. D. C.</i>	Hartford Daily Courant
<i>Harp</i>	The Harp
<i>Heacock's</i>	Heacock's (now The Buffalo Arts Journal)
<i>Hue-Cry</i>	The Hue and Cry
<i>Hunter Col. Bulletin</i>	Hunter College Bulletin
<i>Interludes</i>	Interludes: A Magazine of Verse
<i>Lad. H. J.</i>	The Ladies Home Journal
<i>Lar</i>	The Lariat
<i>L'Alouette</i>	L'Alouette: A Magazine of Verse
<i>Led. Dis</i>	Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch
<i>Lin. Lore</i>	Lincoln Lore
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<i>Little Rev</i>	The Little Review
<i>Lyric</i>	The Lyric
<i>Lyric West</i>	The Lyric West
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<i>Measure</i>	The Measure, a Journal of Verse
<i>Mesa</i>	The Mesa, a Quarterly Magazine of Verse
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<i>N. W. Ry. Mag.</i>	North Western Railway Magazine
<i>N. Y. Her.-Trib.</i>	The New York Herald-Tribune
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<i>N. Y. T. M. Sect.</i> ..	The New York Times Magazine Section
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<i>Vir. Quart. Rev.</i>Virginia Quarterly Review
<i>Wisconsin.</i>Wisconsin Magazine
<i>Voices.</i>Voices, A Journal of Verse
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<i>Writers.</i>The Writers' Monthly
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- BESSE, J. N.—In the "Jungle" Second Avenue *L'Alouette*, Sept., '24
- BEVERLEY, ELEANOR SCOTT—The Old Adobe Muses *Overland*, Apr., '25
- BEVERLY-SMITH, ELEANOR—The Pigeons *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '25
- BEYERS, VELMA—When I Come Home From China *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
- BIALIK, CHAIM N.—The House of Eternity (trans.
 from Hebrew by Hayim Fineman); Tonight
 I Waited (trans. from Hebrew by Leo Auer-
 bach and Joseph T. Shipley) *Guardian*, Dec., '24
- BICKLEY, BEULAH VICK—My Bargain *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
 Heaven *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Joy for a Little House " "
 First Class Mail *Bard*, Winter, '24

BICKLEY, BEULAH VICK (<i>Continued</i>)	
Unless	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Mar., '25
The Creed of Love	" "
BIDDLE, FRANCIS —Boy's Love	<i>Forum</i> , Feb., '25
BIRD, J. C. —Garden-Spiders	<i>Voices</i> , Jan., '25
The Sailor	" "
BISHOP, FLORA —The Bunny	<i>Wanderer</i> , Aug., '24
BISHOP, MORRIS —Dementia Praecox	<i>Poetry</i> , Oct., '24
The Old Photograph	" "
BJORKMAN, EDWIN —The Dream	<i>The Reviewer</i> , Jan., '25
BLACK, MACKNIGHT —Advice	<i>Forum</i> , Aug., '24
Give Not With Your Hands	<i>Nation</i> , Aug. 6, '24
Poets	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Nov., '24
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Suspension Bridge Pier Under Construction	" "
The Old Man	" "
Before New Birth	<i>Lyric</i> , Nov., '24
March Earth	" "
Before Spring	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Mar., '25
Christ Dead	<i>Nation</i> , July 29, '25
BLACKBURN, IRMA GRACE —Beauty's Feet	<i>Scroll</i> , Nov., '24
A Man is Rich	<i>Overland</i> , Dec., '24
White Hands of Winter	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Dec., '24
I Have Never Seen the Sea	<i>Overland</i> , Feb., '25
BLADE, GILLETTE —The Man Who Sticks	
	<i>Writers' M.</i> , Mar., '25
BLAIR, BELLE M. —Retrospection	
	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , May-June, '25
BLAIR, MARLOW DILWIN —The Lost Lady	
	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Aug., '24
BLAKE, ADELINE O'BRYON —Nearing Shore (Dedicated to One Who Remembers)	<i>Circle</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
From a Morning Train	" May-June, '25
BLAKE, C. F. —Forgetting	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Apr., '25
BLAKE, CLIFTON —Vermont is Green	
	<i>Palms</i> , Vol. II., No. IV.
BLAKESLEE, MABEL F. —Kindred	<i>Echo</i> , May, '25
BLANCO, ANTONIO NICOLAS —Intimate Prayer (trans. by Muna Lee)	<i>Poetry</i> , Spanish-American No., June, '25
BLAND, HENRY MEADE —Writing the Ballade	
	<i>Writers' M.</i> , Aug., '24
BLANDEN, CHARLES G. —Oasis	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Oct. 2, '24
The Road to Bethany	<i>Overland</i> , Dec., '24
Deserts	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Dec. 11, '24
Prayer	" Feb. 26, '25
The Insult	<i>Overland</i> , Apr., '25
The Shepherd	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Apr. 30, '25
Tapping, Tapping With His Cane	<i>Step Lad.</i> , May, '25
Yes, When Leaves are Flying	" "
I Know a Little Town	" "
Octave	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , July 2, '25
Octave	" July 9, '25
BLANKER, FREDERICKA —Walls	<i>Forum</i> , Nov., '24

- BLANDING, HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE—Three Sonnets
Harper's, Mar., '25
- BLANKNER, FREDERICK V.—To Cypresses
Dbl. Dlr., Nov.-Dec., '24
The Adoration of the Magi *Forum*, Jan. '25
Santa Maria Novella (Florence, Italy)
v *Step Lad.*, Mar., '25
- BLETSCH, MARIE—La Madre Mai *Scroll*, June, '25
- BLOMBERG, ERIK—Truth (trans. from the Swedish by
Charles Wharton Stork) *Step Lad.*, Jan. '25
- BLOOM, CHARLES NORMAN—Frailty *Bookman*, Aug., '24
Quatrain
- BLUMENTHAL, MINNIE EDITH—Italian Lullaby
Interludes, July-Sept., '24
- BLUMENTHAL, WALTER HART—In His Name
Amer. Heb., Apr. 10, '25
- BLUNT, HUGH F.—A Rhymers's Prayer *Mag'at*, Sept., '24
At the Foot of the Cross *Nov.*, '24
A Little Child Shall Lead *Dec.*, '24
In a Cemetery Corner *Jan.*, '25
Signs in the Stars *Feb.*, '25
Resurrection *Apr.*, '25
An Easter Song
Happy Ending, A Fantasy *June*, '25
The White One *July*, '25
- BLUNT, WILFRID SEAWEN—The Wind and the Whirlwind
Nation, Dec. 10, '24
- BOAL, FRANCES—Trop Tard *Commonweal*, Dec. 10, '24
- BODENHEIM, MAXWELL—To a Playing Child
Lit. R., Sept. 13, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. 14, '24
Sunlight on the Avenue *Poetry*, Oct., '24
Old Theme
Intense Comment *Bookman*, Oct., '24
Sonnet to Minna *Nation*, Oct. 29, '24
Poet's Love Letter " *Dec.* 3, '24
Poems to Minna *Lit. R.*, Dec. 13, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 14, '24
Sentimentality *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25
To a Scientist *Bookman*, Feb., '25
Lynched Negro *Little Rev.*, Spring, '25
Parade of Adjectives
Central Park *Bookman*, May, '25
Sonnet *Guardian*, May-June, '25
Sentimentality *Bookman*, June, '25
Here is Your Realism *Cont. V.*, June, '25
In a Forest
- BODET, LAIME TORRES—Trees (trans. from the Spanish
by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, Jan. 28, '25
- BODKIN, MURIEL CAMERON—Chalice *Forum*, Dec., '24
- BOGAN, LOUISE—Song for a Slight Voice
Century, Nov., '24
The Flume *Measure*, June, '25

- BOK, EDWARD W.**—The Glory of All England
Scribner's, Feb., '25
- BOLEYN, DONNA**—Serenity *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
Tempo " Apr., '25
Faith " June, '25
Hiatus " July, '25
Indifferent "
- BOLL, HELENE MARTHA**—A Sound *L'Alouette*, Sept., '25
Evening " "
Symbols *Circle*, Sept.-Oct., '24
When Can I Sing a Song *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
- BOLLING, BERTHA**—Pan's Garden, To E. B. W.
Scribner's, Dec., '24
- BOOGHER, SUSAN MERIWETHER**—The Seeker *Revr.*, Oct., '24
- BOND, GEORGE**—Deserted Farm *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25
- BONE, L. ADDISON**—Evening (trans. from the Esperanto)
Step Lad., Oct., '24
- BONNER, FANNY BAKER**—Discovery
L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25
- BONTEMPS, ARNA**—Spring Music *Crisis*, June, '25
- BORLAND, HAL**—The Old Chief *Guardian*, Dec., '24
Plains Moon " Feb., '25
- BORLAND, MARY**—Into the Woods *Cont. V.*, Aug., '24
Evening *Forum*, Sept., '24
Imitations of the Chinese *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '25
"When Proud-Pied April . . ." *Cont. V.*, May, '25
- BORST, RICHARD WARNER**—Springs of Life
Lyric West, May, '25
- BOSTON, GRACE**—What Have You Done!
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
- BOSTON, EVERETT**—Psalms of the Sea: The Reason
Dbl. Dlr., Aug.-Sept., '24
Psalms of the Sea: The Rivals " Oct., '24
Psalms of the Sea: Dreams " Nov.-Dec., '24
Psalms of the Sea: The Blind Viking " Jan.-Feb., '25
Psalms of the Sea: Twilight " "
The Convent " June, '25
Psalms of the Sea: Out-Bound " July, '25
- BOSWELL, MARTHA**—A Dedication to One Dead
Step Lad., Feb., '25
- BOVSHOVER, I.** (from Yiddish by R. F. F.)—Determination
Open Vistas, May-June, '25
- BOWMAN, LOUISE MOREY**—Rome *Poetry*, Sept., '24
Venice " "
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- BOYCE, FAITH**—Blue Doves *Mag'at*, July, '25
- BOYD, MARION M.**—Gravity *Bookman*, Nov., '24
Follow the Wind " Apr., '25
Moon-Glow *Cont. V.*, July, '25
- BOYD, VAIDA STEWART**
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Stampede " "
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- BOYLE, KAY**—Harbor Song *Poetry*, Feb., '25

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Wealth	" "
Patricia	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Feb., '25
Lady Moon	" Apr., '25
The Dancing Elves	" June, '25
BOYNTON, CHARLES—Etching	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Jan., '25
BRACKETT, ALICE MAY—A Kindred Spirit	<i>Scroll</i> , June, '25
BRADFORD, GAMALIEL—Rain	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Aug. 23, '24
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The Thyroid Gland	<i>Forum</i> , Nov., '24
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The Lot	<i>Lyric</i> , Apr., '25
The Lady I Adore	<i>Bookman</i> , Apr., '25
Judith	<i>S. W. Rev.</i> , Apr., '25
Madame Du Deffand	" "
BRADY, KATHRYNE HELEN—Shadow Souls	<i>Scroll</i> , Aug., '24
Dawn	" "
BRAINERD, CLARENCE J.—Dear Old Dad	
	<i>Bard</i> , Summer-Autumn, '24
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BRANCH, E. DOUGLAS—Monochromes	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Apr., '25
Of a Much-Coveted Young Lady	" "
Girl Before Mirror	" "
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BRANSON, ANNA M.—The Dreamer	<i>Scribner's</i> , Sept., '24
BRAYTON, JOHN—Supplicant	<i>Overland</i> , Sept., '24
BRÉGY, KATHERINE—The Sword	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Aug., '24
After a Quarrel	<i>Pan</i> , June, '25
BREWSTER, CORA COLBERT—Sunrise in Colorado	
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BRIGHT, VERNE—Beauty	<i>Bard</i> , Summer-Autumn, '24
Chant for a Swift Runner	<i>Wanderer</i> , Oct., '24
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Morning is a Sea	" "
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My Love for You	" Feb., '25
Cobweb Castles	" Mar., '25
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By the Lake	" "
Harlequinade	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Apr., '25
Swallows	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Apr., '25
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Danse Macabre	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , June, '25
BRIER, HOWARD MAXWELL—Purple Water	
	<i>Town Crier</i> , Dec. 13, '24
Gray	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Jan., '25
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- BRIGGS, MARGARET PERKINS—Dreamers *N. Y. Sun*
 Garden Ghosts "
 Day's End "
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 BRISTOW, GWEN—The Alien *Verses, Summer No., '25*
 BROCKMAN, LUCY N. W.—Mysteries *Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24*
 Cadences "
 The Sycamores of Iowa "
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 BROOKS, WILLIAM E.—The Angel that Missed Christmas
Continent, Apr. 7, '25
 The Rich Young Ruler Questions *Woman's Press*
 BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL—Twilight Horses
Cont. V., Jan., '25
 BROWN, ALTA WRENWICK—But Love—Ah!—Love!
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 BROWN, FORMAN—In Church *Reviewer, July, '25*
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 BROWN, MARION FRANCIS—God Bless Flappers
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 BRUCE, CHARLES TORY—Kindred *Bohemian, Feb., '25*
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 BRUNCKEN, HERBERT GERHARD—At the Grave of Edward
 MacDowell *Minaret, Nov.-Dec., '24*
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 BRYANT, GLADYS—Bound *Wanderer, Nov., '24*
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 BUCHANAN, JEAN—Fifth Avenue Heather
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 BUCHANAN, VICTOR—The Three Flames
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 BUCK, HOWARD—Plush *Poetry, Aug., '24*
 BUCKLEY, NANCY—Homing *Mag'at, Aug., '24*
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 The Hills of Connemara *Overland, Oct., '24*
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- BUCKLEY, NANCY (*Continued*)
- Gifts *Mag'at*, Jan., '25
- Cloister " " "
- Song at Twilight " Feb., '25
- Song of the Little Trail " " "
- BULLARD, RUTH TAWNEY—March *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
- The Jilt " Jan., '25
- Reminiscences of 1924 " " "
- A Song " Feb., '25
- Sonnet Written After Hearing Handel's "Samson," Apr., '25
- BUNKER, DOROTHY—April *Commonweal*, Apr. 15, '25
- BUNKER, JOHN—The Old Woman *Commonweal*, Nov. 12, '24
- Life " Feb. 4, '25
- BURGESS, DOROTHY—Vision *Lyric*, Aug., '24
- Water I'll Have *Outlook*, Sept. 10, '24
- October Twilight *Lyric*, Nov., '24
- Alien *Measure*, Dec., '24
- There is No Wonder Now *Lyric*, Dec., '24
- As the Waves Sink Into Sand " " "
- Barriers *Measure*, Mar. '25
- The Unknown Wind " " "
- Say What You Will *Outlook*, May 27, '25
- Gypsy *Lyric*, June, '25
- BURGESS, ROBERT LOUIS—To My Lady the Universe *Measure*, Aug., '24
- Hikers *Psalms*, Vol. II., No. V.
- Homer, Virgil, and a Journalist *Nation*, Jan. 28, '25
- BURGESS, STELLA FISHER—(Of F. G. H.) *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 2, '24
- I Believe in the Life Everlasting " Apr. 9, '25
- One There Was " Apr. 30, '25
- BURLINGHAME, ROGER—Romance *Scribner's*, Nov. '24
- BURMAN, BEN LUCIEN—Oh, the Cobbs an' McFarlands are Fightin'! *Century*, Jan. '25
- BURN, AUBREY—Mystic Spring *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
- BURNET, DANA—Last Song *Bookman*, Feb., '25
- BURNSHAW, STANLEY A.—October Noon *Circle*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- Aesthetes *Voices*, Nov., '24
- Core of Night " " "
- After Storm: August " " "
- Ode Before Autumn " Apr., '25
- Blackbird *Lyric*, Apr., '25
- Sky-Girl *International Arts*, June, '25
- BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE—Reality *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 9, '25
- BURRILL, ELVYN FREMONT—Prospects *Overland*, July, '25
- BURT, STRUTHERS—To This House . . . *Scribner's*, Dec., '24
- BURTON, CLARA MOORE—Harvest Apples *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
- My Trees Winter, '24

- BURTON, LETITIA E.—Truth, Life, and Love Made Manifest *C. S. Jour.*, June, '25
- BURTON, RICHARD—Shakespeare Reads the King James Version (Anno domini, 1611) *Ch. Cent.*, Sept. 11, '24
- BUSEY, GARRETA HELEN—Riders of the Sky *Forum*, Apr., '25
- Sent With an Anonymous Bouquet *Bookman*, Dec., '24
- Balm *N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, Jan. 11, '25
- Riders of the Sky *Forum*, Apr., '25
- BUSS, KATE—Personae Mutae *New Rep.*, Oct. 22, '24
- BUTCHER, HARRIETTE SHAD—To the Memory of Colonel Charles Denton Young *Crisis*, Apr., '25
- BUTLER, LOUISA—Lake Memory *Cont. V.*, Sept., '25
- Molly " " " "
- BYNNER, WITTER—Ebenezer *Forum*, Sept., '24
- The Old Men and the Young Men *New Rep.*, Sept. 3, '24
- A Buffalo Dance at Santo Domingo *Nation*, Sept. 24, '24
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- Earth-Balm *Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Oct. 12, '24
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- I Should Like to Be *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
- One of These Days *Stratford M.*, Dec., '24
- The City *Bookman*, Dec., '24
- To One In China *Poetry*, Jan., '25
- There Are Too Many Dead, To Paul Thevanaz *Poetry*, Jan., '25
- Reveille *Wld. Tmrow.*, Jan., '25
- The Long Way *Poetry*, Jan., '25
- The Singing Huntsman " "
- A Young Girl " "
- Maggie, *New Rep.*, Jan. 21, '25
- Never a Faun *Lit. R.*, Jan. 24, '25
- Lot's Daughter *Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Jan. 25, '25
- A Country Cottage *New Rep.*, Mar. 18, '25
- Three Men " Apr. 1, '25
- Says a Taoist *Nation*, June 17, '25
- Word-Woman " "
- On Finding Sweets; To Idella Purnell " "
- BYNNER, WITTER, AND KANG-HU, KIANG—Songs from China *Psalms*, Vol. II., No. I.
- C., T.—The Thunderers *Commonweal*, Nov. 26, '24
- C., L. E.—Wood Ways *Cont. V.*, Dec., '24
- Spirit Wings " "
- Saplings " "
- CABELL, JAMES BRANCH—The Second Way (Adapted from the Chih I. of Wang Po: circa 675) *Reviewer*, Oct., '24
- CAFFEE, EDWARD DAVID—Roland Hayes *Crisis*, Jan., '25

CAHILL, ALICE M.—Cannas	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Sept., '24
CAIE, HARRIET B.—Halfway House	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '25
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CALFEE, JEANNE—Inspiration	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Feb., '25
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- CAMPBELL, ANNE V.—Vale! *Heacock's*, Mar., '25
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- CAMPBELL, FLOY—The Dunes *Poetry*, Aug., '24
- CAMPBELL, MARGARET T.—Sharing *C. S. Jour.*, Aug., '24
 The Lesson-Sermons " *Oct.*, '24
- CAMPBELL, SUSAN F.—Ruth *C. S. Jour.*, Nov., '24
- CAMMAN, BONITA KING—Reincarnation
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- CANADAY, ELIZABETH BARBARA—Earth's Breast
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- The Miracle of the Valley Lilies
- CANCIO, MIGUEL GALLIANO—Naught But the Admonition
 (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)
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- CANE, MELVILLE—January Garden *Dial*, Mar. '25
- CANFIELD, LILLIAN CAROLINE—The Last Rodeo
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- CANON, RALPH—The Thresher *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
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- CAPISTRANO, JUAN—Prelude in Two Keys
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- CARLIN, FRANCIS—Counsel *Commonweal*, Nov. 19, '24
 Alice Meynell " *Dec. 3*, '24
- CARMAN, BLISS—The Good Priest of Gourin
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- CARNEVALI, E.—Portrait *Little Rev.*, Spring, '25
- CARR, EVA DORSEY—In the Old Farm Cemetery
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- CARROLL, ELLEN M.—Talisman *Scroll*, Aug., '24
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 CARTIER, CELIA CHESSMAN—Lies *L'Alouette*, Sept., '24
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 CARUS, HELENA—Days After I.-IX. *Poetry*, Mar., '25
 CARUTHERS, MAZIE V.—White Nights *Buccaneer*, Oct., '24
 The First Christmas *N. Y. Times M. Sec.*, Dec. 23, '24
 Pandora *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
 CARTWRIGHT, DOROTHY HAWLEY—Nocturne
 Overland, Aug., '24
 I Am Weary of the City " Nov., '24
 The Passing *Lyric West.*, Nov., '24
 Dumbness *Stratford M.*, Dec., '24
 To a Girl in a Blue Dress *Lyric West*, Feb., '25
 You Are My Song *Overland*, Feb., '25
 CARVER, GERTRUDE NASON—Professional
 Writer's M., Sept., '24
 October Fragments *The Reviewer*, Oct., '24
 Spring Song *Cont. V.*, May, '25
 CARY, ROBERT—I Must Go Down Into the Moil and Jostle
 Pan, June, '25
 CASAS, JOSE JOAQUIN—The Secret (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, Mar. 4, '25
 CASE, ELIZABETH—Retribution *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '25
 CASSEDY, STEPHANA P.—Mystery
 Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
 Dreams *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '25
 CASTLE, HORACE—The Closing Year *Scroll*, Dec., '24
 CATE, ELIZABETH B.—Error's Destruction
 C. S. Jour., May, '25
 CAUTELA, GIUSEPPE—Nun *Measure*, Nov., '24
 CHAFIN, BEEBE THOMPSON—Easter
 Muse and Mirror, Apr., '25
 CHALLISS, JAMES COURTNEY—Vision
 Interludes, July-Sept., '24
 Wind " "
 Rain in the Country " Oct.-Dec., '24
 January Morning *Cont. V.*, Feb., '25
 The Greater Gift " "
 Shore Dwarfs " "
 CHAMBERS, WHITTAKER—Quag-Hole *Nation*, Dec. 31, '24
 CHANDLER, JOSEPHINE CRAVEN—En Passant
 Step Lad., June, '25
 CHAPMAN, JOHN JAY—"Confused Alarms"
 Forum, Mar., '25

- CHASE, POLLY—Hands on a Card-Table *Poetry*, Oct., '24
 Stillborn " "
 Little Things " "
 Bliss " "
 Firelight " "
- CHATTOPADHYAYA, HARINDRANATH—Noon
Wld. Tmrow, Dec., '24
 Divine Dark " "
 Rescue *Commonweal*, Apr. 1, '25
 Broken Dreams " July, '25
- CHEN, KWEI—I Don't Want to Wear My Hat
Bookman, May, '25
 Answer Mother in China " "
 To an Old Schoolmate " "
 Madmen and Children *Century*, Feb., '25
- CHESTERMAN, HUGH—Knowledge *Lit. R.*, Nov. 15, '24
Phila. Pub. Ldg., Nov. 16, '24
- CHESWICK, PAUL—Wood Magic *Gypsy*, June, '25
- CHEYNEY, E. RALPH—Suspension Bridge
Worker's M., Jan., '25
 Thomas Henley Huxley *Unity*, May, '25
 Grove Street *Quill*, May, '25
 Credo *Circle*, May-June, '25
 Woods Retreat *Wld. Tmrow*, June, '25
 Gossip Rain *International Arts*, June, '25
 Dark Encounter *Wld. Tmrow*, July, '25
 Mutual *Birth Control Rev.*, July, '25
 My Divers Selves *Quill*, July, '25
- CHI, WANG—Futility of War (English rendering by Mabel Lorenz Ives)
Scroll, Nov., '24
- CHILD, MARY—Seesaw *Stratford M.*, Dec., '24
- CHITTENDEN, GERALD—Gossip at Bow Mills
Independent, Dec. 6, '24
- CHOATE, HELEN—The Tired Woman *Scribner's*, Apr., '25
- CHOCANO, JOSE SANTAS—Archaeology (trans. from the Spanish by Alice Stone Blackwell)
Wld. Tmrow, Nov., '24
 Renouncement (trans. from the Spanish by Muna Lee)
Min., Mar.-Apr., '25
 Horses of the Conquistadores (trans. by Muna Lee)
Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25
 Folk-Songs of the Pampas (trans. by Muna Lee)
- CHRISTIAN, MALCOLM H.—Lonesome *Crisis*, Apr., '25
- CHRISTIAN, MARGARET ANNE—Madrigal
Wanderer, Oct., '24
- CHUBB, THOMAS CALDECOT—At the Edge of the Bay
Scribner's, Jan., '25
- CHURCH, RICHARD—Waiting *Poetry*, Dec., '24
- CLAPP, MARY BRENNAN—I Think Love—
Lyric West, Apr., '25
 Ether " "
- CLARK, BADGER—The Job *Ch. Cent.*, May 14, '25

CLARK, FANNIE HUNTER—The Last Butterfly of Autumn
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24

My Other Self
An Evening Flight Overland, Sept., '24
Winter Bard, Winter, '24
Just Life Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '25
Transformation Muse and Mirror, Apr., '25

CLARK, MARGUERITE DIXON—Wind Free Measures, Nov., '24
Epitaph for a Poet Voices, Dec., '24

CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS—God Ch. Cent., Aug. 7, '24
Who Will Build the World Anew " Aug. 21, '24
Heroes " Sept. 11, '24
Events " Sept. 25, '24
Faith and Love " "
To the Poet " Oct. 2, '24
Courage " Oct. 16, '24
Revelation " "
Sisyphus " "
Escape " Oct. 30, '24
War " Dec. 4, '24
At Half-Mast " Dec. 11, '24
The Book of God " "
Who Made War " Dec. 18, '24
Caesar and Christ " Dec. 25, '24
Apparitions " Jan. 1, '25
Prophecy " Jan. 8, '25
God's Dreams " Feb. 5, '25
Bugle Song of Peace, A Prophecy " "
Child of the Woodland " Feb. 12, '25
A Man of Sorrow " "
The Immortal " Mar. 5, '25
Intimations " Apr. 2, '25
Spring Atonement " Apr. 9, '25
In Blossom-Time " Apr. 23, '25
Poor " Apr. 30, '25
If Beauty Passes " May 14, '25
Poets " May 21, '25
Immortality " "
The Mystery " June 4, '25
Love the Magician " June 18, '25
The Voice " July 2, '25
The Outcast " July 9, '25
In An Age of Science " July 30, '25

CLARK, WILLIAM RUSSELL—Thought Greedy
Muse and Mirror, June, '25

Quatrain
I Have Found Peace in Quiet Things
Dead Hands Buccaneer, Jan., '25
Derelict Lyric, Apr., '25
Ballade of the Pale Spring Moon Buccaneer, Apr., '25
Sonnet to Death S. W. Rev., Apr., '25

CLARKE, LUCRETIA—Post Meridian Scroll, June, '25

- CLAYTON, BEATRICE—No Enemies *C. S. Jour.*, Sept., '24
 Forgiveness " Nov., '24
- CLEGHORN, SARAH N.—St. Clare Hears St. Francis
Wld. Tmrow, Dec., '24
 "Tell! Tell." " Mar., '25
 The Mother at the Telescope *Harper's* Apr., '25
- CLEPHANE, ROSLYN—Grey Days *Muse and Mirror*, June, '25
 Dream-Weaver " July, '25
 Nuncio " "
- CLIFTON, C. S.—Before Dawn *Circle*, May-June, '25
- CLOUD, VIRGINIA WOODWARD—Things
Stratford M., Dec., '24
- CLOUGH, WILSON O.—Ballad of the Scotty Mine (A True Incident) *Lyric West*, Nov., '24
 After St. Mihiel " June-July, '25
 On Guard " "
- COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH J.—For the Fields
Poetry, Aug., '24
- For Driving Away Rain " "
 For Ships " "
 For Butterflies and Moths " "
 For New Shoes " "
 Retired *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Indifference " "
 I Want to See a Man With Earrings " "
 The Crows of Bayeux *Lyric-West*, Oct., '24
 Posthumous Respectability *Dial*, Oct., '24
 Bear River *Measure*, Nov., '24
 The Hunters *Forum*, Nov., '24
 November *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
 In Provence *Century*, Dec., '24
 Birth of Henri Quatre *Lit. R.*, Mar. 14, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Mar. 15, '25
 Cleopatra in Rome *Bookman*, May, '25
 Burnt Offering *Voices*, May-June, '25
 On Windmills " "
 Genesis " "
 After Breughel " "
 Recipe for Summer *Cont V.*, July, '25
- COATES, GRACE STONE—Eagles and Cat-Birds
Midland, June 15, '25
- The Cliff " "
 A Child Tastes the Loveliness of " "
 Life and Fashions a New Dream " "
 Loneliness " "
- COBLENTZ, CATHERINE CATE—Mars *Popu. Astr.*, Dec., '24
 Love *Vermont*, Dec., '24
 I Shall Remember *Bost. Trans.*, Jan. 10, '24
 Sanctuary " Jan. 14, '25
 Narcissus " Jan. 24, '25
 Narcissus " Jan. 31, '24
 Beauty in Sorrow *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 19, '25
 Keys *Bost. Trans.*, Mar. 11, '25

- COBLENTZ, CATHERINE CATE (*Continued*)
 If Only You Remember *Bost. Trans.*, Mar. 11, '25
 The Earth Worshipped *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 19, '25
- COBLENTZ, STANTON A.—Eagles and Snails
Bookman, Sept. '24
 The Exile *Lyric*, Nov., '24
 The Genius *Cont. V.*, Dec., '24
 The Heretic *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25
 The Return *Independent*, Feb. 7, '25
 Slaves *Cont. V.*, Mar., '25
 The Wolf, the Hornet, and the Nightingale
Voices, Mar., '25
- COCKCROFT, JULIA WALCOTT—Petition *Scroll*, Dec., '24
 To the Lone Pine of L'Alouette
L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25
- Solitaire
 Panel, A-Maying *Bohemian*, May, '25
 Noon in My Garden *Harp*, May, '25
- CODY, S. J., ALEXANDER J.—Fears *Mag'at*, Oct., '24
 "Unless the Grain of Wheat Die" *"* Jan., '25
 Poe *"* Apr., '25
 Knight Errantry *"* May, '25
 Death the Verger *"* June, '25
- COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM—Crecy *Forum*, Aug., '24
 Dew and Bronze *Nation*, Sept. 17, '24
 Saint Brandan of the West *Forum*, Feb., '25
- COGDELL, JOSEPHINE—My Sorrow Song
Messenger, Dec., '24
 Spring *"* Apr., '25
- COLBERT, NELLE J.—"In Flanders Fields"
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
 "World Wide Guild Song" *Bapt. Missions*, Nov., '24
- COLE, LOIS DWIGHT—"Venerable Woods" *Am. Forests*
- COLEMAN, ETHEL M.—Vicarious Life *Overland*, Nov., '24
- COLEMAN, H. BROMLEY—The Peacock and the Moon
Muse and Mirror, Jan. '25
- COLEMAN, M. E.—Fulfillment *Overland*, July, '25
- COLLINS, MELVA FRENCH—After Reading Some of the
 New Poetry *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
- COLUM, PADRAIC—Fuchsia Hedges in Connacht
Commonweal, Nov. 12, '24
 The Burial of Saint Brendan *Measure*, Apr., '25
 Queen Gormlai *Dial*, May, '25
 Hawaiian Song *Gypsy*, June, '25
- COLLYER, MABEL HAUGHTON—What Are We Coming Too?
Reader, Oct., '25
- COLVERT, LEATHE—Night *Messenger*, Dec., '24
- COLWELL, ALBERTA WING—The Pacific *Scroll*, Oct., '24
 Prohibition (with apologies to Walt Mason)
 Through Northern Woods *"* Nov., '24
 Contentment *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Dear Ghosts *Overland*, Mar., '25

COLWELL, ALBERTA WING (*Continued*)

To My Love

Scroll, June, '25

I Wonder Why?

COLWELL, JANE L.—A Soul's Release

Town Crier, Dec. 18, '24

Pale Watcher at the Casement

Impression

Muse and Mirror, Jan., '25

Sea Lure

Every Wind's a Fair Wind

Thoughts

Poem Urge

Lyric

Aspirations

Life

Fancy

The Miracle of Pink

To a Dogwood

Weariness

COLWELL, LAVERNE WEBSTER—O, Paint Me a Landscape

L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25

COMBS, FULLER—A Smile and a Tear

Muse and Mirror, June, '25

CONANT, ISABEL FISKE—Eleonora Duse

Poetry, Aug., '24

Moving-Day in Manhattan

N. Y. World, Oct. 1, '24

Verity

Measure, Nov., '24

Frail Flame

Lonely Farm

Old Aunt

Mary of the City

Consequence

Tangible

Old Stone-Worker

Trail

Rain

Mother to Child

Secret

Lost Soul

Beatrice

Golden Light

Still Laughter

Blown Fuse

Portrait

Sane

Lady

Called Mary

Cloak

Christmas Miracle

Curb-Stone Christmas

Mother's Daughter

Return

An Old Song

Of the City

Prodigal

Buccaneer, Nov., '24

Lyric, Nov., '24

Voices, Dec., '24

Independent, Dec. 6, '25

Buccaneer, Jan., '25

Lyric, Feb., '25

Voices, Mar., '25

Cont. V., Apr., '25

Harp, May, '25

Lyric, May, '25

CONANT, ISABEL FISKE (<i>Continued</i>)	
In the City	<i>Lyric</i> , May, '25
Lonely	" "
Forlorn	" "
Crystal Cup	" "
Church	<i>Voices</i> , May-June, '25
Version	" "
Book Review: 1925	" "
New Testament Apochrypha	" "
X C I Psalm	" "
The Bible	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , June 9, '25
Balance	<i>Min.</i> , July-Aug., '25
CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD—Strong Breeze	
	<i>Poetry</i> , Sept., '24
Squalls of Rain	" "
Rough Sea	" "
Occasional Mist	" "
Dominica	<i>Century</i> , Sept., '24
Martinique—Le Pays des Revenants,	" "
Martinique—La Pelee	" "
Nevis	" "
Sonnet	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Oct. 25, '24
	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , Oct. 26, '24
Carib Canone Under Sail	<i>Nation</i> , Dec. 31, '24
To a Hermit Thrush	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Jan. 1, '25
	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , Jan. 2, '25
Matisse April (Tierra Caliente)	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Jan.-Feb., '25
Barbados	<i>New Rep.</i> , May 6, '25
In the Palm Forest—Rainy Season	<i>Palms</i> , Summer, '25
Canyon Trails	" "
CONKLING, HILDA—Holyoke Hills	
	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Mar. 28, '25
	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , Mar. 29, '25
CONNER, A. M.—The Hut on the "Winding Way"	
	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
CONNER, ELIZABETH—Every Summer	
Star Shower	<i>Overland</i> , Jan., '25
Moon Mask	" "
CONNER, RUTH IRVING—A Lesson	
Irony	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Nov., '24
To a Tiny Rock Fern	<i>Lyric</i> , Jan., '24
When I Reflect	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Jan., '25
Request	<i>Lyric</i> , Feb., '25
Resolve	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Mar., '25
Fungi	<i>Lyric</i> , Apr., '25
All	<i>Step Lad.</i> , May, '25
Comparison	" July, '25
CONNOR, TORREY—A Tribute to Charles Keeler	
	<i>Overland</i> , Sept., '24
Spanish Serenade	" Oct., '24
Sunbonnet Girl	" Mar., '25
Refuge	" July, '25

- CONBOE, GRACE SHERBURNE—Hope
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24
- CONTARDO, LUIS FELIPE—Home of Peace and Purity
(trans. from the Spanish by T. Walsh)
Commonweal, July 29, '25
- COOK, HAROLD LEWIS—Circles
Lyric, Aug., '24
- The Mortal Rose
Measure, Mar., '25
- When You Are Here . . .
" " "
- The Theft
Midland, Apr., 15, '25
- COOKE, EDMUND VANCE—Moses
Nation, Aug. 20, '24
- Cain
" " "
- The Serpent
" " "
- David
" " "
- Ruth
" " "
- COOKE, LE BARON—Buddha Speaks
Cont. V., Aug., '24
- Woodrow Wilson Passes
" " "
- Voices
" " "
- Finis
" " "
- The Cry of Gulls
Town and Country, Oct., '24
- The Visit
Stratford M., Nov., '24
- A Certain Man
Cont. V., Nov., '24
- Advice
Dbl. Dlr., Jan.-Feb., '25
- Sounds
Town and Country, Apr., '25
- April
" " "
- COOKSLEY, S. BERT—Celia
Wand., Sept., '24
- Dernateau
" Nov., '24
- Plaint
" " "
- Tryst
" " "
- Tom
Lyric West, Mar., '25
- Babylon
Bohemian, Apr., '25
- Judas Iscariot
Lyric West, Apr., '25
- Woodland Night
Harp, May, '25
- Post Card
Buccaneer, May, '25
- After the Hills
Min., May-June, '25
- Sexton
Voices, May-June, '25
- Fourth House Dawn
Gypsy, June, '25
- Dealer
Verse, Summer No., '25
- Crystals
Dumbook, June, '25
- For Five People in a Market Stall
Mesa, Summer No., '25
- COOPER, BELLE—Sonnet, To Alfred Edward Housman
Lyric West, Jan., '25
- CORBIN, ALICE—Loss
Poetry, Sept., '24
- Flame
" " "
- The Wood
" " "
- Another Spring
" " "
- Horoscope
" " "
- Song
" " "
- Call It Stream or Bird
Harper's, Dec., '24
- Forgotten Springs
" Apr., '25
- CORCORAN, FREDERICK—Immortality
Commonweal, Dec. 31, '24

CORNELIUS, MARY CHASE—As Amber Beads	<i>Nomad</i>
To a Winter Sycamore	<i>Harp</i> , May, '25
CORNELL, AGNES—The Desert Moon Before a Sand Storm	<i>Overland</i> , Aug., '24
Something Deeper	<i>Personalist</i> , Jan., '25
Desert Night Song	<i>Fantasia</i> , Feb., '25
CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY—The Dreamer	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Sept., '24
Portrait	
Plowmen	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Sept. 18, '24
The Phantom Rider	<i>Overland</i> , Oct., '24
October Dayfall	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Oct., '24
Bondage	" "
Derision	" "
Prayers	<i>Interludes</i> , Oct.-Dec., '24
Demise	<i>Wand</i> , Nov., '24
Autumn Twilight	<i>Voices</i> , Dec., '24
Imminence	" "
Jerry the Fiddler	<i>Oregon</i> , Jan., '25
"Happy" Sam	" "
Harmony	" "
Grist	" "
"Ashes to Ashes"	" "
Inarticulate	" "
Old "Poor Rich"	" "
Philip the Graver	" "
A Builder of Bridges	" "
"Handy Joe"	" "
Miracle	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Jan., '25
Dead Day	" Feb., '25
The Teller	<i>Overland</i> , Feb., '25
Advent	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Mar., '25
Sonnets of a Discontented Wife	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Mar., '25
Question	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Mar. 26, '25
Trees that Bloom in Graveyards	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Apr., '25
Helen of Troy	<i>Bohemian</i> , Apr., '25
Boughs	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Apr. 2, '25
Judas	" Apr. 9, '25
Resumption	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '25
Sea Ghosts	<i>Buccaneer</i> , May, '25
Windy Night	" "
Daisy Fields	" "
Knowledge	<i>Harp</i> , May, '25
Acquisition	<i>Voices</i> , May-June, '25
Old Farmer	" "
Autumnal Gesture	" "
Defacement	" "
Apprehension	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June, '25
Sea Flowers	" "
Utterance	" "
Wind Words	" "

- CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY (*Continued*)
 Fac Simile *Muse and Mirror*, July, '25
 Prescience " "
 Grave Scholars " "
 I Followed a Cloud " "
- CORWIN, JOHN HOWARD—The Poet in the Tall Grass
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
 Ichabod of Honolulu *Bard*, Winter, '24
 CORY, M. W.—Drift-Wood *Overland*, May, '25
 COUSINS, MARGARET—On Receipt of a Lace Paper Val-
 entine *Buccaneer*, Apr., '25
 COVINGTON, FRANK B.—When de Green am in de Trees
Muse and Mirror, June, '25
 COWAN, LURA M.—Experience *Wand.*, Sept., '24
 The Pendulum Swings " Nov., '24
 COWDIN, JASPER BARNETT—Words *Circle*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Quatrains *Bard*, Winter, '24
 Quatrain *Min.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Moon Call *Buccaneer*, Apr., '25
 Love Resplendent *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '25
 COWLEY, MALCOLM—Those of Lucifer *Dial*, July, '25
 CORWIN, MARY BEATRICE—A Boy with a Bunch of Flowers
Club Woman's, Mar., '25
 COX, ALICE—The Happy Wife *Bookman*, Oct., '24
 COX, ELEANOR ROGERS—Moon Cup
Commonweal, Nov. 12, '24
 Palm Sunday *Mag'at*, Apr., '25
 The Treasure *Commonweal*, Apr., '25
 COX, LORA—Inarticulate *Mesa*, Summer No., '25
 COX, LYTTON—Heritage *Lyric*, Aug., '24
 CRAIG, MARION B.—Love's Wisdom Verse, Summer No., '25
 CRAIGIE, WILL—Between the Sheets *Guardian*, Jan., '25
 CRANE, NATHALIA—The Law *Bookman*, Dec., '24
 Destiny " "
 CRANDALL, HAZEL DELI—Come Out! *Overland*, July, '25
 CRAWFORD, JOHN W.—Orpheus (For W. H. S. and S. R.)
Guardian, Mar., '25
 CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM—Converted
Haldeman-Julius M., Apr., '25
 CREW, ALICE H.—Lest There be One Who Walks in
 Grief *Midland*, Apr. 15, '25
 Song " "
 CRISLER, BEN—Preference *Cont. V.*, Jan., '25
 CROKER, MARIA BRISCOE—Song Flowers
L'Alouette, Oct., '24
 In the Days of Herod the King *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 Water Lilies *Scroll*, Jan., '24
 God-Given *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Immortality *Circle*, May-June, '24
 A Guildford Sunset " "
 CROSS, MARGARET VIRGINIA—Christmas Candles
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24

CROSS, MARGARET VIRGINIA (Continued)		
Inland	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Feb., '25	
Fog Memory	"	Apr. '25
CROSSER, NORA BADGER—Children of the Wood		
The Medley	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Oct., '24	
	<i>Circle</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24	
CROUCH, PEARL RIGGS—Thirst	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb., '25	
CROWELL, GRACE NOLL—White Fire	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Sept., '24	
There Are Certain Days	"	
Repetition	"	Oct., '24
Symbols	"	Dec., '24
The Pines	"	"
The Mountain	"	"
Young April	<i>S. W. Rev.</i> , Apr., '25	
I Grieve for Beauty Wasted	<i>Scribner's</i> , Apr., '25	
CROWELL, NORMAN H.—Another Galatea	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Feb., '25	
CRYAN, AMY—Fantasy	<i>Overland</i> , Jan., '25	
Santa Barbara to Maine	"	"
A Monochrome	"	"
A Water Color by Turner	"	"
CULLEN, COUNTÉE—The Ballad of the Brown Girl		
	<i>Palms</i> , Vol. II., No. I.	
Brown Boy to Brown Girl (Remembrance on a Hill)	<i>Opportunity</i> , Sept., '24	
A Song in Praise (To One Who	"	"
Praised His Lady's Being Fair)	"	"
Saturday's Child	<i>Century</i> , Sept., '24	
Youth Sings a Song of Rosebuds	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '24	
Yet Do I Marvel	<i>Century</i> , Nov., '24	
Fruit of the Flower	<i>Harper's</i> , Nov., '24	
The Wise	<i>Nation</i> , Nov. 12, '24	
For a Poet	<i>Harper's</i> , Dec., '24	
For a Cynic	"	"
For a Singer	"	"
For a Lovely Lady	"	"
For Myself	"	"
Hunger	<i>Measure</i> , Jan., '25	
Red	"	"
Black	"	"
The Unknown Color	"	"
The Spark	"	"
For John Keats, Apostle of Beauty	<i>Harper's</i> , Feb., '25	
For Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Negro Laureate	"	"
For Joseph Conrad	"	"
For an Atheist	"	"
For an Evolutionist and His Opponent	"	"
✓ For a Mouthy Woman	"	"
Heritage	<i>Sur. Graphic</i> , Mar., '25	
To One Who Said Me Nay	<i>Opportunity</i> , May, '25	
Threnody for a Brown Girl	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '25	
For a Fool	"	July, '25

CULLEN, COUNTÉE (Continued)

For One Who Gaily Sowed His Oats *Poetry*, July, '25

For a Wanton " "

For a Preacher " "

The Loss of Love *Nation*, July 1, '25

Wisdom Cometh With the Years *Palms*, Summer, '25

CULNAN, RALPH—Antiques *Buccaneer*, Nov., '24

A Garden Idyl *Am. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24

The Pines Will Whisper *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25

Sunset " "

Impression " "

Thoughts *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '25

Spring *Scroll*, June, '25

CUMMINGS, MARION—Shuttle Song

Commonweal, Dec. 17, '24

Here on the Cliff's Green Edge " Dec. 31, '24

Yesterday a Dream Died " Jan. 21, '25

CUMMINGS, MARY E.—Rain Drops

Buffalo Arts Jour., July-Aug., '25

CUNARD, NANCY—From Afar *Bookman*, Nov., '24

CUNNINGHAM, MARGARET LOUISE—Rabonni

Mag'at, Aug., '24

Privileges " Sept., '24

Waiting " Feb., '25

To Our Lady on Lady Day in Spring Mar., '25

CUNNINGHAM, NORA B.—Retort *Cont. V.*, Oct., '24

Friends

Perhaps

Wisdom Mar., '25

CURRAN, MRS. GEORGE (taken down by Witter Bynner)

Tulips *Palms*, Summer, '25

Castle on the Danube " "

William Marion Reed " "

CURRAN, PAULINE GARNER—The Running Dawn

Lyric West., 'Feb., '25

CURRIER, FRANCIS—Old Man Edwards *Forum*, Dec., '24

CURTIS, CHRISTINE TURNER—After Tears

Lit. R., Aug. 9, '24

Phila. Pub Ldg., Aug. 10, '24

Quenched *Poetry*, Dec., '24

Quiet Trees *Cont. V.*, Jan., '25

CUTAJAR, MARY WRIGHT—The Poet

Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24

Sea Calm *Interludes*, Oct.-Dec., '24

The Terrace *Bard*, Winter, '24

CUSHMAN, HARRIETTE E.—In the Beginning

Harp, May., '25

DALTON, POWER—Dream Child

Lyric, Aug., '24

White Stairs *Cont. V.*, Oct., '24

White Hour *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24

Breath of the Honeysuckle *Lyric West.*, Nov., '24

L'Inevitable " Dec., '24

DALTON, POWER (<i>Continued</i>)	
Wet Flame!	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '25
Onomatopoeia	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Mar., '25
Sanctuary	<i>Buccaneer</i> , May, '25
Lullaby for a Lady	" "
The Gleaming Ladder	" "
To a White Birch Tree	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 10, '25
DALY, DENNIS —The Sailor Engineer	<i>N. W. R. S.</i> , Feb., '25
DALY, ELIZABETH —To the Ladies	<i>Scribner's</i> , Aug., '24
DALY, JAMES —Crest of Slow Fire	<i>Poetry</i> , Feb., '25
Excursion	" "
Sculpture	" "
Words of the Weaver of Nets	" "
Bazaar	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 6, '25
On Choosing Heaven's Wall	<i>New Orient</i> , June, '25
New York in April	" "
Moon-Lost	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 24, '25
For One Who Accused the Sun	<i>Palms</i> , Summer, '25
DAMON, S. FOSTER —Protest	<i>Bookman</i> , May, '25
Persephone in Eden	<i>Dial</i> , June, '25
Dusk	<i>Nation</i> , July 1, '25
D'ANGELO, PASCAL —Life in Life	<i>Bookman</i> , Aug., '24
The Last Shore	" Sept. '24
Accident in the Coal Dump	" Nov. '24
DANIELS, EARL —Lyrical Balance Sheet	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Aug., '24
Incorrigible	" "
In Time of Great Drouth	<i>Voices</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
Specked Apples	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '24
DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD —Far Bugles	<i>Fugitive</i> , Aug., '24
In Doubt (<i>Deus loquitur</i>)	" Dec., '24
DARIO, RUBEN —Litany for Our Lord Don Quixote (trans. by Muna Lee) <i>Poetry</i> , Spanish-American No., June, '25	
DAVENPORT, RUSSELL W. —Sleep	<i>Mesa</i> , Jan., '25
To Shelley—A Fragment	Summer No. '25
Wanderer's Return	" "
Homer Arnes	" "
Movement for an Imaginary Violin, Sunlight	" "
Sonata	" "
DAVIDSON, DONALD —By Due Process	<i>Fugitive</i> , Aug., '24
Spoken at a Castle Gate	<i>Measure</i> , Nov., '24
Legend in Bronze	<i>Fugitive</i> , Dec., '24
Mrs. Claribel Diggs	" "
Ephraim Diggs	" "
Cross Section of a Landscape	" Mar., '25
Fear in a Crucible	" "
Boundary	" "
Bryony	<i>The Reviewer</i> , Apr., '25
Portrait of a Wasp	<i>Fugitive</i> , June, '25
For Example	" "
Not Long Green	" "

DAVIDSON, GUSTAV—Dracula	<i>Voices</i> , Mar., '25
The Thirst of the Antelope	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 25, '25
Unmitigable Hours	" Apr. 29, '25
Two Sonnets for April	<i>Min.</i> , May-June, '25
Beauty	<i>Poetry</i> , July, '25
DAVIDSON, WINIFRED—Old Trails	<i>Overland</i> , Aug., '24
Choice	<i>Lyric West</i> , Nov., '24
Love a Little	<i>Lariat</i> , Dec., '24
When Egypt Built	" Feb., '25
Captive Gorillas	" "
Lament	" "
April Afternoon. Point Loma, 1769	<i>Lyric West</i> , Feb., '25
With Birds	<i>Overland</i> , Feb., '25
Take Time	<i>Writers' M.</i> , Apr., '25
Evening Slippers	<i>Lyric West</i> , May, '25
I Saw You Moving Forward	<i>Beach News</i> , May 2, '25
Juan Cabrillo	" May 23, '25
Mission Beach	" May 30, '25
From Afar	" June 20, '25
Exclusive	" June 27, '25
For You Who Wait	<i>Uni. of So. Cal. Chronicle</i> , July, '25
The "Bat"	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , July, '25
Irish	<i>Irish World</i>
Old "Spanish Light"	<i>Beach News</i>
DAVIES, ADA HILTON—A Chrysalis	<i>Overland</i> , Mar., '25
DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN—To a Suitor	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Aug.-Sept., '24
Miracles	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Oct., '24
To Any Book	<i>Ch. Guard.</i> , Nov. 26, '24
When I No Longer Care	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Dec., '24
Two Winds Blew	<i>Bost. Trans.</i> , Jan. 17, '25
The Terrible Gift	<i>Lyric West</i> , Mar., '25
The Daisy Hedge	<i>Commonweal</i> , Mar. 4, '25
Heaven	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr., '25
A Trinket	" "
Eden Was a Prison	<i>Lyric West</i> , May, '25
Moon Sale	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 6, '25
Heaven is only	<i>Pan</i> , June, '25
As a White Sea-Gull	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 24, '25
The Other Rider	" July 1, '25
DAVIES, W. H.—Love the Jealous	<i>Yale Rev.</i> , Oct., '24
Philosophy	<i>Harper's</i> , Jan., '25
This Crowded Life	<i>New Rep.</i> , Jan. 28, '25
Dream-Song	" Apr. 15, '25
DAVIS, ALLAN—A Song	<i>Lyric</i> , Sept., '24
DAVIS, H. L.—A Hill Come Out of the Sea	<i>Poetry</i> , Mar., '25
The Deep Water	" "
Renewing Windbreak	" "
The Dead Bird	" "

- DAVIS, H. L. (*Continued*)
 The River People *Poetry*, Mar., '25
 Mid-September " "
 Binding Hands " "
- DAVIS, HELEN BAYLEY—Buttercups *L'Alouette*, Oct., '24
 Late October " "
 The Dancer *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 Heartbreak *Verse*, Summer No., '25
- DAVIS, JULIA JOHNSON—Marionette *Cont. V.*, Sept., '24
 De Gospel Train *Lyric*, Oct., '24
 To a Daguerreotype " Jan., '25
 On Kissing a Little Boy Three Years Old " Apr., '25
 Dark Ellen *Buccaneer*, May, '25
 Cool Water *V. Pilot*, May 24, '25
 "You Asked for a Song" " May 29, '25
 Sea Longing " June 8, '25
 On Living In a Third Floor Apartment *Lit. Lant.*, July, '25
- DAVIS, LELAND—The Song of Ruth's Mother-In-Law *Dbl. Dlr.*, June, '25
- DAVIS, LESLIE G.—The Moonlight On the Wave *Bard*, Winter, '24
- DAVIS, MARTHA—Magic *Lyric West*, Nov., '24
- DAVIS, RANDALL—Aspiration *Bohemian*, Feb., '25
 Tropic Idyll " Apr., '25
 A Lady Laments *Col. Humor*, May, '25
- DAWSON, GRACE STRICKLER—The Victor *Poetry*, July, '25
- DAWSON, LULU BRUNT—To-Day He Is Twenty-One *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
- DAWSON, MITCHELL—(After Danko) Morning Songs *Dbl. Dlr.*, Oct., '24
 Lullaby " "
 Kraals " "
 Tula-Bud Girls " "
 Baba Va Levala (My Father Takes Another Wife) " "
 Chicago " "
 Nigger " "
 Rain Is— (E. C. 1919) " "
- DAY, CLARENCE, JR.—The Greatest Love Story in the World (Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo) *Yale Rev.*, July, '25
- DE ACOSTA, MERCEDES—Offering *Poetry*, Apr., '25
 Spring Sounds " "
- DE ARC, DON GASPAR NUNEZ—Higher (trans. from the Spanish by E. Barbara Belzner) *Step Lad.*, Mar., '25
- DE BANVILLE, THEODORE—The Ballad of the Hung (trans. from the French by William A. Drake) *Stratford M.*, Dec., '24
- DE DOIS, A. DE LA MADRE—Three Gifts *Commonweal*, Mar. 25, '25
- DEFORD, MIRIAM ALLEN—Man and Woman *Tomorrow*, Sept., '24
- Ronsard, Sept. 11, 1524—Dec. 27, 1587 *Poetry*, Sept., '24

- DEFORD, MIRIAM ALLEN (*Continued*)
 Agrippina *Stratford M.*, Nov., '24
 Period *Overland*, Dec., '24
 A Beauty at Forty *Buccaneer*, Mar., '25
 Old April *Overland*, Apr., '25
 Milka *Poetry*, Apr., '25
 Giovanni Malatesta *Lyric West*, May, '25
 DELAUGHTER, MARGARET—Renunciation
 Step Lad., Aug., '24
 Harpocrates " Feb., '25
 DE LEEUW, ADELE—To a Bold Lover *Buccaneer*, Mar., '25
 The Pyramids by Moonlight *Min.*, July-Aug., '25
 DEL CASAL, JULIAN—A Friar (trans. from the Spanish
 by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, Feb. 18, '25
 DELL, FLOYD—Cupid's Holiday (Imitated from the
 Elizabethan song of that name by W. Mun-
 sey) *Bookman*, July, '25
 DE MILLE, ANNA GEORGE—The Record *Lyric West*, Apr., '25
 DENNIS, E. MILDRED—Triolet *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '25
 Revelation " Apr.-June, '25
 DENNISON, GEORGE A.—Day Dawn *C. S. Jour.*, Mar., '25
 DERAN, EDNA SMITH—Let Me Be a Pine
 Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
 Dinner Times Winter, '24
 DERBY, MARIQUITA—The Four Winds *Overland*, Jan., '25
 DE ROULET, MARIE ANTOINETTE—A Wish for Moth-
 er's Day *Mag'tat*, May, '25
 And Shall I Die? " June, '25
 DERRY, SELMA—Paphian Prayer *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Heritage " "
 Desolate *Poetry*, Mar., '25
 The Virgin's Complaint " "
 Out of the Singing Throat " "
 Medallion " "
 DESMOND, M. J.—A Trinity *Mag'tat*, Feb., '25
 Ireland " Mar., '25
 DESMOND, WILLIAM—Time of Beads *Mag'tat*, Oct., '24
 DEUTSCH, BABETTE—The Hound *New Rep.*, Aug. 6, '24
 Christmas: Moscow " Aug. 13, '24
 Strange Flower " Aug. 27, '24
 Leningrad *Nation*, Aug. 27, '24
 Old Women " "
 Prevision *Bookman*, Oct., '24
 Archaeology " Dec., '24
 Sustenance *Nation*, Dec. 10, '24
 Words *New Rep.*, Dec. 31, '24
 Ballet School *Nation*, Feb. 4, '25
 To a Lady Painted by Holbein *Forum*, Mar., '25
 Dialogue *Nation*, Mar. 11, '25
 Prayer to the Wind *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '25
 "Rejoice Not, O Philistia, All of Thee . . ." *New Rep.*, June 24, '25
 DE VOE, CARYL—America *Overland*, June, '25

DEWEY, EDWARD—Gloria Regis	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Oct., '24
DICK-YE-ED—A Rough Set	<i>Bard</i> , Summer—Autumn, '24
That Bull Calf Agin'	" "
DICKSON, MARGARETTE BALL—A Modern Miracle	<i>Scroll</i> , Dec., '24
Quicksands	" June, '25
DIEHNEL, ELLIE TATUM—Dear You	<i>Am. Needlewoman</i> , Nov., '24
The Braver Part	<i>Kan. City D. D. Tel.</i> , Dec. 10, '24
DIEW, CAROLINE LAWRENCE—First Snow	<i>Am. Forest</i> , Dec., '24
Sea Gulls	<i>C. S. Mon.</i> , Feb. 4, '25
DILLEY, MILLICENT DAVIS—Evening in the Green Hills	<i>Vermont</i> , No. 5, '24
To a Humming-Bird	" No. 9, '24
A Christmas Wreath	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
To Urbane	<i>DePauw</i> , Dec., '24
Trailing Arbutus	<i>Springfield Rep.</i> , Dec. 14, '24
Christmas Rose	" Dec. 21, '24
Ashes	<i>Uni. of Cal. Chronicle</i> , Jan., '25
Evening in the Green Hills	" " " "
The Black Oak Tree	<i>Springfield Rep.</i> , Jan. 18, '25
December Trees	" Jan. 25, '25
To the Trees, After the Ice Storm	<i>N. Y. Sun</i> , Feb. 10, '25
To My Valentine	" Feb. 13, '25
To My Valentine	<i>Springfield Rep.</i> , Feb. 14, '25
"Lo, These Are Only a Part of His Ways"	<i>Unity</i> , Feb. 23, '25
Wood Sorrel	<i>N. H. Granite</i> , Mar., '25
Color	<i>Allegheny Lit. M.</i> , Mar., '25
An Easter Offering	<i>Flower Grower</i> , Apr., '25
Wild Geese	<i>Bohemian</i> , May, '25
To Urbane	<i>Writer's M.</i> , May, '25
Death is a Little Thing	<i>Personalist</i> , July, '25
DILLON, GEORGE H—A Fellow and a Girl	<i>Measure</i> , Nov., '24
The Humble Horse	" "
To a Woman	<i>Lyric West</i> , Jan., '25
Many Songs	" "
Beauty Trembled Close	" "
I Think Delilah Had a Heart	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '25
Snails	<i>Fugitive</i> , Mar., '25
Morality	" "
Passion	" "
These	" "
To an Importunate Ghost	" "
In Two Months Now	<i>Measure</i> , Mar., '25
These Words	<i>Voices</i> , Apr., '25
New Century	<i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '25
In Favour of Stone	<i>Voices</i> , Apr., '25
April's Amazing Meaning	<i>New Rep.</i> , Apr. 8, '25
For All Brothers in Youth	<i>Lyric West</i> , May, '25

DILLON, GEORGE H. (*Continued*)

The Words of Men	<i>Buccaneer</i> , May, '25
Old Masonry	<i>Harp.</i> , May, '25
In Regions of Late War	<i>Measure</i> , May, '25
Conventional Song	" "
Pantomime for a Spring Twilight	" "
Afternoon	" "
These Spring Articulate	" "
Meeting	<i>Gypsy</i> , June, '25
Unburdened	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June, '25
Unhappy Men	<i>Fugitive</i> , June, '25
Our Quiet House	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June, '25
Gypsy	<i>Lyric West</i> , June-July, '25
Legend	<i>Measure</i> , July, '25
DIVINE, CHARLES—The Wind In a Burst of Confidence	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb., '25
The Lamplighter	" "
Milo Quail and His Son Bert	" Mar., '25
DODD, LEE WILSON—Platitudes for My Children	<i>Harper's</i> , Mar., '25
DODGE, ANNE ATWOOD—Earth Speaks	<i>Poetry</i> , July, '25
Vision	" "
Incredible	" "
DOLAN, NATALIE—Dross	<i>Echo</i> , May, '25
DOLK, LESTER—Ennui	<i>DePauw</i> , May, '25
Wisdom	" "
A Garden	" "
DOLSON, CORA MATSON—I Have the Right Forum	Jan., '25
DOLSON, EUGENE C.—Lighted Windows	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 24, '25
DOOLITTLE, MAUD MERO—Spring in Her Loveliness	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
DONOVAN, LOIS—November	<i>Mag'at</i> , Nov., '24
Little Carpenter Jesus	" Jan., '25
A Silver Rose	" Feb., '25
DORAN, LOUISE A.—The Captives	<i>Uni. of So. Cal. Chronicle</i> , Oct., '24
DORSET, EDMUND—The Boss	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Aug., '24
A Non-Conformist	" "
Politics	" "
Two Dead Men	" "
An Ex-Voto	" "
At the Street Corner	<i>Century</i> , Feb. '25
To Pansy	" Mar., '25
DORSEY, SALLIE WEBSTER—Constancy	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Oct., '24
DOUGHTY, WILLIAM ESMOND—Grief	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Feb., '25
DOUGLAS, GILEAN—Night	<i>Scroll</i> , June, '25
DOW, DOROTHY—Field-Magic	<i>Century</i> , Aug. '24
Man-of-All-Work	<i>Scribner's</i> , Sept., '24
A Lady Tells the Truth	<i>Col. Humor</i> , Holiday No. '24
A Note from Me to You	" Winter No., '24-'25
A Song for May-Time	" May, '25
"Black Babylon"	<i>Mid-West Rev.</i> , July, '25

- DOWNEY, FAIRFAX—A Song of Muscle Shoals
Independent, Apr. 4, '25
- DOYLE, ARTHUR—Voices
Death Lies In *Poetry*, Feb., '25
The Moon " "
- DRACHMAN, JULIAN—Late Repentance
Palms, Vol. II., No. I.
- DRAKE, WILLIAM A.—Invocation (trans. from Russian of
Alexander Pushkin) *N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, Oct. 26, '24
- DRANSFIELD, JANE—Raveling *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
- DRAYTON, DANIEL—Sonnet (an hitherto unpublished
Elizabethan poem) *Measure*, Mar., '25
- DREISER, THEODORE—Tall Towers *Lit. R.*, Dec. 20, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 21, '24
- In a Country Graveyard " " "
The Poet " " "
The New Day " " "
The Hidden God " " "
- DRENNAN, MARIE—Values *Overland*, Aug., '24
The Suppliant " Oct., '24
The Leesburg Milliner " Dec., '24
- DRESBACH, GLENN WARD—Desert Burial
Buccaneer, Sept., '24
- The Sunken Island " "
Dirge for a Sailing Ship *Wand.*, Sept., '24
Cedar and Stone *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
Arroyo Twilight *Step Lad.*, Jan., '24
Song *Buccaneer*, Apr., '25
Songs *Poetry*, May, '25
And This Vast Shadow, Night *Voices*, May-June, '25
Dance in the Desert *Pan.*, June, '25
- DREWRY, GUY CARLETON—Woodland Pool
L'Alouette, Sept., '24
- The Dreamer *Interludes*, Oct.-Dec., '24
The Immortals *Wand.*, Nov., '24
Life *Dial*, Dec., '24
Autumn Mood *Voices*, Dec., '24
- DRINKWATER, JOHN—Condition *Lit. R.*, Oct. 18, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Oct. 19, '24
- When Sleep Delays *Buccaneer*, Nov., '24
Northward *Lit. R.*, Feb. 7, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Feb. 8, '25
- Felicity *S. W. Rev.*, Apr., '25
Sir Eglamour's Farewell " Apr., '25
- DRISCOLL, LOUISE—Transition *Cont. V.*, Sept., '24
- Futility " "
The Solitary " "
Portrait *Voices*, Mar., '25
Spring Moon *Min.*, May-June, '25
Verities *Poetry*, July, '25
- DRYDEN, CHARLOTTE—Milky Way
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
- DRYDEN, CYRUS P.—Autumn *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24

- DUBRIDGE, ELIZABETH B.—Books
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
 " Winter, '24
- The Christmas Tree
- DUFF, NAOMIA—A Memory *Interludes*, July-Sept., '24
- DUFFY, P. J. O'CONNOR—The Priest *Mag'at*, May, '25
- DUMAURIER, EUGENIE—Longing *Scroll*, Aug., '24
- Amico de Misere
 " "
 Poetry
 The Sea Fairies' Song *L'Alouette*, Sept. '24
 To Her (L. L.) *Scroll*, Sept., '24
 Autumn Has Come *Circle*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 To M. B. C. *L'Alouette*, Oct., '24
 Longing
 " "
 Lady Golden Rod
 " "
 Icicles *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 Poetry *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Autumn Woods *Bohemian*, Mar., '25
 Ad Finis
 " Apr., '25
 Twilight Maid *Scroll*, June, '25
 Vespers *Muse and Mirror*, July, '25
- DUNCAN, IDA CROCKER—Gold Fish
 C. S. Mon., Feb. 24, '25
 A Voice Among Others
 " Apr. 27, '25
 Pine Trees
 " June 20, '25
- DUNBAR, ALDIS—Coreopsis *Wisconsin*, Nov.-Dec., '24
- DUNLAP, RACHEL THAYER—Rebel *Overland*, Oct., '24
- DUNNING, RALPH CHEEVER—Shadows *Poetry*, Apr., '25
- In the Snow
 " "
 Trumpets
 " "
 The Return
 " "
 Bitter Sweet
 " "
 Concerning a Secret
 " "
 Laws
 " "
 A Passing Woman
 " "
 Driftwood
 " "
 Stonehenge
 " "
 That Mythical Entity
 " "
 My Garden
 " "
- DURIEUX, CAROLINE WOGAN—Poems
Dbl. Dlr., Jan.-Feb., '25
- DURKEE, LILLIAN BARKER—Lift Up the Christ
 C. S. Jour., Mar., '25
- DUNSANY, LORD—The Call
Lit. R., Feb. 21, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Feb. 2, '25
- DUTTON, LOUISE—May
Min., May-June, '25
- DUVALL, BIANCA—The Pines
Circle, Sept.-Oct., '24
- "Water of Marah"
 " Nov.-Dec., '24
- DUVALL, IDELLA V.—The Barrier *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
- DU VAL, JEANNE—The Fairest Flower
Circle, Sept.-Oct., '24
- If Thou Hast Known
L'Alouette, Oct. '24
- Weeds
Circle, Nov.-Dec., '24
- Life *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '25

- DYE, HARVEY SELLERS—The Closed Door *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
The Seance *Min.*, July-Aug., '25
DYE, JOHN HOMER—November Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
Heritage *Fugitive*, Dec., '24
DYKSTRA, LESLIE—Poor Butterfly *Poetry*, Apr., '25
- EAGEN, ALICE LIVINGSTON—Alone *Scroll*, Oct., '24
I Am Waiting " *Dec.*, '24
Upward *C. S. Jour.*, Feb., '25
Love's Return *.. Bohemian*, Feb., '25
Longing *Scroll*, June, '25
EARLE, BETTY—Paths *Am. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24
EARLS, MICHAEL—A Man at Arachat *Commonweal*, Nov. 19, '24
EASTER, ARTHUR MILLER—Love's Acme *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
EASTERWOOD, LETHA M.—Love's Span *Circle*, May-June, '25
EASTMAN, HESTER—Driving at Night *Muse and Mirror*, Jan. '25
EASTMAN, MAX—To Lisa in Summer *Nation*, Dec. 10, '24
EASTON, EMMA WATT—The Meadow Lark *Interludes*, July-Sept., '24
"Nineleen Twenty-Five" " *Jan.-Mar.*, '25
- EATON, ELIZABETH—These Bonds *Voices*, Mar., '25
EDDY, ELIZABETH—Impressions *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
EDDY, ROSAMOND—Christmas Eve *Lyric West*, Dec., '24
EDGAR, CHARLES TYSON—Sonnet to a Flower *Am. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24
EDGERTON, GLADYS—Songs of Cowardice *Guardian*, Apr., '25
EDMAN, IRWIN—Portrait of a Connoisseur *Harper's*, Dec. '24
Acquiescence *Nation*, Dec. 10, '24
Portrait of a Hostess *Harper's*, Jan. '25
Peace *N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, Jan. 11, '25
Possession *Nation*, May 6, '25
EDMONSTON, MARTHA—Peace *Palms*, Vol. II., No. 1
Nothingness " "
- EDWARDS, JEANNETTE—Night-Riding *Lyric West*, Apr., '25
EGUREN, JOSE M.—The Oaks (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, Jan. 14, '25
EISENBERG, EMANUEL—Tout Seul *Voices*, Dec., '24
Puck *Measure*, Jan., '25
Platonic " "
To Atlas *Voices*, Mar., '25
ELDRIDGE, PAUL—Ouan Gu Finds That His Great Efforts Were Vain *Dbl. Dlr.*, Aug.-Sept., '24
Fung Ku Tchi Tells How He Is Outwitting Fate, the Silent God. *Dbl. Dlr.*, Aug.-Sept., '24
To One Who Taking Postures of Profound

ELDRIDGE, PAUL (Continued)

- Meditation Considers Himself a Philosopher
Dbl. Dlr., Oct., '24
- Tchan Su's Unfinished Masterpiece
 " " "
- To T'ang and Others
Stratford M., Oct., '24
- Turning the Check
Lit. R.
- The Young Empress is Bored
Phila. Pub. Ledg.
- Turning the Cheek
Guardian, Feb., '25
- Fu Lung, Politician, Explains Himself
Lyric West, Apr., '25
- ELLERBE, CECILIA—On Lonely Coasts
Buccaneer, Oct., '24
- Witnesses of April
 " " Apr., '25
- ELLIOTT, ELLEN COIT—The Garlanded Sword
Lyric West, Oct., '24
- ELLIOT, T. S.—The Hollow Men
Dial, Mar., '25
- ELLIOT, WILLIAM FORSTER—Beauty
Wand., Aug., '24
- To a Poet Turning Mystic
 " " Oct., '24
- Summit Vigil
 " " Nov., '24
- Inconsequential
Measure, Nov., '24
- ELLIOTT, WILLIAM YANDELL—*Black Man*
Fugitive, Aug., '24
- ELLISTON, GEORGE—End of Summer
Saxby's, Fall No., '24
- A Mannerly Boy
Social Prog., Nov., '24
- Christ Child Night
Saxby's, Christmas, '24
- Sound
Gypsy, Spring, '25
- April Folly
Saxby's, Apr., '25
- High Star
Cin. Times-Star, Apr. 4, '25
- Message
 " " Apr. 11, '25
- Old Trees in April
 " " Apr. 18, '25
- April's Quest
 " " Apr. 28, '25
- Communion
Lariat, May, '25
- Fairy Princess
Social Prog., May, '25
- For My Kite
 " " "
- Boys and Balloons
 " " "
- Dreams and Stars
 " " "
- Friendly House
Cin. Times-Star, May 2, '25
- Lesson
 " " May 9, '25
- End of the World
 " " May 16, '25
- White Thoughts
 " " May 23, '25
- Lighted Candle
 " " May 30, '25
- ELLISON, EDNA MAY—Lost Words
Muse and Mirror, June, '25
- ELMENDORF, MARY J.—Wizardry
Overland, Nov., '24
- Metamorphosis
 " " Mar., '25
- My Love for You
Muse and Mirror, June, '25
- Twain
 " " " July, '25
- Whitecaps
 " " " "
- Roses
 " " " "
- Apostasy
 " " " "
- EMBRIL, LUIS RODRIQUEZ—Samsara
Commonweal, Feb. 18, '25
- EMBRY, JACQUELINE—With Pride and Affection
Century, Dec., '24

- EMBRY, JACQUELINE (*Continued*)
 Bonnet Sonnet *Century*, May, '25
- ENGLAND, GEORGE ALLAN—Where is the Joy that
 Compareth With This? *Writers' M.*, Sept., '24
- ENRIQUETA, MARIA—Chanson Triste (trans. from
 the Spanish by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, Jan. 28, '25
- ERSKINE, JOHN—The Sleeping Beauty *Forum*, Sept., '24
 Dialogue *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 The Gods in the Street *Outlook*, Dec., 24, '24
 Valentine to One's Wife *Harper's*, Feb., '25
 Mediterranean *Scribner's*, Mar., '25
- ERWIN, MARGARET—Choice *Overland*, Sept. '24
- ESHLEMAN, CYRUS H.—Dreams in the Night
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24
- ESTABROOK, ATLEE WHITE—Roofs *Verse*, Summer No., '25
- EVANS, MARIAN MACGOWN—Forgiveness
Cont. V., Oct., '24
- EVENDEN, ELEANOR RUTH—The Awakening
C. S. Jour., June, '25
- FAGIN, N. BRYLLION—Two Poems *Pub. Affairs*, Jan., '25
- FALKE, GUSTAV—Prayer (trans. by George N. Shuster)
Commonweal, July 8, '25
- FALLER, HAROLD—Scamp O' Woods *Heacock's* Oct., '24
 Fragment *Scroll*, Oct., '24
 Plentitudes " Nov., '24
 Song *Heacock's*, Dec., '24
 Physa and Planorbis, Two Snails " Jan., '25
 Reconciliation *Bohemian*, Mar., '25
 The Telescope Man *Buffalo Arts Jour.*, May, '25
 Reconciliation " June, '25
- FALLON, DAVID—Awake *Circle*, May-June, '25
- FARMAN, H. A.—Toward Thaw *Measure*, Jan., '25
- FARRAN, DON WILSON—Dowry *Overland*, Oct., '24
 Man-Child *Wand.*, Nov., '24
 Gold Coin " Apr., '25
 Gypsy Man *Overland*, Feb., '25
 Child of Prester John " Mar., '25
- FARROW, JACK—A Ship's Hold *Wand.*, Sept., '24
- FASSETT, SAIMI—The Rosary of Hours *Overland*, Oct., '24
- FAULKNER, WILLIAM—Dying Gladiator
Dbl. Dlr., Jan.-Feb., '25
 The Faun, To H. L. " Apr., '25
 The Lilacs: To A— and H— *Royal Air Force*
Dbl. Dlr., June, '25
- FAUST, HENRI—Shadow Music *Overland*, Aug., '24
 This Dust *Lyric*, Sept., '24
 The Lake *Wand.*, Sept., '24
 Sonnets for Lost Divinities *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Nocturne *Buccaneer*, Oct., '24
 Water-Lilies " "
 Gourmet " "

FAUST, HENRI (Continued)

Malady	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Oct., '24
Buzzard Bayou	" "
Vampire	" "
Skeptic's Definitions	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Oct., '24
Hyacinths	<i>Interludes</i> , Oct.-Dec., '24
Rival	" "
On Waking	" "
Harsher Than Death	" "
Autumnal	" "
These Autumn Fields	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Nov. 2, '24
	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , Nov. 3, '24
Old Man's Lament at Spring	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Feb., '25
Voyagers	<i>Lyric West</i> , Mar., '25
The Shadow Symphony	<i>Lyric</i> , Apr., '25
Shadow Music	<i>Buccaneer</i> , May, '25
FAWCETT, JAMES WALDO—An Old Dog	<i>Unity</i> , Apr. 6, '25
The Dark	" June 15, '25
I, The Tao	<i>Lyric West</i> , Jan., '25
Foam	" May, '25
FAY, ALICE—America	<i>Voices</i> , Dec., '24
FEARING, KENNETH—Moral (OP. I.)	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
Moral (OP. 2)	" "
Butterfly Arras	<i>Commonweal</i> , May 6, '25
Finale	<i>Voices</i> , May-June, '25
Hell	" "
FEIBLEMAN, JAMES—Sonnet	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Aug.-Sept., '24
Sonnet: The Telephone	" Jan.-Feb., '25
Alice Biddle	" "
The Poet	" "
New Orleans	" Apr., '25
Never Dream Love Your Own	" June, '25
FEIBLEMAN, MINNA—Symphony Finale	<i>Gypsy</i> , Spring, '25
FENNER, BEATRICE—Five Lyrics	<i>Lyric West</i> , Dec., '24
FENTON, CORA D.—Adventure	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Apr., '25
FERGUSON, BLANCHE SMITH—"April Princess"	<i>Circle</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
Spring	" May-June, '25
FERGUSON, WILLIAM MARTIN—My Pilot	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Oct., '24
Endless Dreams	<i>Circle</i> , Nov.-Dec. '24
FIALLO, FABIO—Full Moon (trans. by Muna Lee)	<i>Poetry</i> , Spanish-American No., June, '25
FIDLER, ANN GARRETT—Metamorphosis	<i>Interludes</i> , July-Sept., '24
FIELD, BEN—The Spirit of the Prado	<i>Wand.</i> , Oct., '24
In Honolulu	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Jan., '25
The Fight at Piedras Negras	<i>Overland</i> , Mar., '25
Laughing Piper	<i>Pan</i> , June, '25
And Ride No More Together	<i>Scroll</i> , June, '25
FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER—Anchorite	<i>Wand.</i> , Aug., '24
Psychiatrist	<i>Overland</i> , Sept. '24

- FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER** (*Continued*)
 Symphony *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Carpenter Christ *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 16, '24
 Were Song Enough *Overland*, Nov., '24
 Crucible *Lyric*, Nov., '24
 Sacristy *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Galatea *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
 At the Flower Show *Midland*, May 15, '25
 What the Woman Said " "
- FIELD, SARA BARD**—My City *Poetry*, Jan., '25
 Wind and Water " "
 Could You Not Watch with Me One " "
 Little Hour " "
 Into the Shadow " "
 Comrade of One Long Dead *Voices*, Apr., '25
- FIELD, WRIGHT**—Geography *Palms*, Vol. II., No. V.
 Service Denied *Interludes*, July-Sept., '24
 Artifice " "
 John Gates' Wife *Cont. V.*, Aug., '24
 Prescience *Buccaneer*, Oct., '24
 Cherry Blossoms *Cont. V.*, Apr., '25
- FILLERY, WILLIAM EDMUND**—The Gallant's Reward
L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25
 To Watch a Ship *Scroll*, June, '25
- FINLEY, JOHN**—At Christendom's Cross, On Seeing
 the Altar Painting by Mr. Tack *Scribner's*, Apr., '25
- FINNEY, EBEN D.**—Land-Sick *Scribner's*, July, '25
- FIRESTONE, CLARK B.**—Coasts *Cin. Times-Star*, Nov. 13, '24
- FISCHER, RAYMOND P.**—A Woman Complains of Rain at
 Dawn *Poetry*, Nov., '24
- FISHER, DEANE**—A Washington Forest
Seattle W., Vol. II., No. I, '24
- FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD**—Life *Golden Gal.*, Spring, '25
 Gain " "
 Need " "
 Birth " "
 The Deathless Ending *Voices*, Mar., '25
- FISK, HENRY HARRISON**—"California the Wonder-
 ful" (A Tribute to Edwin Markham)
Am. Poetry, May-June, '25
- FITCH, AMORETTA**—Obligation *Buckeye*, Nov., '24
 Look for the Gold " "
- FLANDERS HELEN HARTNESS**—Intersection
Voices, Jan., '25
- FLAURIER, NOEL**—The Dark Hours *Overland*, July, '25
- FLEMING, JOHN D.**—Sympathy *Versé*, Summer No., '25
- FLETCHER, BELLE HODGES**—Night-Song
Muse and Mirror, Jan., '25
- FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD**—From Portofino Point (In
 Memoriam Frederick Nietzsche) *Buccaneer*, Nov., '24
 To Columbus " "
 The Oarsman *Guardian*, Mar., '25
 The Seven Cities of Cibola *S. W. Rev.*, Apr., '25

- FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD (*Continued*)
 May Night *Lit. R.*, May 2, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., May 3, '25
 Jason at Corinth *Guardian*, May-June, '25
- FLETCHER, STUART LEIGHTON—A Soldier's Moon Greeting
Muse and Mirror, Jan., '25
- FLEXNER, HORTENSE—The Flower of Death
Scribner's, May, '25
- FLEXNER, JAMES—To a Dreamer *Lin. Lore*, Jan., '25
 To a Painted Face " "
 Prayer " "
- FLOWER, JAEN—Because *Lyric West*, Apr., '25
- FLYNN, JAN—The Dreamer *Poetry*, July, '25
 A Silver Night " "
- FOHS, ELLA—Prelude *Lin. Lore*, Dec., '24
- FOMBONA, RUFINO BLANCO—By the Sea (trans. by
 Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
 Escape (trans. by Muna Lee) " "
- FORREST, ELLERY—No One in the World *Mesa*, Jan., '25
 Lux Maligna " "
- FORTÉ, ALICE—The Birth of a Fool *Lyric West.*, Dec. '24
 Day " Jan., '25
 Dusk " "
- FORTUNE, JAN ISABELLE—Eternal *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
 The Unconquered *Bohemian*, Feb., '25
 Phantom " Apr., '25
 Treasure " May, '25
- FOX, ELEANOR G.—Shadows *Overland*, Apr., '25
- FRANKEL, MICHEL—To S— *Int. Arts*, June, '25
- FRANCIS, HELEN W.—Kilmacrenan Horsemen
Min., Nov.-Dec., '24
- FRANCIS, RUTH GARRISON—The Watcher
Buccaneer, Feb., '25
 The Canyon Road " "
 The Twin Light Houses " "
 Rain " "
 The Walls of Palo Duro " "
- FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER—Two *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Woman *Voices*, Feb., '25
 Wind *Wld. Tmrow*, July, '25
- FRANK, JAMES M.—Mirrors *Fugitive*, Mar., '25
- FRASIER, SCOTTIE MCKENZIE—Why I Know
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24
 Silence " "
- FRAZEE, BETTY DICKINSON—Doubt is a Gray Moth
Lyric West, Oct., '24
 Two Lyrics " Feb., '25
- FRAZEE-BOWER, HELEN—Andrea Paula *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
 A Dove at Dawn " "
- FREEL, CARRIE M.—My Iowa Home
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24

- FREEMAN, ROSE FLORENCE—Pastel in Moods
Open Vistas, May-June, '25
- FREYRE, RICARDO JAIMES—Aeternum Vale (trans. by
Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.—New Year *Poetry*, Jan., '25
- FRY, MARJORIE—A Thousand Years *Step Lad.*, Feb., '25
When We Have Quarrelled " " "
- FRYE, NELLIE DODGE—Homing
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
The Mountain Brook *Scroll*, Aug., '24
Within " Sept., '24
Love's Hour " " "
- FULCHER, PAUL M.—Sonnet *Cont. V.*, Dec., '24
- FULLER, ELVA B.—Puget Out-of-Doors
Seattle W., Vol. 2, No. 1, '24
- FULLER, ETHEL ROMIG—After Rain *Overland*, Oct., '24
In the Park *Buccaneer*, Nov., '24
Blue Hydrangeas " " "
Answers *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 11, '24
Symbols *Muse and Mirror*, Jan., '25
Thoughts " " "
Silver-Thaw " " "
Dawn " " "
Wind " " "
Church *Overland*, Feb., '25
The Finger " " "
In a Show Case *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
Burning " " "
Harbingers " " "
Safari " " "
The Divine-Boy " Apr., '25
The Poet *Overland*, Apr., '25
Mother—A Portrait *Ch. Cent.*, May 7, '25
Never For Me *Muse and Mirror*, June, '25
The Tower-Clock *Lyric West*, June-July, '25
Incognito *Muse and Mirror*, July, '25
Cameos " " "
Rondel of a Twentieth Wedding " " "
Anniversary " " "
- FUNK, MARIAN NEVIN—Conversation at Tea
Dbl. Dlr., Nov.-Dec., '24
Anchorite " Apr., '25
- FUSON, H. H.—The Cactus Blooms
Pineville (Ky.) Sun, Dec. 25, '24
My Wants " Jan. 1, '25
The St. Lawrence Wonderland " Feb. 12, '25
The Burning Bush " Feb. 19, '25
True Daring " Feb. 26, '25
An Avenue of Trees *Parnassus*, No. 7, '25
The Wood Becomes a Sea " " "
The Dreamer " " "
Lettie and John " " "
Which " " "

FUSON, H. H. (*Continued*)

The Snow Is Falling	Pineville (Ky.)	Sun, Mar. 12, '25
The March Snow	"	Mar. 19, '25
The Summer Moon	"	Mar. 26, '25
My Song	"	Apr. 16, '25
Niagara Falls	"	Apr. 23, '25
I Make a Spring	"	May, '25
Transmutation	Club Woman's,	May, '25
A Place for Life and Love	Pineville (Ky.)	Sun, May 5, '25
The Whirlpool	"	May 7, '25
The Coon Hunt	"	May 21, '25
Come, Great Poet	"	May 28, '25
Mammoth Cave: A Plateau Here Rises	"	June 4, '25
At the Old Swimming Hole	"	June 11, '25
The Dell and the Spring	"	June 18, '25
Railroad, Sink and Lake	"	June 25, '25
The Y-Camp and Hollow Above	"	July 2, '25
Our Tent Above the Dell	"	July 9, '25
Green River Below the Cave	"	July 16, '25
The Pilgrim's Wealth	"	July 16, '25
FUSON, MARY JANE—At the Seashore	Overland,	July, '25

GAER, YOSSEF—One Hour and I	Four, Vol. II., No. I.
Streets of San Francisco	Overland, Sept., '24
The Coronation	Four, Oct., '24
The Dilemma	" "
The Spendthrift	" "
To a Brook	" "
An Empty Lot	Fantasia, Jan., '25
GALLATIN, NEAL—Cold	" Feb. '25
In the Night	" "
In the Street	" "
At Dinner	" "
At the Dance	" "
GALARRAGA, GUSTAVO SANCHEZ—Landscape (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)	Commonweal, Jan. 14, '25
Prosaismos Tristes (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)	Commonweal, Feb. 18, '25
GALINDEZ, BARTOLOME—Venice the Golden (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)	Commonweal, June 10, '25
GALTON, JOSEPH PATTERSON—To My Piano	Overland, Mar., '25
GALVIN, M. L.—The Boomer Clerk	N. W. R. S., Jan., '25
GARD, WAYNE—Hollyhocks	Ch. Cent., Aug. 9, '24
Pleiades	Chic. Eve. Post, Oct. 11, '24
Beyond Bhamo	N. Orient, Dec. '24
Queen Supayalat	" " "
Rivals	Chic. Trib., Apr. 6, '25
GARLAND, MARIE TUDOR—The Desert	Poetry, Oct., '24

- GARRETT, WILLIAM A.—Mary Belle *Palms*, Vol. II., No. IV.
- GARNETT, LOUISE AYRES—"Boss" (W. M. R.) *Lyric*, Sept., '24
 Top Spinning *Bookman*, Feb., '25
 Li'l Yaller Cradle *Cont. V.*, May, '25
- GARRETT, LILLIE—Fairies of Morningland *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
- GARRISON, FRANK O.—The Woo Woo *Muse and Mirror*, July, '25
- GARRISON, THEODOSIA—Time and Grief *Commonweal*, Nov. 26, '24
 The Room *Independent*, Dec. 6, '24
 Reconciled Feb. 14, '25
 Sing Thou, My Soul *Commonweal*, Apr. 8, '25
- GARRISON, WINFRED ERNEST—Lightning *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 21, '24
 Daily Bread " Sept. 11, '24
 Temptation " Mar. 5, '25
- GATER, LEONA BAYS—Our Visitor *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct. '24
- GAUSS, H. C.—Have You Bethought, Horatio *Min.*, May-June, '25
- GAVIN, HELENA—The Pilgrims *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 27, '24
- GERAGHTY, HELEN S.—Baltimore *L'Alouette*, Oct., '24
 Taunt to the Stars " "
 Confession " "
 Men's Eyes " "
- GERBAULET, JOY AND CLAIRE—Scarlet Leaves: Be-
 the Diary of a Very Young Girl *Overland*, Nov., '24
- GERMAN, FRANCIS H.—Shadows *Buccaneer*, Apr., '25
- GESSLER, CLIFFORD FRANKLIN—Matinsong *Wand*, Aug., '24
 Nocturne in C Minor " Oct., '24
 Renunciation (trans. from the German of Cornelius) *Step Lad.*, Oct., '24
- Beorgtgar to the Dusk-Woman of the Sea-Caves *Poetry*, Oct., '24
 Dark Bamboos " "
 At Sea: S. S. Manoa *Aloha*, Feb., '25
 Portrait *Lyric West*, Apr., '25
 And So We Went . . . *Cont. V.*, June, '25
 Panels of Pain *Int. Arts*, July, '25
- GETTELL, NELENE GROFF—Detachment *Overland*, Oct., '24
- GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON—The Bat *Buccaneer*, Apr., '25
- GIDLOW, ELSA—Youth's Laugh *Stratford M.*, Dec., '24
- GILBERT, HELEN E.—Pendulum *Am. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24
- GILBERT, RUDOLPH—Russia *Poetry*, Dec., '24
 The Christ Spirit " "
- GILBERT, WARREN—Builder and Owner *Palms*, Vol. II., No. I.
 The Literary Lady " "
 Life's Meanings Complicate and Wide " "
 A Soldier Went Up to God " "

GILBERT WARREN (*Continued*)

- The Joy Ride Palms, Vol. II., No. IV.
 GILCHRIST, HELEN IVES—From the Train *Independent*, Jan.'3, '25
 The Leash *Scribner's*, Aug., '24
 Sentence *Measure*, Nov., '24
 San Francisco *Forum*, May, '25
 The Desert "
 GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE—Fundamental *Forum*, Sept., '24
 Hazel Ware *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
 Wanted: Small Farm with Comfortable House, Good Spring, Convenient to Railroad *Forum*, Nov., '24
 A Horoscope Reading *Fugitive*, Dec., '24
 GILE, BLANCHE F.—Young Farm-Wife *Interludes*, Oct.-Dec., '24
 To a Platonic Lover *Scroll*, June, '25
 GILL, HARRIETT MARKHAM—Preference *Scroll*, June, '25
 GILL, OTTIE—To a Certain Woman, Who Doesn't Know How Much is Enough *Bohemian*, Feb., '25
 The Pauper's Path "*Mar.*, '25
 GILMORE, LOUIS—Toward Heaven *Dbl. Dlr.*, Oct., '24
 Toward Hell "
 Florizel Adolescent (A Scenario) *Nov.-Dec.*, '24
 Toward the North Pole "*Apr.*, '25
 Toward Tahiti; Toward Nirvana "*June*, '25
 GILTINAN, CAROLINE—Homesick *Cath. World*, Aug., '24
 Unborn "*Oct.*, '24
 Gifts *Lyric*, Dec., '24
 New Happiness "*Jan.*, '24
 A Portrait "
 A Song *Cont. V.*, June, '25
 The Red Wing *Virginian*
 Aftermath "
 The Disguise "
 Qui Sait "
 An Etching *Lyric*, July, '25
 In the Beginning "
 "Et Homo Factus Est!" "
 The Seeker "
 GINSBERG, LOUIS—Dirt and Deity *Palms*, Vol. II., No. I.
 To a Little Girl "
 The Holy Flame *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
 Scents *Min.*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 Tea *Voices*, Feb., '25
 Snow *Measure*, Mar., '25
 The Shower *Min.*, Mar.-Apr., '25
 Night Rain *Forum*, Apr., '25
 Trickery *Cont. V.*, Apr., '25
 Song "
 Buttercups, Buttercups "
 Variations on a Theme *Amer. Heb.*, Apr. 10, '25
 Faith "
 At the Aquarium *Harp*, May, '25

GINSBERG, LOUIS (*Continued*)

- Nature's Script *Lad. H. J.*, June, '25
 Pastel *Pan.*, June, '25
 Wise Man, Wise Man *Amer. Heb.*
GIOVANNI, SISTER MARY—Like Magdalen Mag'at, May, '25
GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER—Mansions of the Winds
 and Sea *Min.*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 In a Millionaire's Library *Bookman*, Jan., '25
 In an Oceanside Burying-Ground *Min.*, Mar.-Apr., '25
 Who Knows Why? *Independent*, June 13, '25
GLAVIN, MERLE ROBERTA—My Eyes Have Known
Town Crier, Dec. 13, '24
 The Attic *Muse and Mirror*, Feb., '25
 Words-Platinum " "
 Child of the Wind " Mar., '25
 You May Not Know " Apr., '25
 I Built a Swing " "
GLEASON, HAROLD WILLARD—Battle Gear *Forum*, June, '25
GLINES, ELLEN—Schubert at Hoeldrichsmuehle
Fugitive, Aug., '24
 Noli Me Tangere " "
 Jackal *Lyric*, Sept., '24
 Sunset *Stratford M.*, Dec., '24
 The Return *Fugitive*, Mar., '25
 Amazon (To a Pioneer) " "
 Pathetic Fallacist " "
GOAD, FREDERICK LEOPOLD—Friendship *Wand.*, 'Oct., '24
GODDETTE, MARION G.—Moods *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
GOLDING, LOUIS—D. H. Lawrence *Lyric*, Feb., '25
GOODENOUGH, ARTHUR—The Leaves of Yesterday
Unit. Am., July, '25
 With a Whisper and a Kiss " "
GOODWIN, MARIA LEE—Serenade *L'Alouette*, Oct., '24
GORDON, ARMISTEAD C.—The Last Angel *Lyric*, Mar., '25
GORDON, DON—Moon Voices *Cont. V.*, June, '25
GORDON, JAMES LINDSEY (1860-1904)—To the Im-
 mortal Memory of Rossetti (After Reading
The House of Life) *Lyric*, Nov., '24
GORDON, RONALD—I Am Your Little King (A Child's
 morning song to its mother)
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
 They Have Prisoned Me " "
 High-Horse Moon *Lyric West*, Apr., '25
GORMAN, HERBERT S.—For This My Body *Poetry*, Aug., '24
 Autumn Wind *New Rep.*, Sept. 24, '24
 Necklace *Nation*, Jan. 7, '25
 Self-Portrait *Commonweal*, Apr. 1, '25
 Lynnette *Outlook*, Apr. 1, '25
GOTTSCALK, LAURA RIDING—A Consolation
Lyric, Sept., '24
 Lying Spying *Fugitive*, Dec., '24
 Saturday Night " "
 Forms " "

GOTTSCHALK, LAURA RIDING (Continued)

Mortal	<i>Fugitive</i> , Dec., '24
To a Broken Statue	<i>Lyric</i> , Feb., '25
The Higher Order	<i>Fugitive</i> , Mar., '25
The Sad Boy	" "
Summary for Alastor	" "
For One Who Will Remember	<i>Lyric</i> , Mar., '25
The Spring Has many Silences	" Apr., '25
Napoleon in the Shades	<i>Voices</i> , May-June, '25
The Circus	<i>Fugitive</i> , June, '25
Druida	" "

GOWEN, HERBERT H.—The Quest of the Christ
Town Crier, Dec. 13, '24

GOWER, JEAN MILNE—Versicles of the Mesa Verde
Mesa, Spring, '25
Bakshish
Echo, Mar., '25
Destiny
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 HOWE, HELEN—Rain *Measure*, Sept., '24
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HOWE, SILENCE—Village	<i>Palms</i> , Vol. II., No. I.
Terence's Farm	" Vol. II., No. V.
HOYT, H. UNDERWOOD—Bramble Fruit	<i>Bookman</i> , Aug., '24
HOYT, HELEN—Thoughts With a Child	<i>Wild. Tmrow</i> , Sept., '24
The Old Room	" Mar., '25
April Shadows	<i>Midland</i> , Mar. 15, '25
Lamp Posts	" "
The Garden Steps	" "
Sunday in the Park	" "
Calendar	" "
HUBBELL, LINDLEY WILLIAMS—So For the Little While	<i>Measure</i> , Sept., '24
Those Who Have Beauty	" Dec., '24
Advice	" "
Al Vento Esser Leggieri	<i>Voices</i> , Dec., '24
Scarabaeus	" Feb. '25
Never Believe	" "
The Reason for My Tears	<i>Bookman</i> , May, '25
Remember This	<i>Measure</i> , July, '25
HUGHES, GLENN—Sorrow Grows Old	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Feb., '25
Despair	" "
HUGHES, LANGSTON—A Song to a Negro Wash-Woman	<i>Crisis</i> , Jan., '25
Negro Dancers	" Mar., '25
Song	<i>Sur. Graphic</i> , Mar., '25
Dream Variation	" "
The Dream Keeper	" "
Sea Charm	" "
Poem	" "
An Earth Song	" "
I, Too	" "
Poem (To F. S.)	<i>Crisis</i> , May, '25
The Weary Blues	<i>Opportunity</i> , May, '25
Empty House	<i>Buccaneer</i> , May, '25
Prayer	" "
Ways	" "
Empty House; Prayer; Ways	<i>Buccaneer</i> , May, '25
Jazzonia	<i>Crisis</i>
Our Land	<i>Opportunity</i>
HUGHES, MAY—Pansies in London	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Nov., '24
Love	" "
The Web	" "
HUGHES, RUSSELL MERIWETHER—God's Fingerprint	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
The Buckskin	" "
Yesterday	" "
Cowboy Song	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb., '25
Consolation	" "
Theresa Malendoza	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Mar., '25
Nocturne Espagnol	" "
HULL, LAFAYETTE—Birds and Beasts	<i>Voices</i> , Nov., '24

- HULL, OSBORNE—Dusk *Town Crier*, Dec. 13, '24
HUME, CYRIL—In a Medici Garden *Bookman*, Aug., '24
Tones *Town Crier*, Dec. 13, '24
Springtime *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
HUMPHRIES, ROLFE—One Flesh *New Rep.*, Oct. 22, '24
Rational Man *Nation*, Dec. 10, '24
Words To Be Flung Up a Stairway " July 1, '25
HUNT, MYRTLE M.—Pagans *Step Lad.*, July, '25
HUNTER, MARTHA LAVINIA—One Bright Day
Buccaneer, Oct., '24
HURN, DOUGLAS—A Playtoy *Muse and Mirror*, Apr., '25
HUSSEY, RUTH ANNE—Little Rain Men
Verse, Summer No., '25
HUTCHINSON, HAZEL COLLISTER—Landscape Poems
Poetry, Jan., '25
HUTCHINSON, VELMA BYERS—A Marriage Ceremony
Lyric West., Apr., '25
Poplars " May, '25
HUTCHISON, CHRISTINE—"To an Artist From a Poet
Muse and Mirror, July, '25
Evening Hills *Mesa*, Summer No. '25
HUTTON, EDWARD—Evening at Vallombrosa
Scribner's, Aug., '24
HYDE, J. AMOND—As a Vesture Folded *Wand.*, Oct., '24
IBARBOUROU, JUANA DE—Bond (trans. by Muna Lee)
Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25
ILGENFRITZ, MABEL—To a Classmate *Scroll*, June, '25
IMBS, BRAVIG—Jenny Was a Jewel *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '25
INGHAM, RENA HURD—When Thou Hast Learned
Ch. Cent., Mar. 19, '25
INMAN, ARTHUR CREW—From a Skyscraper Win-
dow *Cont. V.*, Feb., '25
The Motorman " "
The Seamstress " "
To the War Bride " "
Should I Refuse *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
INMATE NO. 12148—The Slayer *Overland*, Sept., '24
The Stone-Yard " Nov., '24
Old But Wicked " Dec., '24
INSLEY, FRANCIS H.—Sonnet *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
IRVING, EDWARD JAMES—If You Were Dead
Scroll, Dec., '24
IRWIN, MARY BARROWS—To Love and to Cherish
Ch. Cent., Oct. 30, '24
ISLA, MIGUEL RASCH—Closing the Book (trans. from the
Spanish by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, Mar. 4, '25
IVEY, B. S.—Confidants *Min.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
Echoes and Undertones *Bohemian*, Mar., '25
The Burial (Little Gorki at His Father's Grave)
Cont. V., Mar., '25
The Cabin *Min.*, Mar.-Apr., '25
The Stranger *Overland*, Apr., '25

IVEY, B. S. (Continued)	
The Miniature	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '25
Revolt	<i>Circle</i> , May-June, '25
JABSON, EDITH—Four Songs	<i>Wire Basket</i> , Dec., '24
JACKSON, JESSICA—The Wind	<i>Palms</i> , Vol. II., No. I.
Little Shepherd	" Vol. II., No. IV.
Fairytale	" "
The Crunchin' Witch	<i>Poetry</i> , Aug., '24
JACKSON, SCHUYLER—The Song-Sparrow	<i>New Rep.</i> , Apr. 15, '25
The Hosts of Sound (For H. A.)	" July 1, '25
JACKSON, WINIFRED VIRGINIA—Brandy Pond	<i>Maine Bulletin</i> , Aug., '24
Poor River Drivers	" "
Makin' Rhymes	<i>Magnet</i> , Nov., '24
Wimin's Work	" Dec., '24
Tenents	<i>Ellsworth (Me.) Weekly</i> , Dec. 7, '24
Midnight at the Mill	<i>Magnet</i> , Jan., '25
The Return	<i>Muses</i> , Feb., '25
The Enemy	" "
John's Boy	<i>Ellsworth (Me.) Weekly</i> , Mar. 30, '25
And One Is Two?	" "
The Ewe	<i>Northern Farmer</i> , Apr. 3, '25
JACOB, ELSIE ANITA—The Answer	<i>Wand.</i> , Aug., '24
JACOBY, F. C.—Heaven	<i>Scroll</i> , Dec., '24
JAIME, ALFREDO GOMEZ—Problem (trans. by Muna Lee)	<i>Poetry</i> , Spanish-American No., June, '25
JANVIER, CARMELITE—Tony	<i>Wld. Tmrow</i> , May, '25
JAIQUES, BERTHA E.—Clouds	<i>Step Lad.</i> , June, '25
Appropriation	" "
Pigeons on the Art Institute	" "
JENKINS, OLIVER—Vigil	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Jan.-Feb., '25
Exile	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Feb., '25
Transience (To Shirley)	<i>Sea Foam</i> , Feb., '25
Chypre	<i>Oracle</i> , Mar., '25
Ambriene	" "
Rose Jacqueminot	" "
Iris	" "
Cyclamen	" "
Ambre Antique	" "
Stars	<i>Bohemian</i> , Mar., '25
Wind	" "
Autumn	" "
Beauty	<i>Secrets</i> , Mar., '25
Theme for a Tapestry	<i>Bohemian</i> , Apr., '25
Macabre	<i>Sea Foam</i> , Apr., '25
Interlude	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '25
Skeptic	<i>Bohemian</i> , May, '25
Theme for a Tapestry (Salem, 1830)	" "
For You	<i>Col. Humor</i> , May, '25
Songs of a Young Wife	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , May, '25
Rain	" "

JENKINS, OLIVER (*Continued*)

Minor Note *Lariat*, May, '25

The Ship-Chandler (San Francisco, 1840)

Sea Foam, May, '25

A Ship Comes In (Salem, 1825)

Independent, May 6, '25

Little Love

Step Lad., June, '25

Design for a Water-Color (Salem, 1830)

International Arts, July, '25

Outdoor Song

Brief Stories, July, '25

JENKS, CLARISSA BROOKS—"All Love"

Am. Poetry, May-June, '25

JENNESS, BURT FRANKLIN—Skylines *Mesa*, Spring, '25

JENNINGS, AMY S.—Eros *Yale Rev.*, July, '25

JENNINGS, ELEANOR—The High Hills Call

Muse and Mirror, April, '25

JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON—Inland *Bookman*, Sept., '24

Marchers in the Night *Scribner's*, Sept., '24

Virtuoso, For J. A. *Voices*, Nov., '24

Summary, " *Jan.*, '25

Visitation *Commonweal*, Jan. 7, '25

But You Are Silent *Voices*, Mar., '25

Baroque *Commonweal*, Feb. 25, '25

A House Divided " *May 27*, '25

The Matador *New Rep.*, June 8, '25

The Burning *Forum*, July, '25

JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS—Romance

Messenger, Nov., '24

Armageddon *Crisis*, Mar., '25

Soul's Easter " *Apr.*, '25

Escape " *May*, '25

Promise *Messenger*, July, '25

Prejudice " "

The Riddle *Opportunity*, July, '25

JOHNSON, HELENE—Trees at Night *Opportunity*, May, '25

JOHNSON, J. M. C.—Mt. Rainier

Muse and Mirror, Jan., '25

JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE—Rebellion *Palms*, Summer, '24

Evensong *Extension*, Aug., '24

Apologia *Lit. Lantern*, Aug., '24

How Shall I Put You From Me *Lyric*, Sept., '24

Had You But Died *Cont. V.*, Dec., '24

Playthings *Lyric*, Jan., '24

Indian Giver *Lyric West*, Jan., '25

Depths *Fantasia*, Feb., '25

Song for April *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25

Escape *Lyric*, Mar., '25

Light-Bearer " *Apr.*, '25

Summer Fancy *Lit. Lantern*, May 25, '25

"We Shall Not Walk Again Where the Cedars

Darken" *Lyric*, July, '25

Song for Twilight *Cont. V.*, July, '25

Irony

- JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE (*Continued*)
 To an Iconoclast *Cont. V.*, July, '25
 Knowledge *Lyric*, July, '25
- JOHNSON, STANLEY—A Matter of Record *Fugitive*, Aug., '24
 Any Husband to Any Wife " Dec., '24
 Argument " "
 The Grand Wolf " "
- JOHNSON, WILLARD—The Haunted Garden *Wand.*, Aug., '24
 Cedar Smoke *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
 Taos Boys Singing *Guardian*, Mar., '25
 Only the Rain *Echo*, Apr., '25
 Crucifixion " "
 Cheerful Dirge " "
 Yellow *Palms*, Summer, '25
- JOHNSTON, THOMAS T.—The Immortal Message of
 Calvin Coolidge, Jr.) *Zion's Her.*, Aug., '24
 The Years " Jan. 8, '25
- JOHNSTON, CHRISTOPHER—I Touch My Eyes With
 Water Blest *Magat*, Aug., '24
- JONES, CHARLOTTE WELLS—Mary, Mother of Jesus
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24
- JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD—Revolutionary Etude
 (To Ted Shawn) *Cont. V.*, Aug., '24
 The Balloon Man " "
- JONES, MARCELINE FREEMAN—Obedience
C. S. Jour., Nov., '24
- JONES, PAMELLA PEARL—Each to Each Is a Looking
 Glass *Town Crier*, Dec. 13, '24
 Without Youth *Muse and Mirror*, July, '25
 I Saw a Thousand Sheep in Peru " "
- JONES, RUTH LAMBERT—I Would Entreat You
Poetry, Nov., '24
- JORDAN, ISRAEL—To Minerva (Apropos of Mobili-
 zation Day) *Ch. Cent.*, July, '24
- JORDAN, PHILIP—The Pool of Lilith *Lin. Lore*, Mar., '25
 Honors " "
 The Four-Master " Jan., '25
- JULIA, FRANCISCA—The Dance of the Centaurs
 (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)
Commonweal, Jan. 14, '25
- KANTOR, MACKINLAY—Storm at Midnight
Brief Stories, Aug., '24
 Garriss Town *Overland*, Sept., '24
 Klan *Am. Poetr.*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 The Road to Millerstown *Elks*, Oct., '24
 The Day *Wand.*, Oct., '24
 I Went Out to Milk *Midland*, Nov., '24
 A Pixie " "
 The Horses " "
 "Melodie" *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 A Wife's Lament *Voices*, Jan., '25

- KANTOR, MACKINLEY** (*Continued*)
 "Symposium: By Callen-Kallala" *Chic. Trib.*, Feb., '25
 Floyd Collins' Cave " "
 A Gypsy Song *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 The Young Roustabout *Overland*, Feb., '25
 Lake Song in Winter *Chic. Trib.*, Mar., '25
 Down to Mr. 'Leevs " "
 Lyman Dillon and His Plow " Apr., '25
 The Yodel in the Street (To A. M. " "
 Herbert Quick *Chic. Trib.*, May, '25
 Warrior With a Drum *Overland*, May 15, '25
 When a Fellow Needs a Friend *Chic. Trib.*, 'July, '25
"KATYDID"—The Pines—Tragedy *Harp.*, May, '25
KAUFFMAN, MARGARET HOUSTON—To-Day
C. S. Jour., May, '25
KAUFMAN, REGINA—Weaver of Dreams
Uni. of So. Cal. Chronicle, Oct., '24
 Talla of the Ukis *Overland*, Mar., '25
 The Incapah Trail " Apr., '25
KADY, FLORENCE—The Pathetics *Harper's*, Sept., '24
 Other " Nov., '24
KEAN, LILLIAN LOGAN—Benediction *Buccaneer*, Apr., '25
KEARNS, JOHN—To an Ancient Coin
Jacksonville (Fla.) Jour., Sept. 14, '25
 Exiles *Step Lad.*, Feb., '25
KELLER, GOTTFRIED—At Night (trans. by George N.
 Shuster) *Commonweal*, July 8, '25
KELLER, MARTHA E.—Sheep *Poetry*, Nov., '24
 The Lovers " "
 Arachne " "
 A Song for Caesar " "
 Mazed " "
KELLEY, DANIEL—Monotone *Harper's*, Feb., '25
KELLEY, E. M.—At Andrea's *Harper's*, Mar., '24
KELLY, GEORGE—Gray Morning *Verse*, Summer, '25
KELLY, MARY AGNES—The Camel Boy *Overland*, Oct., '24
 Yellow Lupines *Wand.*, Nov., '24
 The Weaver *Overland*, Mar., '25
 Blue and Silver Jays " Apr., '25
KELLY, SARAH HAMMOND—There is no Peace in Love
Lyric West, Jan., '25
 In the City *Overland*, Feb., '25
KELTER, MARTHA A.—Daphne *Palms*, Summer, '25
KEMP, HARRY—Dawn in the Dunes *Lit. R.*, Aug. 16, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 17, '24
 On Re-Reading Catullus *Harper's*, Oct., '24
 Idealists *Lit. R.*, Dec. 27, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 28, '24
 Sightless Hearts *Commonweal*, Feb. 4, '25
KEMPFF, O. S. B., PLACIDUS—The Sandman *Mag'at*, May, '25
KENDRICK, LUCILLE—March-Pipes *Step Lad.* Nov. '24
 Nazareth *Cont. V.*, Apr., '25
 Little Harbors *Harp.*, May, '25

- KENNEDY, CELIA MARY—The Lie *Poetry*, Aug., '24
 KENNEDY, J. H.—Money Value *Scroll*, Aug., '24
 KENNEDY, MARY H.—The Mirror *Mag't*, Aug., '24
 KENNEDY, THOMAS—Serenade *Guardian*, Feb., '25
 KENTON, GILBERT—Cross Roads *Gypsy*, Spring, '25
 Statement
 KENYON, BERNICE LESBIA—Sky Meadows *Scribner's*, Sept., '24
 Lake of Drowned Torches *Outlook*, Dec. 31, '24
 Iseult or Lilith *Scribner's*, Mar., '25
 Interval in a Greek Dance *Outlook*, July 15, '25
 KENYON, CAMILLA—Fata Morgana *Overland*, Apr., '25
 KENYON, JAMES B.—Two Sonnetts *Lyric*, Sept., '24
 KENYON, THEDA—When My Hour Strikes *Voices*, Mar., '25
 KEOGH, EDNA ALICE—Fleeting *Lyric West*, June-July, '25
 KERN, JAMES WILLIAM—Shadows *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 26, '25
 KERN, SUSIE—Old Glory *Denver Lib. Post*, Nov. 22, '24
 KESSLER, EMILE—Remembrance *Commonweal*, Apr. 8, '25
 KEY, ROBERT ELLIS—"Midnight Foretells the Dawn" *C. S. Jour.*, Feb., '25
 KHAN, MUHAMMAD—Charbaita (Tears on your cheeks as you grieve)—(trans. from the original Afghani (Pushtu) by May Folwell Hoisington) *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 KHARNAZOFF, IVAN—Lines to be Memorized and Repeated *Fantasia*, Feb., '25
 KIEFER, MARIE E.—A Simile *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
 KILMER, ALINE—Falcon *Poetry*, Oct. 24
 Complaint " "
 Against the Wall " "
 KIMBALL ALICE WINDSOR—The Blind Quest *Scribner's*, Sept., '24
 KIMMEL, STANLEY—Autumn Wind *Poetry*, Sept., '24
 Strike " "
 Rust " "
 In the Wheat-Field " "
 Joe " "
 The Secret Spring " "
 KING, ETHEL—Queen Anne's Lace *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
 The Transformation *Bard*, Winter, '24
 Mater Christi *Mag't*, June, '25
 KING, STIRLING P.—Kindred Spirits *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
 Telepathy *Interludes*, July-Sept., '24
 Dreaming By the Fireside *Bard*, Winter, '24
 A Spring Pome " "
 KINNEY, ARTHUR W.—Ojai in April *Los Angeles Sat. N.*
 Where the Plaza Lies A-Dreaming *Los Angeles Times*
 Three Dreams of Gold " "
 KINNON, ANABEL MAE—The Concert *Town Crier*, Dec. 13, '24

KINSMAN, SALLIE—Wind	<i>Lyric West</i> , Jan., '25
Firelight	" "
Beauty	" "
Winter Night	<i>Lyric West</i> , June-July, '25
KINSOLVING, SALLY BRUCE—You Dwell Alone	<i>The Reviewer</i> , Oct., '24
Night Song	" "
I Would Be To You	<i>Lyric</i> , Oct., '24
Change	Nov., '24
Time	Jan., '24
Spring is Playing on the Winds	Apr. '25
Conviction	
A Cry	
April	
KIRK, RICHARD—Yes, You Must Be One	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Aug.-Sept. '24
My Beds	" "
Lovers, What is Death?	" "
The Time	" "
The Perfect Liar	" "
Notes on Life's Comedy	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Oct., '24
Pedant	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
On the Way Home	" "
When I Was Rich	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , June, '25
The Broken Stem	" "
We Go to Supper	" "
The Strangers	<i>Step Lad.</i> , June, '25
The Sailor	" July, '25
Intercepted Inspiration	" "
What Do You Think?	" "
To a Stone	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , July, '25
My Achievement	" "
Another Prison	" "
KIRK, WILLIAM F.—Chippewa Falls	<i>Wisconsin</i> , Aug.-Sept., '24
KLESS, PHILLIPS—Truth is Beauty	<i>Wand.</i> , Aug., '24
KLINE, FLORENCE HOWARD—Indictment	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '25
KLING, JOSEPH—The Trampled Diadem (To B—)	<i>International Arts</i> , June, '25
Winter's End (To M—)	" "
KNAPP, ETHEL MARJORIE—The Heretic	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Nov., '24
KNAPP, LEWIS M.—Apples for Sale	<i>Mesa</i> , Spring, '25
Haymow	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Mar., '25
KNEIP, JAKOB—Home-Land (trans. by George N. Shuster)	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 8, '25
KNISTER, RAYMOND—Martyrdom	<i>Midland</i> , Apr. 15, '25
Dog and Cat	" "
KOHLER, WILLIBALD—The Bridge (trans. by George N. Shuster)	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 8, '25
KOHN, WALTER F.—Piety Among the Peonies	<i>Nation</i> , Apr. 22, '25
(Zion, Illinois)	<i>Gypsy</i> , June, '25
Pelleas et Melisande	

- KOLARS, MARY—If This Old Place
Commonweal, Mar. 11, '25
- KOSMAK, KATHARINE—Clockmaker's Song
Lin. Lore, Nov., '25
Sonnet " Dec., '24
The Perfectionist " Apr., '25
- KRAMER, EDGAR DANIEL—Release *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
- KRESENSKY, RAYMOND—Spoon Fashion *Wand.*, Aug., '24
Prayer *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 30, '25
Time's Ivy *Scroll*, Dec., '24
Asphodel *Lyric West*, Feb., '25
A Lady's Fernery *Dbl. Dlr.*, June, '25
Hypotheses *Scroll*, June, '25
Love Must Grow " "
- KREYMBORG, ALFRED—Cloudy Drop *Lit. R.*, Sept. 27, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. 28, '24
Learning *Poetry*, Nov., '24
Tap and Tap *Lit. R.*, Dec. 22, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 23, '24
Intellectual *Commonweal*, Jan. 7, '25
Peewee " Feb. 25, '25
Diminuendo *Dial*, Apr., '25
Paradox " "
Caligraphy " "
Ritardando " "
- KRUSSELL, THELMA BEATTY—The Runner
Ch. Cent., Aug. 7, '24
- KUHNS, GRACE TAYLOR—Hush Be Still
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
Summertime " "
- KUSKULIS ELIZABETH—Content *Bohemian*, Apr., '25
- KYLE, ANNE—Because You Love Beauty
Scribner's, May, '25
- L., A. C.—Autumn Leaves
Uni. of So. Cal. Chronicle, Oct., '24
- L., W.—Epistle to C. S. Concerning Burial in Illinois
Dbl. Dlr., Apr., '25
Epistle *Measure*, Apr., '25
Were You Ever Alone; Notes for an " July, '25
Epilogue: (In a Restaurant) " "
- LACHNER, DOROTHY—Youth *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- LAIDLAW, LOUISE—Thrall'd *Lin. Lore*, Nov., '24
Future *Voices*, Apr., '25
Conviction " "
Response *Min.*, July-Aug., '25
- LAIRD, WILLIAM—Mixed Drinks in Bruges
Cont. V., Nov., '24
The Fourth Kingdom " "
- LANDELS, THOS. D.—The Death of Junipere
Overland, Aug., '24
- LANDERS, ELIZABETH—Riches *Ch. Cent.*, July 9, '25

- LANE, K. WESTMACOTT—The Officer's Complaint
(trans. of the Shi King, Pt. 2, Book 4) *Lit. R.*, Jan. 17, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Jan. 18, '25
- LANHAM, CHARLES T.—Fog *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
Song to a Certain Love " Jan., '25
Two Songs from Columbine in Dejection " " "
Futility *Bohemian*, Mar., '25
Flame and Shadow " Apr., '25
Knowledge " May, '25
Aesthetics *Independent*, May 23, '25
Patterns From a Madhouse *Palms*, Summer, '25
Cagliostro " " "
Priscilla " " "
Neurosis " " "
Lances " " "
Dialogue " " "
- L'ANSON, ALICE—Pepper Tree *Overland*, Mar., '25
- LARAMORE, VIVIAN YEISER—Interim *Lyric*, Nov., '24
Song of the Sower *Cont. V.*, Mar., '25
In Passing *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
- LARKIN, FRANCES S.—Reaping *Heacock's* Sept., '24
Poem to Another Lover *New Rep.*, Oct. 8, '24
Poem *Measure*, Jan., '25
Snake Poem *New Rep.*, Apr. 8, '25
Lady Poem *Echo*, July, '25
Elephant Poem " " "
Cat Poem " " "
- LASSEN, LEO H.—It Was Not Love *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
- LATTIWORE, RICHMOND—Which? *Bookman*, June, '25
Fantasy " " "
Assyrian Dance *Palms*, Summer, '25
- LAUGHLIN, E. O.—A Fancy *Bookman*, Oct., '24
- LAWLESS, MARGARET H.—April *C. L. of C. Index*, Apr., '25
Sunday Bells " May, '25
The Changeless One " June, '25
The World's Melody *Mag'at*, June, '25
On Wings of Song *America*, July 25, '25
- LAWRENCE, D. H.—Bombardment *Palms*, Vol. II., No. V.
After the Opera " " "
The Little Town at Evening " " "
Last Hours " " "
- LAWRENCE, GORDON—An Encounter in Hades *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr. '25
Mouse " " "
Assignation *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
Parade " " "
Cricket " " "
Protest Inarticulate *Pan*, June, '25
The Hunters *Dbl. Dlr.*, July, '25
Dance Hall " " "

- LAWRENCE, STANLEY—The City on the Hill
Ch. Cent., Aug. 7, '24
- LAWRENCE-LUCAS, ANN—Procrastination
Messenger, Oct., '24
The Radical " Dec., '24
- LEACH, BERT—Free Versifiers, A Ballade, a Double
Refrain *Writers' M.*, Mar., '25
- LECHLITNER, RUTH—To a Little Dead Dancer
Palms, Vol. II., No. V.
Lyric West, Dec., '24
Cottonwoods " "
Desert Noon, September " "
The Penitente " "
Summer Evening *Poetry*, Apr., '25
Afterward " "
- LECROH, HELEN COWLES—Puzzle
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- LEE, AGNES—The Ghost's Ethic *Poetry*, Aug., '24
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- LEE, BORGHILD LUNDBERG—The Ladder
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- LEE, CATHIE—Lessons *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25
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- LEE, LAWRENCE—Grapes of Gold *Bookman*, Sept., '24
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- LEE, LINDA—Nevada *Overland*, Sept., '24
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- LEE, MUNA—Decoration *Commonweal*, Dec. 24, '24
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- LEE, STORRS—Ghost *Scroll*, Oct., '24
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- LE GALLIENNE, HEAPER—Coquette *Harper's*, Mar., '25
- LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD—In a Copy of Omar Khayyam
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- LEHMER, DERRICK N.—Riches
Interpretations (Phi Beta Kappa poem read at Stan-
ford University, June 21, 1924)
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- LEHMER, EUNICE MITCHELL—My Taj-Mahal Among
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 Sea Gull's Cry
 Pussy Willows *Mar.*, '25
 Charcedony Canyon *May*, '25
 Preface *June*, '25
 Pansies "
 Whippoorwill *July*, '25
 As Is White Clover *Press-Telegram M.*, *May*, '25
 Hight In the Morn "
 Spring Leaven *Night Life*, *May*, '24
 Adventure "
 Western Shore City *Golden West*, *Sept.*, '24
 Cycles *Oct.*, '24
 War *Jan.*, '25
 Riches *L. B. Press*, *Sept. 4*, '24
 Glacier Peak, High Sierras
 Fifty Octobers *Sept. 12*, '24
 Into a Field a Wanderer Came "
 The Years *Sept. 19*, '24
 Longing
- MERIWETHER, ELSA NYE—*The Desert Night*
Overland, *Apr.*, '25
- MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW—*The Pheasant* *Lyric*, *Oct.*, '24
L'envoi *Poetry*, *Feb.*, '25
 By an Indian Grave "
 Memory "
 Exiles *Am. Poetry*, *May-June*, '25
 The Tall Gray Cities *Step Lad.*, *June*, '25
 Marsh Moth *Lyric*, *July*, '25
 Bubble *Step Lad.*, *July*, '25
- MERRYMAN, VIRGINIA NEW—*Twilight* *L'Alouette*, *Oct.*, '24
 Desire "

MERRYMAN, VIRGINIA U.—The Watchful One	<i>Circle</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
MERRILL, HARRISON R.—Desert Roads	<i>Harp</i> , May, '25
MERTINS, MARSHALL LOUIS—Love-Song	<i>Overland</i> , Oct., '24
The Watchers	" "
Rain-Clouds	" "
Corn Song	" "
MESECHRE, MARY I.—Our Prayer	<i>C. S. Jour.</i> , Apr., '25
METZEROTT, GERTRUDE—Muted Melodies	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , May-June, '25
MIALL, AGNES M.—Petition	<i>Lyric West.</i> , Nov., '24
MICELI, AUGUSTO—A New Companion	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
MIDDLETON, LILIAN—Ego	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '25
MIDDLETON, SCUDDER—Walpurgis	<i>Measure</i> , Dec., '24
Dancers	" "
No Matter	" "
MILLER, ANSELM—The Old Man	<i>Pan</i> , June, 2'5
MILLER, DOROTHY FORTESCUE—Sunset Aisle	<i>Interludes</i> , July-Sept., '24
Dusk	" "
The White Moth	" Oct.-Dec., '24
Snow Dawn	" Jan.-Mar., '25
MILLER, HARRY EDWARD—Sometime	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Jan.-Feb. '25
MILLER, J. CORSON—"Mother of Divine Grace"	<i>Rosary</i> , Aug., '24
Madonna of the Blue Veil	<i>Mag'at</i> , Aug., '24
A Rich Young Man Remembers	<i>America</i> , Aug. 9, '24
Concert	<i>Extension</i> , Sept., '24
Lady of Gold and Brocade	<i>Mag'at</i> , Sept., '24
To a Boy Passing in a Crowd	" "
Sappho Sings on the Beach at Lesbos	<i>Wand.</i> , Sept., '24
Conan of Fortingall	<i>Voices</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
River Willows	<i>Heacock's</i> , Oct., '24
Seclusion	" "
Visitation	" "
Thesis	" "
Outward Bound! In Memory of Joseph Conrad	<i>N. Y. Sun</i> , Oct. 8, '24
The Golden House	<i>Interludes</i> , Oct.-Dec., '24
Finale	" "
Egyptian Moon	<i>Min.</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
Wild Apples	<i>Wand.</i> , Nov., '24
On a Waterfall by Moonlight	<i>N. Y. Sun</i> , Nov. 22, '24
A Little Boy to Jesukin	<i>Mag'at</i> , Dec., '24
Snow-Vista	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 10, '24
Madonna of Martyrs	<i>Mag'at</i> , Jan., '25
Mandate	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '25
The Last Harper	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 21, '25
A Message	<i>Mag'at</i> , Feb., '25
For Our Lady	" "

MILLER, J. CORSON (<i>Continued</i>)		
Ballad of Simple Simon		<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '25
Beatrice		" "
Requiem		<i>Lyric</i> , Feb., '25
Daniel Boone	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 25, '25	
Madonna of the Maytime Flowers	<i>Mag'at</i> , May, '25	
Gold Fish	<i>Commonweal</i> , Apr. 1, '25	
Our Lady of the Cloister	<i>Mag'at</i> , June, '25	
Roses	<i>Commonweal</i> , June 24, '25	
On a Portrait of Papini	<i>Mag'at</i> , July, '25	
MILLER, JEWELL—Spirals	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb., '25	
MILLER, NELLIE BURGET—Moods	<i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '25	
I Bring You Silence, My Beloved	" Jan., '25	
MILLER, NORMA—Lyric	<i>Lyric West</i> , Jan., '25	
River Songs	" Feb., '25	
Morning	" Apr., '25	
Pride	" "	
MINITER, EDITH—Lily of the Field	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Oct., '24	
MIRO, RICARDO—Mariner: Panama (trans. by Muna Lee)	<i>Poetry</i> , Spanish-American No., June, '25	
MIRON, SALVADO DIAZ—The Dead Man (trans. by Muna Lee)	<i>Poetry</i> , Spanish-American No., June, '25	
MISH, CHARLOTTE—Like a Rose	<i>Forum</i> , Mar., '25	
MISNER, CHARLES H.—Beautiful Words	<i>Mag'at</i> , Oct., '24	
A Soul in Purgatory	" Nov., '24	
Bethlehem and Nazareth	" Dec., '24	
A Prophecy	" Feb., '25	
MISTRAL, GABIELA—Sonnets of Death (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 14, '25	
Ecstasy (trans. by Muna Lee)	<i>Poetry</i> , Spanish-American No., June, '25	
To Rafael Albert Arrieta (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 29, '25	
MITALSKY, FRANK—Enemies	<i>Measure</i> , Sept., '24	
Dandelions	" "	
Sagebrush Desert	" "	
The House	" "	
Silence	" "	
Helen	" "	
Lovers	" "	
The Poet	<i>Lyric West</i> , Jan., '25	
Sand	" "	
Oil and Water	" "	
Picture of a Girl	" "	
Psyche	" "	
Playmates	" Feb., '25	
The Life of a Poet	" "	
Sand	" "	
Burn Cardinal!	<i>Lyric</i> , Mar., '25	
The Train Whistle	<i>Lyric West</i> , Mar., '25	
Cloud Cities	" "	

MITALSKY, FRANK (*Continued*)

Dawn	<i>Lyric West</i> , May, '25
Walking Alone	" "
Diagram	" "
Alice	" "
Sunset	" "

MIYARES, ENRIQUE HERNANDEZ—The Most Fair
(trans. by Muna Lee)

Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25

MOLL, ERNEST G.—If You Should Say *Mesa*, Jan., '25

Crossing a Brook at Night	
Brown Eyes	
In September	
A Mother	
Testament	Spr., '25
Quatrain	
Dejection	
Futility	

MONCRIEF, RUTH—There are no Pockets in a Shroud

Buccaneer, Jan., '25

MONROE, HARRIET—The Alhambra *S. W. Rev.*, Apr., '25

MONTGOMERY, ELIZABETH SHAW—Invictus

Measure, Nov., '24

These Wings	" "
Scarabaeus	<i>Voices</i> , Nov., '24
Of Peace	" Jan., '25

MONTGOMERY, LUCY LINCOLN—Out of the Blue

L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25

MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER—"Ghosts of Broadway"

Point of View	<i>Argosy</i>
A Deserted House	<i>N. Y. Times</i>

Daedalus	"
Waste	"
Omens	"
That Affair in Eden	"

To a Ship's Mast *Sat. Eve. Post*, Sept. 27, '24

Laodamia *N. Y. Times*, Oct. 12, '24

To Helen, Middle-Aged " Nov. 30, '24

A Warning to a Lover, Horace, Bk. I., Ode XXVII.

Cont. V., Dec., '24

Man *Am. Rev.*, Jan.-Feb., '25

"Oh, Strange the Look!" *N. Y. Times*, Jan. 25, '25

"Like a Prisoned Sword *Voices*, Feb., '25

I Have Seen Your Towers *Gd. Hskpg.*, Feb., '25

A Nocturne of New York " Mar., '25

Speculation *Lyric*, Apr., '25

On the Death of a Youth *N. Y. Sun.*, Apr. 25, '25

Do Not Tell Him " Mar., '25

"I Am Less Kind" *N. Y. Times*, May 15, '25

Shadow Woman " May 24, '25

Trees *Munsey's*, June, '25

Bravado *N. Y. Times*, June 6, '25

MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER (*Continued*)

I Have Beheld a God, Horace, Bk. II., Ode XIX.

Walking *Munsey's*, July, '25
 To Sappho *N. Y. Times*, June 20, '25
 After Diana *Am. Rev.*, July-Aug., '25
 To Foreign Agitators in America *N. Y. Sun*, July 2, '25

The Ultimate Gift *N. Y. Times*, July 3, '25

A Book of Poems *N. Y. Sun*, July 12, '25

MONTGOMERY, WALTER A.—The Master's Face
N. Y. Times, July 26, '25
Lyric, Aug., '24

MONTGOMERY, WHITNEY—A Brother of Judas
Buccaneer, Oct., '24

Winter Woods " Jan., '25

Fire and Rain " Apr., '25

MOORE, ANNE—A Poem *Hue-Cry*, Aug. 30, '24

MOORE, MARCELLA—She Said *Voices*, May-June, '25

Nostalgia " "

For a Certain Poet " "

MOORE, MARIANNE—Silence *Dial*, Oct., '24

Sea Unicorns and Land Unicorns " Nov., '24

An Octopus " Dec., '24

The Monkey Puzzler " Jan., '25

MOORE, MERRILL—To a Memory *Fugitive*, Aug., '24

Sonnet to Mr. Smith " "

And to the Young Men " "

Art For J. E. W. " Dec., '24

Sonnet " "

The Cobbler's Confessions " "

A Lady is Buried Here " Mar., '25

Abschied " "

Antwort " "

Scientia Vincent Omnia? " June, '25

You Can Never Tell " "

Drowned in Dreams " "

Revolution and the Sentries " "

Autumn Dawn " "

Chronicle of an Acquaintance " "

MOORE, VIRGINIA—Conjecture *Voices*, May-June, '25

The Death of a Beautiful Girl " "

Clay Figures *Cont. V.*, June, '25

Escape *Scribner's*, July, '25

MOORE, WARD—Wedlock *Nation*, July 22, '25

MOQUIN, ELIZABETH SPENCER—God Walks Into

Happy Homes *Overland*, Jan., '25

MORA, LUIS MARIA—The Goatherd (trans. from the

Spanish by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, Mar. 4, '25

MOREL, VERNON—Inference *Fantasia*, Jan. '25

Hymn to Words " Feb., '25

MORENO, FERNANDEZ—On Certain Things (trans.

by Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25

MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD—The Woodman	
	<i>Interludes</i> , July-Sept., '24
The Little Town	"
Mystery	<i>Rythmic World</i> , Aug., '24
Dunes; My Lamp is Out and My Door is Barred"	" "
Time	" "
Song of the Sea	" "
The Clock Maker	<i>Lyric</i> , Aug., '24
The Sea	<i>Wand.</i> , Sept., '24
Tapers	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Sept., '24
Little Things	"
"I Have Put Sorrow From Me"	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Sept., '24
Betrayal	"
Possession	<i>Circle</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
Days	<i>Mag'at</i> , Oct., '24
Song, <i>I Will Be Your Comfort</i>	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Oct., '24
Changeless	<i>Lit. Lantern</i> , Dec., '24
Holy Night	<i>Mag'at</i> , Dec., '24
Wages	<i>Em. Quar.</i> , Jan., '25
A Handful of Holly	<i>Per'st</i> , Jan., '25
The Shepherd	" "
The Builder	<i>Knocker</i> , Jan. 17, '25
Lament	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '25
The Journey	<i>Lit. Lantern</i> , Feb., '25
Beyond	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb., '25
Hill and Dune	" "
Symbols	" " "
Summer Show	<i>Bost. Trans.</i> , Feb. 25, '25
The Sculptor	<i>Mag'at</i> , Mar., '25
Joy	<i>Bost. Trans.</i> , Mar., '25
Joy is as Profit	<i>Lit. Lantern.</i> Mar. 30, '25
April	<i>Cath. World</i> , Apr., '25
April	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Apr., '25
Spring on the Dunes	" "
April	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Apr., '25
In April	" "
"Ye Who Fear Death Remember April"	" "
The Disillusioned	<i>The Reviewer</i> , Apr., '25
Faith	<i>Per'st</i> , Apr., '25
April Fantasy	<i>Bohemian</i> , Apr., '25
But I Shall Wait	<i>Sea Foam</i> , Apr., '25
In After Years	" "
Lowlands	" "
The Journey	<i>Bost. Trans.</i> , Apr. 4, '25
Life	<i>Bohemian</i> , May, '25
That Which Abides	<i>Extension</i> , May, '25
Little Things	" "
The Sea	" "
Seekers	" "
The Cage	<i>Lyric West</i> , May, '25
Mother	<i>Ledg.-Disp. (Rich., Va.)</i> , May 13, '25
Prisoners	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , May-June, '25

MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD (*Continued*)

- A Rose for the Sacred Heart Parish Visitor, June, '25
 Seekers *Magat*, June, '25
 What
 Song *Commonweal*, June 3, '25
 Which? " June 24, '25
 Sand Dunes *Ledg.-Disp. (Nor. Va.)*, June 24, '25
 Could Love Do More? *Muse and Mirror*, July, '25
 The Secret
 Mary Crest *Parish Visitor*, July, '25
 Twilight at Marycrest
 The Wind was Cold—the Sky Steel-Gray

Lit. Lantern, July 6, '25

- MORGENSTERN, CHRISTIAN**—First Snow (trans. by
 George N. Shuster) *Commonweal*, July 8, '25

- MORRILL, JANE**—Rum Runners from a Beach

Wand., Sept., '24

- Evening Gray

Lyric West, June-July, '25

- MORRIS, BELLE CAPLES**—Sunset *Interludes*, Oct.-Dec., '24

- Resurrection

" Jan.-Mar., '25

- MORRIS, HATTIE**—The Name *Amer. Heb.*, Apr. 10, '25

- MORRIS, MARY YOUNGS**—The Mocker

Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24

- "Wanresfu"

Scroll, Sept., '24

- My Open Fire

" "

- The Tears of Youth

" Oct., '24

- The Heralds

" "

- Hope

" "

- Her Eyes

" "

- The Verities

Bard, Winter, '24

- Life's Denial

" "

- Chinera

L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25

- Pan In Arcady

Scroll, June, '25

- MORRIS, STUART**—Unto the Least *Town Crier*, Dec. 13, '24

- MORRIS, SYLVIA**—Since You Passed By *Harper's*, Aug., '24

- MORROW, ELIZABETH**—Autumn *Measure*, Nov., '24

- New Calvary

Voices, Nov., '24

- The Proudest Fruit

Scribner's, May, '25

- MORROW, T. M.**—The Shovel Runner

Dbl. Dlr., Nov.-Dec., '24

- MORSE, LADD FRISBY**—Miss Warner

N. Y. Wld., *Conning Twr.*, Oct., '24

- The Letter

" " Nov. 6, '24

- MORTON, DAVID**—Early Days *Scribner's*, Aug., '24

- Who Shapes the Carven Word

" "

- In Time of Long Rains

" "

- Lover to Lover

Forum, Sept., '24

- The Fog's Way

Lit. R., Sept. 21, '24

Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. '22, '24

- Nostalgia

Nation, Nov. 5, '24

- In a Time of Unsettlement

Outlook, Nov. 12, '24

- From a Hilltop

Bookman, Dec. '24

- Beyond the Golden Story *N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, Dec. 7, '24

- MORTON, DAVID (*Continued*)
 Possession *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25
 Image *Commonweal*, Feb. 4, '25
 Cry Me Your Name *Voices*, Mar., '25
 Tryst " "
 In a New Place *Forum*, Mar., '25
 Night Wind *New. Rep.*, Mar. 4, '25
 Out of Darkness *Commonweal*, Mar. 11, '25
 Expectancy *Outlook*, Apr. 29, '25
 New Horizons *Bookman*, July, '25
- MOSCOSO, GONZALO ESCUDERO—Overtones (trans. by
 Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- MOSELY, ELEANOR RUST—Myself *Heacock's*, Nov., '24
- MOTTER, VAIL—I Dreamed That I Built Me a Bark
Stratford M., Oct., '24
- MOURE, MANUEL MAGELLANES—Table Talk (trans
 by Muna Lee)
Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- MOWERY, OLIVER R.—The Passing of the Creek
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
- MOYLAN, EMILY—Thy Kingdom Come *Mag'at*, Aug., '24
- MUIR, CHARLES H.—Woman of Mine *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
- MUIR, C. MCKENZIE—To S. *Messenger*, Nov., '24
 The Suttee " Apr., '25
- MUIR, EDWIN—October at Hellbrunn *Dial*, Sept., '24
 The Lost Land " Feb., '25
- MULLIN, JOHN B.—Comes Wisdom *Mag'at*, Aug., '24
 Nativitas " Dec., '24
 Beyond " Jan., '25
- MULLINS, HELENE—Second Grief *Overland*, Nov., '24
 An Episode *Fantasia*, Feb., '25
 Martha and Mary *Forum*, Feb., '25
 The Galley Slave " Mar., '25
 The Return of the Prodigal " "
 The Boy Christ *Commonweal*, Apr. 8, '25
 Absalom " Apr., '25
 Sonnet to a Young Man *International Arts*, June, '25
- MUNSTERBERG, MARGARET—In the Dante Alcove
Forum, Mar., '25
- MURPHY, CHARLES R.—The Land of Living
Cont. V., Sept., '24
 North Carolina Mountains *Voices*, Nov., '24
 Tho' in the Quiet Garden of the Night *Stratford M.*, Dec. '24
 The Shelled City *Voices*, Mar., '25
- MUSSER, BENJAMIN—The Vital Now *Pan*, June, '25
- MYERS, ALFRED STUART—The Round-Up *Overland*, Dec., '24
- MYNNING, HAROLD—Song Lyrics and Words
Wrtrs M., Sept., '24
- N. N.—Poisoned Wine *Independent*, Mar. 28, '25
- NAAR, CONSTANCE—The Dancing Elf
Commonweal, Jan. 21, '25

- NADEL, ARNO—"And God Shall Be King Over the
Whole Earth *Wld. Tmrow.*, Apr., '25
- NANCE, BERTA HART—Lafitte at the Anvil *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
- NARDI, MARCIA—Skeptic *Measure*, Sept., '24
- Sonnet (Be Cruel if You Will) " "
- Sonnet (In Beauty Have I Read) " "
- Lament *N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, Sept. 28, '24
- NATHAN, ROBERT—Man by Himself *Century*, Oct., '24
- Two Poems: 1, O Troubled Heart; 2, Now Does
the Spider *Measure*, Dec., '24
- NAYLOR, JAMES BALL—I've Had My Dreams
Overland, June, '25
- NEEDELS, EMMA EVERETT—Why Is An Author
Am. Poetry, May-June, '25
- NEFF, VIRGINIA—The Winding Path *DuPauw*, Oct., '24
- NELSON, CHARLES BROWN—Black River
Midland, May 15, '25
- My Love Shall Be Forever Stilled " "
- Hermit's Prayer " "
- Rails " "
- NELSON, CLARA COITH—I Am Content *C. S. Jour.*, Oct., '24
- NERUDDA, JAN—(A Mountain Ballad (trans. from
the Bohemian by Clarissa Brooks Jenks)
Step Lad., Feb., '25
- NERVE, AMADO—Mystical Poets (trans. from the
Spanish by Thomas Walsh)
Commonweal, Jan. 28, '25
- Let Us Love (trans. from the Spanish by
Musa Lee) *Wld. Tmrow.*, Apr., '26
- NESRAL, EDNA CLARE—Annie Malone
Am. Poetry, May-June, '25
- NETHERCOT, ARTHUR H.—Grotesquerie Macabre
Palms, Vol. II., No. IV.
- NEWCOMB ZELLA WRIGHT—Calypso
Muse and Mirror, Apr., '25
- To the Censor " June, '25
- No One Is My Master " "
- Mice-Women " "
- NEWLIN EDITH CAROLYN—May Rain *Cont. V.*, May, '25
- To a Wild Crocus *Lyric*, June, '25
- NEWMAN, A. EVELYN—New Year's Eve *Cont. V.*, Dec., '24
- NEWMAN, ISRAEL—Sonnet *Forge*, Nov., '24
- Elsewhere *Scroll*, Dec., '24
- Airs *Lyric*, Apr., '25
- Forty-Five *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '25
- Sleeping Beauty *Lyric*, June, '25
- NEWSOME, EFFIE LEE—Kites *Crisis*, Mar., '25
- March Hare " "
- Blue Bird " "
- Fantasy " June, '25
- Garden So Bright " "
- Red Indians of Dawn " "

NEWSOME, EFFIE LEE (<i>Continued</i>)	
The Cricket's Wooing	<i>Crisis</i> , June, '25
Wild Rose	" "
Mild Mistress Moon	" "
A Killdeer	" "
NEWTON, CHARLOTTE B.—The Way of Life	
	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '25
Vagabondia	" Apr.-June, '25
NEWTON, KATHERINE—To a Certain Poet	
The Singer	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '25
Jongleur	<i>Measure</i> , Mar., '25
Perspective	" June, '25
NEWTON, MAUDE DE VERSE—Unfoldment	
	<i>C. S. Jour.</i> , Mar., '25
NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND—Aquatic	
Sand and Stone	<i>Measure</i> , Dec., '24
Journeyman	<i>Century</i> , Dec., '24
	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Feb. 14, '25
	<i>Phia. Pub. Ledg.</i> , Feb. 15, '25
The Sound of Trains	<i>Nation</i> , Apr. 29, '25
NICKERSON, PAUL S.—Ships	
	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Sept., '24
NIENABER, ALLISON—The Just Man	
	<i>Poetry</i> , Oct., '24
NIVENS, HELEN—Moon Rising by the Sea	
	<i>Circle</i> , May-June, '25
NOE, COTTON—In Old Perugia	
	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Sept., '24
NOGUCHI, YONE—Looking at My Own Mask	
	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Aug.-Sept., '24
NORCROSS, ELINOR LENNHEER—Silhouettes	
	<i>Overland</i> , Sept., '24
In Life's Attic	<i>Poetry</i> , Sept., '24
Theft	<i>Lyric West</i> , Nov., '24
—And Winds	<i>Wand.</i> , Nov., '24
Devotions	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Mar. 5, '25
Prudence	<i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '25
Barriers	<i>Harp</i> , May, '25
NORMAN, CHARLES—Ballad	
Ego	<i>Nation</i> , Dec. 31, '24
Epitaph for Lovers	<i>Bookman</i> , Jan., '25
The Garden	<i>Measure</i> , Jan., '25
	<i>Bookman</i> , June, '25
NORRIS, WILLIAM A.—October	
Directions for Burial	<i>Min.</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
	<i>Nation</i> , Oct. 15, '24
NORTH, JESSICA NELSON—Morning Shower	
	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Oct., '24
To Carpenters	" Jan.-Feb., '25
Lost Acre	<i>Overland</i> , Feb., '25
Arrival	" "
The Problem	<i>Poetry</i> , Feb., '25
Hibernalia	" "
To Duncan	" "
As One Invulnerable	<i>Dial</i> , May, '25
The Initiates	<i>Bookman</i> , June, '25
NORTH, STELING—Moonlight in a China Shop	
	<i>Verse</i> , Summer No., '25

- NORTON, GRACE FALLOW—The Slave Speaks
Lyric, Jan., '24
 To the Wind, the Rain, and Silence
Cont. V., Mar., '25
 Bright Bridges
 " " " '25
- NORTON, JAMES C.—Ambition
Buccaneer, Mar., '25
 The Secret
 " " " '25
- NORTON, JAMES E.—Requiem
Cont. V., Jan., '25
 Advice
 " " " " " " " " " " " "
 Fear
 " " " " " " " " " " " "
 On a Place Revisited Alone
 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- NOVAK-CLARY, SONIA RUTHLE—Longing
Cont. V., Aug., '24
 The Honeysuckle Hat
 " " " " " " " " " " " "
 Regret
 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- NOVAK, DAVID—Market Street
Lyric, June, '25
 NOYES, MINNA B.—Modulations
L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25
 NOYES, NEWBOLD—The Secret
Independent, Apr. 11, '25
 NYE, JEAN PALMER—The Little Rebel
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
- OAKS, GLADYS—The Roman
Bookman, Jan., '25
 Sonnet of a Romantic
Echo, Feb., '25
 Thais to Her Monk
 " Mar., '25
 They Made a World
 " Apr., '25
 Salome to the Dead John
Guardian, May-June, '25
- OBATA, SHIGEYOSHI (translator),—Japanese Folk Songs
Wld. Tmrow, June, '25
- O'BRIEN, EDWARD J.—To the Blind Men
Stratford M., Oct., '24
- O'BYRNE, CATHAL—Curse on the Bush (trans from
 the Irish of Anthony Raftery)
Poetry, Aug., '24
 Prayer Before Death (trans. from the Irish of
 Anthony Raftery)
 " " " "
 A Young Girl's Grief (trans from the Erse—)
Commonweal, Apr. 15, '25
- O'CONNOR, ARMEL—Christmas Bells
Mag'at, Dec., '24
 To a Dove at Evening
 " Feb., '25
 Forever
 " June, '25
 The Queen's Gift
 " July, '25
- O'CONOR, NORREYS JEPHSON—Song of the City
Cont. V., May, '25
 Song
 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- O'DONNELL, CHARLES—The Songs of Riley
Bard, Winter, '24
- O'DONNELL, CHARLES L.—Harvest
Commonweal, May 27, '25
- O'DONNELL, T. C.—Garden at Evening
Gypsy, Spring, '25
- OFFUTT, MILTON—The Whirligig
Scribner's, Sept., '24
 Old Winds
Harper's, Nov., '24
- O'GALLAGHER, JOHANNA—Wisteria
Gypsy, Spring, '25
- O'HARA, JOY—Written in an Old Ledger
Overland, Dec., '24

- OHE, MADGE—The Eclipse *Scroll*, June, '25
To the Wind " "
- OLDROYD, ALICE WILSON—Quiet Levels *Overland*, Feb., '25
- OLIVER, KATHERINE—In the Confessional, About
1200 A. D. *The Reviewer*, Jan., '25
- OLIVER, MARGARET SCOTT—Prayer *Cont. V.*, July, '25
- OLIVER, WADE—More Softly Silence *Poetry*, Dec., '24
Sky-Rider " "
- OLSEN, CHARLES OLUF—Looking On *Cont. V.*, Sept., '24
The Memory Quilt, To M. E. T. " "
Deep Sea, How Like My Lover *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
- Safety " "
Judgment " "
Wolves " Apr., '25
The Jester " "
Light " "
One Word " June, '25
Little Still Streams " "
Solitude " "
- OLSEN, ELIZABETH—Portrait of a Friend *Muse and Mirror*, June, '25
- OLSON, TED—We Shall Go Laughing *Lyric West*, Oct., '24
Forfeit *Wand.*, Oct., '24
A Small-Town Portrait *Lyric West*, Dec., '24
Four Walls for Solace *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25
Words to Be Graven on Sandstone *Measure*, Jan., '25
Color of Dust *Lyric West*, June-July, '25
Time Has a Way *Lyric*, July, '25
- O'MONGON, ALAIN—My Lady *New Orient*, June, '25
- O'NEIL, DAVID—Empire *Voices*, May-June, '25
- O'NEIL, GEORGE—Lyric *Measure*, Nov., '24
Composition " "
Seal *New Rep.*, Jan. 7, '25
In the Gallery of Antiquities *Measure*, Mar., '25
Fountains *Harper's*, Mar., '25
Notes *Measure*, Mar., '25
Ode to a Frog *Voices*, May-June, '25
Lucid Interval *New Rep.*, June 3, '25
Rebuke " June 24, '25
Hounds *Measure*, July, '25
- O'NEILL, SHEILA—My Enemy *Mag'at*, Aug., '24
Old Pain *Lyric West*, Mar., '25
Gifts *Mag'at*, Aug., '24
- O'NEILL, DENNIS—Dawn *Pan*, June, '25
- O'NEILL, MARY—Valentine *Muse and Mirror*, Feb., '25
- OPDYCKE, MARY ELLIS—Pieta *Poetry*, Dec., '24
- OSBORNE, ELIZABETH MARJORIE—*Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
Mah Jongg *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
- O'SHEEL, SHAEMAS—Replying to the Many Kind
Friends Who Ask Me if I No Longer Write
Poetry *Min.*, Sept.-Oct., '24

- O'SHEEL, SHAEMAS (*Continued*)
 She Will Light Certain Fires *Min.*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Sonnet *Commonweal*, Apr. 1, '25
- OSTENSO, MARTHA—Monument
N. Y. Her.-Tri., Nov. 23, '24
- The Mourners " "
 Lexicon " "
- O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS—The Lamplighter
Commonweal, May 27, '25
- OTTO, HOWARD JAMES—Communion *Wld. Tmrow.*, Mar., '25
- OWSLEY, KATHERINE NICHOLS—Skylines *Mesa*, Spring, '25
- PAGE, DOROTHY—Pixy *Overland*, Jan., '25
 When Haws are Ripe " Apr., '25
- PAINE, MABEL—September First *Bard*, Winter, '24
- PAKE, CLARA L.—Gratitude *C. S. Jour.*, Dec., '24
- PALMER, E. DORCAS—"Copa D' Oro" *Overland*, Mar., '25
- PALMER, FLOY BERNICE—The Spanish Exile
Fantasia, Jan., '25
- PALMER, TONY—Mandate of Eros: A Retrospect
Dbl. Dlr., Apr., '25
- PARADISE, VIOLA—Dreamer's Caution *Forum*, May, '25
- PARKER, HOWARD—"We Two Shall Move to Fairy
 Places" *Measure*, Mar., '25
- PARLETT, ERNEST E.—To a Little Girl *L'Alouette*, Oct., '24
 To a Little Cousin " "
 Thoughts *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 My Soul " May-June, '25
- PARSONS, HOMER M.—Fair Warning to Shylock
Verses, Summer No., '25
- PARSONS, KITTY—The Little Red Hen and the Fox
Pro. Teach., 'Nov., '24
- PATTERSON, DOROTHY—Fertility *Wand.*, Nov., '24
- PATTERSON, R. M.—Up Otley Hill *Commonweal*, Jan. 7, '25
- PATTON, JOHN S.—Sixteen *Circle*, May-June, '25
- PAUL, JEAN—Fragment *Buccaneer*, Oct., '24
- PAVA, MALCOLM, AND NIEMO, LECH T.—Before Adam
 (From the Polish) *Heacock's*, Aug., '24
 "The Saddest Words—" " Nov., '24
- PAVA, MALCOLM—The Iron Ring *Heacock's*, Aug., '24
 Byzantium " Sept., '24
 The City—Misty Dawn " "
 Four O'Clock " Oct., '24
 Vae Victis " "
- Talus (The familiar of Justice from the
 Faerie Queene) " Dec., '24
- The House of Desire " "
 Sursum Corda " Jan., '25
- King Argentarius (A Sequel to "The
 Iron Ring) " Feb., '25
- The Return (Song of the Roman Legions)
Buffalo Arts Jour., Apr., '25
- On the Road " " June, '25

- PAYNE, ANNE BLACKWELL—In Heaven *Voices*, Feb., '25
 Released *Va. Quar. Rev.*, July, '25
 Scars *Commonweal*, July 29, '25
- PEACOCK, MARION—The Fairy Beautiful *Bard*, Winter, '24
- PEARCE, LELIA MILLER—On the Stairs in an Old
 Country House *Buccaneer*, Nov., '24
 Buccaneers " Jan., '25
- PEARCE, MARGERY—To a Star *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- PEARSALL, 2ND, ROBERT—The Brink *L'Alouette*, Sept., '24
- PEASE, JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN—Pentecost
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- PECK, EDLA PARK—Picture Songs *Scroll*, Sept., '24
 Despair " "
- PELLY, THOMAS MINOR—Dixon, Montana
Town Crier, Dec. 13, '24
 Loneliness *Muse and Mirror*, June, '25
- PENMAN, SATELLA JAQUES—Undaunted
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
 The Storm King *Am. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24
- PERCY, MARY CRUTTENDEN—Hunger
L'Alouette, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Mutation " "
 When? *Scroll*, June, '25
 Mirror " "
 A Fool " "
 Time " "
- PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER—Certain Casuals
Bookman, Sept., '24
 The Lost Heritage *Dbl. Dlr.*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 Sea Birds *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
 Trapped *Voices*, Dec., '24
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 Sea Birds " "
 Separation *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 Cretan Idyl *Cont. V.*, June, '25
 Delphi Humoresque " "
 Confidants *Lyric*, July, '25
- PEREZ, F. DOMINGO—An Arab Tale (trans. from the
 Spanish by Thomas Walsh)
Commonweal, Feb. 18, '25
- PERRY, H. G.—The Pioneers *Scroll*, Sept., '24
- PETERKIN, JULIA M.—Vinner's Sayings *Poetry*, Feb., '25
- PETERS, KATE HARROWER—Winds of Erin
Commonweal, Apr. 8, '25
- PETERSON, AMES—The Tryst *Overland*, July, '25
 Discovery " "
- PEYTON, MARY WETZELL—Lad of the Sea
Step Lad., Feb., '25
- PFEIFFER, EDWARD H.—To a Crippled Child
Step Lad., May, '25
- PFEIFFER, LA REE—The Romany Way *Circle*, Sept.-Oct., '24
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- PHELON, W. A.**—Sixty Years Ago To-Day
Cin. Times-Star, Apr. 4, '25
PHILLIPS, CHARLES—Possession
Pan, June, '25
PHILLIPS, IRIS LORA—The Coming Storm in Egypt
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PHILLIPS, EMILIE C.—Dear Heart
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PHILLIPS, MABEL W.—Father
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 ", *"*, *"*
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PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO—Pittsburgh
 Congress Outlet, Aug., '24
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PHINNEY, LESLIE H.—The Husking-Song
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PICKARD, ELOISE AVIS—In Tatters Still
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PICKETT, MARIE—Freed from the Law
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PIKE, ELENORA E.—Reflection
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PINCKNEY, JOSEPHINE—Gulla Lullaby
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 The Misses Poar Drive to Church
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PINDER, FRANCES DICKENSON—Seawort
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 ", *"*, *"*
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- POINDEXTER, FIELDING LEWIS—Omnipotence
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- POLLOCK, CHANNING—A Song for the First of the
Month
Col. Humor, May, '25
- POND, PEGGY—Like the Pines
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- PORCHER, MARY F. WICKHAM—Escape
En Passant
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- Moss
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" "
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- PORTER, EDNA—That Yaller Gal (La. 1924)
Messenger, Apr., '25
- PORTER, LAURA SPENCER—The Dark, To Be Read
to a Child
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- POST, ALICE THACHER—Genesis and Evolution
Ch. Cent., July 23, '25
- POTAMKIN, HARRY ALAN—The Disintegration of
Malidon
Fugitive, Dec., '24
- POVEDA, JOSE MANUEL—Withdrawal (trans. by Muna
Lee)
Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- POWELL, DAWSON—Prairie Mood
Within Seven Walls
Buccaneer, Dec., '24
Bulletin of S. M. U., May, '25
- POWELL, HELEN REED—Nocturne
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24
- POWELL, JOHN—In Autumn (October, 1901)
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- PRATT, HARRY NOYES—Vagrancy
Offering!
Re-Union
Hilda
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Princess Eucalpt
Gooseberry Lane
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- PRELLER, HARRY L.—Imaginings
Palms, Vol. II., No. I.
- PRENTICE, JOHN A.—Washington
Overland, Feb., '25
- PRESTON, ELIZABETH D.—What We Have
Inner Circle, Jan., '25
I Would Forget
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- PRESTON, EUGENE—Eternal Motherhood
Am. Poetry, May-June, '25
- PRESTON, JANET—"To Rescue To-Day from Ob-
livion . . ."
The Reviewer, Apr., '25
- PRESSFIELD, HARRY—The Sonnet
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- PRICE, DAISY CONWAY—As Moses Lifted up the
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- PRICE, RUTH CLAY—Sea-Call
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The Egotist in His Orchard	" Jan., '25
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PRIMROSE, LOUISE W.—The Way *C. S. Jour.*, Aug., '24

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PROBST, LEETHA JOURNEY—Mary

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PROCTOR, GEORGE FRANKLIN—Repentance

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PROSPER, JOAN DARETH—My Friend, Da Vinci

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- PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER—Autumn (trans. from the Russian by Max Eastman) *Nation*, Nov. 26, '24
- QUESENBERRY, DOROTHY L.—To the Future
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- QUINN, JOHN J.—The Rosary *Scroll*, Sept., '24
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- QUIRK, S. J., CHARLES J.—Miracles *Mag'at*, Sept., '24
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- The Parapet of Notre Dame *Commonweal*, July 1, '25
- RACE, VIENNA M.—Beckoning Trails
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- RACHE, JAMES—Epitaph *Buccaneer*, Mar., '25
- RAKOSI, CARL—Creation *Palms*, Vol. II., No. IV.
Flora and the Ogre *Little Rev.*, Spring, '25
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- RAND, ELLERY—Melisande *Scribner's*, Dec., '24
- RANDLE, EMILY—Aspiration *Lyric West*, Oct., '24
- RANDOLPH, CARLENE—Image *Lyric*, Feb., '25
- RANDOLPH, WINIFRED—Love Me Again *Scroll*, Oct., '24
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- RANKIN, MARY LOUISE—Rain is a Child
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- Cloister
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- RANLETT, SUSANNE ALICE—Love of the Heart of
Jesus (trans. from the German) *Mag'at*, Feb., '25
- RANSOM, JOHN CROWE—Parting at Dawn
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- Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son
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- Virga *Fugitive*, Dec., '24
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- REISSIG, JULIO HERRERA—The Quarrel (trans by
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- REMELIN, EUGENIA LEA—Lines *Gypsy*, Spring, '25
- RENAUD, FLORIA—Elevators at Night *Lit. R.*, Mar. 21, '25
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- RENICK, DOROTHY—All Loveliness Would I Bring
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- REX, LEIGH—Runes of the River: Michael Brisbois
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- REYNOLDS, BEATRICE—Wall Paper *Buccaneer*, Oct., '24
- REYNOR, THALIA—Why on Another Sphere?
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- RICE, AL.—God's Country
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- RICE, CALE YOUNG—Between Lives *Lyric*, Oct., '24
- RICE, KATHERINE ESTES—To the Unattainable
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- RICE, RUTH MASON—To an Old Fashioned Pink
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- RICH, H. THOMPSON—Ride in a Motor Car *Four*, Oct., '24
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- RICHARDS, EDWARD—Bob *Voices*, Dec., '24
- RICHARDS, ELIZABETH DAVIS—Reward *Harp*, May, '25
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- RICHARDS, I. BAIRD—Yesterday *Town Crier*, Dec. 13, '24
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- RICHARDSON, CECIL C.—Faces in the Fire
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- RICHARDSON, ETHEL—Our Ball Room
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- RICHARDSON, GUY—A Sentiment
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- RICHARDSON, HESTER DORSEY—I Could Not Forget
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- RIDER, LINDA—Pools, I Would Not Die
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- RIDGE, LOLA—Mo-Ti *Dial*, Aug., '24
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- RIESS, IOLA—I Have Known This Many a Day
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- RIGGS, LYNN—The Unknown *Palms*, Vol. II., No. V.
 Bootheels *Laughing Horse*, Sept., '24
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- RIOSECO, ARTURO TORRES—My One Desire (trans.
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- RITTENHOUSE, JESSIE B.—Youth *Harper's*, Oct., '24
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- RITTER, MARGARET TOD—Lady Anne's Meditations
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- RIVES, JANE GILLIAM—The Robin *Circle*, Nov.-Dec., '24
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- RIVOLA, FLORA SHUFFELT—Plowman on Horseback
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 Reversal *Century*, Dec., '24
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- ROBERTS, BERTHA—Dreams *Lyric West*, Jan., '25
- ROBERTS, CHARLES A.—Gray Stallions *Dbl. Dir.*, Oct., '24
- ROBERTS, MARTHA RICHFORD—L'Envoi
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- ROBERTS, WALTER ADOLPHE—Corrida De Toros
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- ROBERTSON, CLYDE—Memoranda *Bohemian*, Apr., '25
- ROBERTSON, LEXIE DEAN—Inheritance *Buccaneer*, Sept., '24
- ROBBINS, LEO—Midnight *Stratford*, Dec., '24

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Singing Roads	<i>Phila. Eve. Bulletin</i> , Aug. 15, '24
Castles in the Air	" " Aug. 18, '24
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 RUBOTTOM, HOLLAND—Summerland *Overland*, Mar., '25
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- SCHLESINGER, HELEN—Notre-Dame, Priz Pour Nous *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
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SISLEY, BLANCHE HOWE—Contentment	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Apr., '25
Hilda	" July, '25
"The Bridle Path Calls!"	" June, '25
SITIZ, E. M.—Linlay Bay	<i>Scroll</i> , Sept., '24
SITTIG, SIGRID—Autumn	<i>Lyric West</i> , Oct., '24
Rain	" Nov., '24
Color	" "
A Cry	" "
Titania	" "
Sonnets Plucked from the Heart of a Woman	" Dec., '24
SKAVLAN, MARGARET—Temptation	<i>Overland</i> , Sept., '24
Sans Regret	" Oct., '24
The Blind Painter's Mistress	<i>Voices</i> , Nov., '24
Black Magic	<i>Overland</i> , Dec., '24
To a Child Crying for the Moon	" Jan., '25
Mood	" Mar., '25
One Moment	
SKINNER, CONSTANCE LINDSEY—Dawn Song	<i>Poetry</i> , Feb., '25
The Unwilling Lover Prays for Courting Weather	<i>S. W. Rev.</i> , Apr., '25
SKINNER, CORNELIA OTIS—Martinique	<i>Scribner's</i> , 'Dec., '24
SKINNER, R. DANA—To Dante (On the Occasion of the Broadway Film Versoin of the Inferno)	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 10, '24
SLATER, ELEANOR—Misdirection	<i>Bookman</i> , Oct., '24
SMALL, FLORENCE S.—"Lonelier Sounds, . . ."	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Sept., '24
In Purple Haze	" May, '25
Triumph	" "
Death	" "
"As Mountains Do . . ."	" "
Miser	
SMITH, A. J. M.—Two Songs	<i>Measure</i> , Apr., '25
SMITH, ART—Old Toys	<i>Poetry</i> , Sept., '24
Dawn	" "
Illusion	" "
Halsted Midnight	" "
Adams Street Bridge	" "
Polk Street Nocturne	" "
SMITH, BESS FOSTER—Expression	<i>Scroll</i> , Aug., '24
SMITH, CHARD POWERS—Fusion	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Oct., '24
Fear	" Jan., '25
Ben Hammond	<i>Poetry</i> , Jan., '25
Her Dawn	" "
Silence	" "
Waiting	" "
A Grave in Winter	" "

- SMITH, CHARD POWERS (*Continued*)
 St. Sulpice *The Reviewer*, Jan., '25
 Sublimation *Cont. V.*, July, '25
 Galatea *Dbl. Dir.*, July, '25
- SMITH, CLARK ASHTON—The Song of Cartha
 [From "The Fugitives") *Wand.*, Aug., '24
 A Valediction *Buccaneer*, Sept., '24
 Autumn Orchards " *Oct.*, '24
 The End of Autumn *Wand.*, Nov., '24
 Exchange *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25
 Apologia *Step Lad.*, Feb., '25
 Estrangement " *Mar.*, '25
 Exotic Perfume *Measure*, Apr., '25
 The Remorse of the Dead " " " " " "
 Apologia *United Amateur*, July, '25
- SMITH, EDNA LOUISE—The Face *Forum*, Jan., '25
 Her Story *Poetry*, July, '25
- SMITH, HARRIETTE G.—The Breaking Point
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24
- SMITH, HILDA WORTHINGTON—Youth *Wo. Pr.*, Oct., '24
 The Road Mender " " " "
- SMITH, J. ALBERT—The Old Trail, and the New
Topeka Capital, Dec. 19, '24
 "Be Strong and of a Good Courage" " *Dec. 21, '24*
- SMITH, LEWIS WORTHINGTON—Poetry
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Dawn in Saranazett " " " "
- SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY—Song of the Herd-
 Maiden *Cont. V.*, Sept., '24
 The Sons of Laughter *Outlook*, June 17, '25
- SMITH, NINNA MAY—If Some Grim Tragedy
Nation, Aug. 13, '24
- SMITH, SYLVESTER—Nostalgia *Interludes*, Apr.-June, '25
- SMOTHERS, EDGAR R.—For a Full Day
Commonweal, Feb. 25, '25
- SNELL, CHARLES LIVINGSTON—The Chalice
Scribner's, Sept., '24
- SNELL, LEROY W.—When Evening Comes
Heacock's, Mar., '25
- SNOW, ROYALL—Fiat Lux *Cont. V.*, Sept., '24
- SNOW, WILBERT—Taking Away the Banking
Nation, Sept. 10, '24
 Postlude *Poetry*, Nov., '24
 Aged Ninety Years " " " "
 A Northeastern *Book Notes*, Dec.-Jan., '24-'25
 Protest *Vagabond*, Mar., '25
 Veterans *Nation*, Mar. 25, '25
 New England " *May 20, '25*
 Midsummer *Century*, July, '25
 Seacoast Village *Wld. Tmrow.*, July, '25

- SPAULDING, E. LESLIE—Soho Square
Interludes, Oct.-Dec., '24
 Nassau " "
 Pictures *Scroll*, Dec., '24
 Driftwood *Overland*, Mar., '25
 Tampico *Bohemian*, Mar., '25
 SPENCER, ANNE—Lady, Lady *Sur. Graphic*, Mar., '25
 SPENCER, JAMES HARVEY—At the Harbor's Edge
Interludes, Apr.-June, '25
 SPENCER, LILLIAN WHITE—The Red, A Sonnet of
 Brittany (trans. from the French of Jose
 Maria de Heredia) *Cont. V.*, Aug., '24
 Pyramid Lake—Nevada " "
 Spring on the Bradshaws—Arizona " "
 The Tepidarium " "
 The Philanderer *Overland*, Sept., '24
 To a Bride *Lyric West*, Oct., '24
 The Old Home " Nov., '24
 Ranger's Child *Outdoor Amer.*, Dec., '24
 Finale *Poetry*, Jan., '25
 Pike's Peak *Mesa*, Jan., '25
 Hic Jacet Buffalo Bill " Spring, '25
 Grand Canyon *Voices*, Mar., '25
 Epitaph (A. V. Long's Peak—Colorado—Jan-
 uary 12th—1925) *Cont. V.*, Mar., '25
 Westerners (In Memoriam): Chief Ouray;
 Buckey O'Neil *Lyric West*, Mar., '25
 Fray Serra " "
 The Venal Muse (After Baudelaire)
Overland, Apr., '25
 Absence (From the French of Henri Reginier)
Echo, Apr., '25
 Apple Tree *Lyric West*, May, '25
 Mount of Holy Cross *Denver Post*, May 10, '25
 Old Shepherd, New Mexico *Cath. World*, June, '25
 Denver *Echo*, June, '25
 Pioneer-Priest—Colorado *Pan*, June, '25
 Anatole France *Los Angeles Sat. Night*, June 20, '25
 Wild Horses—Arizona *Forum*, July, '25
 San Luis Valley " "
 Birth of the San Juan " "
 Sky Vaudeville *Overland*, July, '25
 Wild Gooseberries *Mesa*, Summer No., '25
 SPERO, ANNA KALFUS—Illusion *Wand.*, Aug., '24
 The Moon-of-Autumn-Leaves " Oct., '24
 SPEYER, LEONORA—Maple Trees in Autumn
Commonweal, Nov. 19, '24
 To a Song of Sappho Discovered in Egypt *Nation*
 Sardinia from an Ocean Liner *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*
 Of Mountains *Am. Mercury*
 Ballad of a Lost House *Poetry*, Oct., '24
 Bavarian Roadside *Voices*, Dec., '24

SPEYER, LEONORA (Continued)

- Hyacinths *Lyric*, Mar., '25
 Credo " *Apr.*, '25
 Impersonal Spring Song " "
 Deep Sea Fishing *Bookman*, May, '25
 SPICER, ANNE HIGGINSON—Black Sails (trans. from
 the French of Helene Vacaresco) *Poetry*, May, '25
 SPIEGELBERG, FREDERICK—As Always
Amer. Hebrew, Apr. 10, '25
 Night " "
 On Guard " "
 SPIEGELBERG, JR., FREDERICK—One of Our Planes—" *Y. Israel*, June, '25
 SOUTH, CHARLES D.—The Sequoia *Commonweal*, Mar. 11, '25
 SPRING, ANNA MELAZINE—A Little Child Shall Lead
 Them *Amer. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 STAIT, VIRGINIA—Despotisms *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 The Trees of Ovid, To A. W. T. *The Reviewer*, Oct., '24
 Wage *Vir. Ch'man*, Oct., '24
 Condemned *Lyric West*, Dec., '24
 Patching *Step Lad.*, Jan., '25
 Furrows *Poet Lore*, Spring No., '25
 "The Threshold of My Lips" *Lyric*, Mar., '25
 Cleopatra *Times-Disp.*, Mar. 4, '25
 Condoned *Echo*, June, '25
 Youth and Age *Harper's*, July, '25
 STALLINGS, HELEN POTEAT—October *Bookman*, Nov., '24
 STAPLES, SAMUEL—Genius? *Lyric*, Jan., '24
 STARRET, VINCENT—Hic Jacet *Mag'at*, Nov., '24
 Weather Report *Dbl. Dlr.*, July, '25
 STEESE, EDWARD—Daylight Saving *Scribner's*, Apr., '25
 STEPHENS, JAMES—The Rose in the Wind *Dial*, Nov., '24
 The Main-Deep " "
 Death " "
 Lesbia *Gypsy*, Spring, '25
 The Pit of Bliss " "
 STERLING, GEORGE—Seismos *Buccaneer*, Sept., '24
 Lonely Beaches *Scribner's*, Aug., '24
 A Deserted Farm *Century*, Aug., '24
 Caucasus *Wand.*, Sept., '24
 The Sailing of Keats, October, 1820 *Nation*, Oct. 10, '24
 Life, Toil, and Love *Harper's*, Nov., '24
 Hostage *Lyric*, Nov., '24
 Which Was, and Never Shall Be *Wand.*, Nov., '24
 Once *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
 Disillusion *Bookman*, Dec., '24
 The Ballad of the Seeker *Lit. R.*, Dec. 20, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 21, '24
 Compensation *Harper's*, Mar., '25

An Old Pine	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Mar., '25
Hope	<i>S. W. Rev.</i> , Apr., '25
The Oldest Book	<i>Lyric West</i> , May, '25
The Transfusion (New York City, 1925)	<i>Century</i> , June, '25
The Steelyard	<i>Lit. R.</i> , June 20, '25
Sierran Dawn	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , June 21, '25
STETCHER, GRACE NIXON—"The Angel of His Presence"	<i>Yale Rev.</i> , July, '25
STEVENS, A. BORDEN—A Grey Day	<i>C. S. Jour.</i> , Apr., '25
Inspiration	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Sept., '24
A Friend	" Oct., '24
Yuccas	" Jan.-Feb., '25
STEVENS, ELEANOR MATHEWS—Homesickness	<i>Lyric West</i> , Oct., '24
STEVENS, MARGARET TALBOT—Carcassonne	<i>Interludes</i> , July-Sept., '24
Salut	" Oct.-Dec., '24
Disobedience	" Jan.-Mar., '25
Awakening	" Apr.-June, '25
STEVENS, THOMAS E.—Old Man	<i>Interludes</i> , Apr.-June, '25
STEVENS, WALLACE—Red Love Kit	<i>Measure</i> , Aug., '24
STEWART, BETTIE SALE—Love at Forty	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Apr., '25
In the End	" June, '25
To One Unknown	" July, '25
STEWART, IRENE—Blood-Oranges	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , May-June, '25
Modesty	<i>Overland</i> , July, '25
STEWART, MARION—The Sweet Singer of Israel	<i>C. S. Jour.</i> , Sept., '24
Seeds of Truth	" May, '25
STEWART, WINIFRED GRAY—Reverie	<i>Wand.</i> , Sept., '24
Blackbirds	" Oct., '24
Serenade	<i>Lyric West</i> , June-July, '25
STICE, HILDA ROSE—The Contrast	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , May-June, '25
STILES, ALBERTA—The Tryst	<i>Harp</i> , May, '25
STILES, ROBERTA B.—The Song of a Farmer's Wife	<i>Bard</i> , Summer-Autumn, '24
August	<i>Scroll</i> , Aug., '24
A Prayer	" "
Youth and Age	" "
Slumbertown	" Sept., '24
Leonora	" "
Age	<i>Circle</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
Vallerie	<i>Scroll</i> , Oct., '24
Enchantment	
Reverie	Dec., '24
Choppin' Wood	<i>Bard</i> , Winter, '24

- STILES, ROBERTA B. (*Continued*)
 Solitude *Interludes*, Jan.-Mar., '25
 Miracles: To K. *Scroll*, June, '25
 Solace: To L. A. L. " "
 Night *Verse*, Summer No. '25
- STILLMAN, MILDRED WHITNEY—Strawberries
Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
 Sunday Truant " Winter, '24
 The Doubt *Cont. V.*, Feb., '25
 Unknowing " "
- STOKES, ROSE PASTOR—A Drama in Five Pictures
Buccaneer, Jan., '25
- STONG, PHILIP DUFFIED—Incipit Vita Nova
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Quomodo Sedet Sola Civitas Plena Populo
Am. Poetry, Sept.-Oct., '24
- STOREY, VIOLET ALLEYN—Analogy *Poetry*, Sept., '24
 Elfin " "
 An Old Elm to a Sapling *Cont. V.*, Oct., '24
- STORK, CHARLES WHARTON—We Are So Sure
Forum, Aug., '24
 To Romance: On Ode *Buccaneer*, Sept., '24
 Your Spirit " Oct., '24
 Re-Consecration *Lyric*, Nov., '24
 Fireflies *The Reviewer*, Jan., '25
 Portrait of a Poet *Overland*, Feb., '25
 To a Turkey-Buzzard *Lyric*, Feb., '25
 A Child by the Sea *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
 The New Dimension *Lyric West*, Feb., '25
 The Tide of Beauty *Per'st*, Apr., '25
 Light *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
 Two at the Symphony *Lyric*, June, '25
 A Woman Speaks *Gypsy*, June, '25
- STORM, MARIAN—Perdita *Scribner's*, Feb., '25
 The Burning Bush *New Rep.*, May 6, '25
- STORNI, ALFONSINA—Running Water (trans. by
 Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
 Perchance (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas
 Walsh) *Commonweal*, June 10, '25
- STOWELL, ROBERT H.—Conscience *Wand.*, Nov., '24
- STRANGE, MICHAEL—My Little Son Asleep *Forum*, Feb., '25
 My Little Son Robin " "
 For Leonard—His First Easter at
 St. Paul's " "
 Remembrance " "
- STROBEL, MARION—After a Quarrel *Bookman*, Sept., '24
 Prescience *Poetry*, Dec., '24
 A God for You " "
 My Offerings " "
 On Christmas " "
 A Song to Sally " "
 A Dress for My Daughter " "

STROBEL, MARION (<i>Continued</i>)	
What Have I Done?	<i>Poetry</i> , Dec., '24
Eight Months Old	" "
Old Woman	<i>Bookman</i> , Jan., '25
Sally's Room	" June, '25
STRODE, HUDSON —Futility	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '24
Consolation	" Jan., '25
STRONG, L. A. G. —A Song	<i>Nation</i> , June 24, '25
A Priest	<i>Palms</i> , Summer, '25
STROUF, VIOLA —Epilogue	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
I Would	" "
STUART, H. —Four Poems for a Wave	<i>Poetry</i> , Nov., '24
Her Nature	" "
Sonnet (Far Torrents Fill, etc.)	" "
Its Many Echoings	" "
STUART, HENRY LONGAN —Wild Geese (1740)	
	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 31, '24
Kyrie!	" Feb. 4, '25
The Passage	" June 17, '25
Laodicca	" July 22, '25
STURGIS, LUCY HALE —Compass	<i>Measure</i> , Sept., '24
SUMMERS, HAZEL THANE —A Corsage	
	<i>Town Crier</i> , Dec. 13, '24
The Revolutionary Wind	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Feb., '25
Eternal Rhythm	" "
Music Reincarnate	" "
The Penitent	" Mar., '25
The Hearth Screen	" Apr., '25
SUMMERS, RICHARD A. —Earthquake	
	<i>Lyric West</i> , June-July, '25
SUNG, TSAO —A Protest (English rendering by Mabel Lorenz Ivers)	
	<i>Scroll</i> , Nov., '24
SWAIN, Y. F. —Indian Summer	<i>Wand.</i> , Sept., '24
Persian Moon	" Nov., '24
SWARTZ, ROBERTA TEALE —Babel	<i>Palms</i> , Vol. II., 'No. V.
Preoccupation	<i>Poetry</i> , Mar., '25
Not Like Your Folk	" "
Whistle Wind	" "
March Incredulous	" "
Counterfeit	<i>Palms</i> , Summer, '25
History	" "
Cease Not To Be a Mystery	" "
SWETT, MARGERY —Women Who Kiss the Acrid Salt	
	<i>Bookman</i> , Sept., '24
The Vicar's Roses	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Nov, '24
Song for the Rocky Mountain Folk	" Dec, '24
Invocation	<i>Poetry</i> , Dec., '24
There is Little to Sing or Say	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Jan., '25
SWINDELLS, LUCY DERRICK —Values	<i>Circle</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
SYMONS, ARTHUR —Wings	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Feb. 28, '25
	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , Mar. 1, '25
Chant D'Amour	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Apr., '25
Halluncination	" "

TABLADA, JOSE JUAN—Hai-Kai (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)	
	<i>Commonweal</i> , Jan. 28, '25
TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE—Song for Unbound Hair	
Galatea's Prayer	<i>Century</i> , Aug., '24
	<i>Lit. R.</i> , Nov. 30, '24
	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , Nov. 31, '24
Time Out	<i>Century</i> , Dec., '24
Memoir	<i>Nation</i> , Dec. 10, '24
Sarcophagus	<i>Guardian</i> , Jan., '25
Man in the Wind	<i>Century</i> , Mar., '25
For a University Book Store	<i>Voices</i> , Mar., '25
Storm Centre	<i>Dial</i> , Apr., '25
Three Mornings	<i>Poetry</i> , Apr., '25
Final	<i>Nation</i> , July 1, '25
TALBOT, FRANCIS—The Mirror	<i>Mag'at</i> , June, '25
TANAQUIL, PAUL—Strategem	
Serene	<i>Lyric West</i> , Oct., '24
Philanthropist	<i>Voices</i> , Nov., '24
Lord Have Mercy Upon Us	" "
The Average Student	" "
Pseudo-Intellectual	" "
Asking	" "
Attitudinist	" "
Over a Dead Poet	<i>Measure</i> , Jan., '25
Disciple	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Jan., '25
	<i>Fantasia</i> , Feb., '25
Paris—1923, For M.	<i>Lyric West</i> , Feb., '25
Ideals	<i>Bohemian</i> , Mar., '25
Sea-Captain	<i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '25
Rector's Lady	" "
Invocation	<i>Bohemian</i> , Apr., '25
Flapper	<i>Harp</i> , May, '25
Avanti	<i>Poetry</i> , May, '25
Of Dreams	<i>Bohemian</i> , May, '25
Twilight	<i>Cont. V.</i> , May, '25
After	" "
Louise	<i>International Arts</i> , June, '25
William	" "
John	" "
Victor	" "
Charles	" "
Jeremiads of a Professor	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , June, '25
To a Bigot	" "
Jazz Girl	" "
Despair	" "
Paulo Majora Canamus	<i>Lyric West</i> , June-July, '25
TATE, ALLEN—Light	
	<i>The Reviewer</i> , Oct., '24
Eager Youth to a Dead Girl, to T. D. D.	<i>Lyric</i> , Nov., '24
Correspondence (After the French of Charles Baudelaire)	<i>Fugitive</i> , Dec., '24
Fair Lady and False Knight	" "

TATE, ALLEN (*Continued*)

- Advice to a Young Romanticist *Nation*, Jan. 14, '25
 Homily *Fugitive*, Mar., '25
 Madness *Guardian*, Apr., '25
- TAYLOR, ELETNA MAY**—I Am Strong
Am. Poetry, May-June, '25
- TAYLOR, ELKANAH EAST**—Remembrance
Ledg.-Disp. (*Norfolk, Va.*)
 Recompense *Ledg.-Disp.* (*Norolk, Va.*), Apr. 14, '25
 I Shall Forget You " " June 26, '25
 Possession " " June 27, '25
- TAYLOR, KENNETH**—Rondeau *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- TAYLOR, LILLIAN**—Possession *Verses*, Summer No., '25
- TAYLOR, MARCIA A.**—Dwellers in the Sun
Bard, Winter, '24
 The Storm *Scroll*, June, '25
- TAYLOR, MARY**—Ballad of the Stairway *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
- TAYLOR, MARY ATWATER**—Two Women
Circle, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Ash Wednesday *Voices*, Dec., '24
 In the Antwerp Gallery " " Mar., '25
 Chorus-Girl " Mar., '25
 Meadow Idyl *N. Y. Sun*, Mar. 14, '25
 Silver Sleeves *Cur. Opin.*, Apr., '25
- TEASDALE, SARA**—Autumn (*Parc Monceau*)
Bookman, Dec., '24
 Dedication *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '25
 When I Am Not With You " "
 At Tintagil " "
 Let It Be You " "
 There Will Be Stars " "
 Fontainebleau (*Autumn*) *Dial*, Feb., '25
- THATCHER, DEVELLE**—Love-Mad *Scroll*, Dec., '24
- THATCHER, IVA M.**—I Cannot Lack *C. S. Jour.*, Apr., '25
- THATCHER, NINA MAY**—My Baby Needs Me Now
Scroll, Oct., '24
- THAYER, GEORGIANA**—Silences *Buccaneer*, Oct., '24
 An Old Man *Voices*, Apr., '25
- THAYER, MARY DIXON**—The Search *Forum*, Dec., '24
 Exultation *Cont. V.*, Dec., '24
 Thoughts at Evening " "
 Sanctuary *Commonweal*, Dec. 17, '24
 Dedication for a Book of Verse " Jan. 7, '25
 Convent Sketch " Feb. 25, '25
 April *Forum*, Apr., '25
 At Dusk *Commonweal*, Apr. 1, '25
 In Spring " May 20, '25
 A Reply *Forum*, June, '25
 To the World *Commonweal*, June 24, '25
 Faith *Cont. V.*, July, '25
 Messengers " "
 To a Poplar " "
 To a Flower " "

- THAYER, SCOTFIELD—Counsel to a Young Man *Dial*, July, '25
 THOMAS, LETTA EULALIA—Ice Bells *Bookman*, Mar., '25
 THOMAS, EDITH M.—Winter Solstice *Harper's*, Nov., '24
 Asylum Artis *Scribner's*, Sept., '24
 THOMAS, MARGARET LORING—Fog *Voices*, July-Aug., '24
 Valleys " Nov., '24
 Hills " "
 Wind Silence
 Moonbeam's Secret *Bard*, Winter, '24
 Cornucopias *Dbl. Dlr.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 Mist Loops *Min.*, May-June, '25
 Winter Rag Bag *Voices*, May-June, '25
 Wild Fruit " "
 Snow Sails " "
 THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING—Thought on a Sunny Day
 Herald-Trib.
 Foretaste *Step Lad.*, Aug., '24
 But Now— *Lit. R.*, Aug. 30, '24
 Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 31, '24
 At Dinner *N. Y. Sun*, Jan. '25
 Riding *Lyric*, Feb., '25
 I Am Afraid *Poetry*, Mar., '25
 Prescription for Sleep *Commonweal*, June 24, '25
 I Want a Hill *Verse*, Summer No., '25
 The Hill-Top *N. Y. Sun*.
 THOMPSON, BERYL V.—I Thought I Had Forgotten
 Overland, May, '25
 THOMPSON, EDITH—Romany Riddles: Freedom
 Forum, Nov., '24
 The Dance " Mar., '25
 THOMPSON, JESSIE EBERLY—Make Believe
 Lyric West, June-July, '25
 THOMSON, DAVID CLEGHORN—The Trough *Voices*, Apr., '25
 THORP, CRANE—Hill Theme *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '25
 THORSELL, ESTHER—"Inefficient" *Pro. Teach.*, Nov. '24, '25
 THURBER, LUCILE—Three Wives *Mesa*, Jan., '25
 TIETJENS, EUNICE—A Complaint *Dra. Thea.*, Oct., '24
 Camping *Overland*, Oct., '24
 Swimming at the Dunes " Dec., '24
 Afternoon at Vassar *Poetry*, Jan., '25
 The Skycraper " "
 The Statue of Liberty " "
 The Follower of Kropotkin " "
 The Negro Church " "
 The Wall-Street Promoter " "
 The Society Leader " "
 The Old Mission *Overland*, Apr., '25
 TIFFANY, ZOE—Fulfilment *Scribner's*, May, '25
 TISSEUR, ARTURO CLAYJO—My Verse (trans. from
 the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)
 Commonweal, Feb. 18, '25
 TODAHL, MARGERY ATWOOD—Doorways
 Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24

- TODAH, MARGERY ATWOOD (*Continued*)
 Song *Lantern, N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, June 13, '25
 "When Pan Lays Down His Reedy Pipe" " June 23, '25
 Flowering Water " " July 7, '25
- TODD, MARY DAVIS—The Strength of the Hills
Interludes, Apr.-June, '25
- TOLDRIDGE, ELIZABETH—In the Woods *Circle*, May-June, '25
- TONIO—The Secret Knowledge *Lyric West*, Mar., '25
 This Poet's Dream " June-July, '25
- TOOGOOD, GRANVILLE E.—Bride's Song *Cont. V.*, May, '25
- TOOKER, L. FRANK—The Old Conservative (On
 the Battery) *Va. Quarterly Rev.*, July, '25
- TORRES, LUIS LLORENS—Boliver (trans. by Muna Lee)
Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- TOTHEROH, DAN—Autumn *Wand.*, Oct., '24
- TOTMAN, JOYCE CHENEY—Cande-Light
Interludes, Apr.-June, '25
 Belief " July-Sept., '24
- TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON—In Autumn *Scribner's*, Nov., '24
 Messengers *Commonweal*, Apr. 29, '25
 On Reading an Anthology of Modern Verse *Bookman*, Apr., '25
- TOWER, ROY A.—Supplication *Mag'at*, Jan., '25
- TOWNSEND, ESTIL ALEXANDER—You *Scroll*, Aug., '24
 Hubble " Nov., '24
 Poetry " June, '25
 New Poetry " "
- TOWNSEND, GERTRUDE—Deepening Night *Poetry*, Mar., '25
- TRAIL, MABEL COY—Contradiction *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- TRENT, LUCIA—Inspirations *L'Alouette*, Sept., '24
 The Stranger's Gift " "
 Sunlight *Scroll*, Sept., '24
 Unattainment " Dec., '24
 Dream and Dare *Unity*, Apr. 6, '25
 Reality *S. W. Rev.*, Apr., '25
 From Beyond (For Memorial Day) *Wild. Tmrow*, May, '25
 Gandhi *New Orient*, June, '25
- TRIGG, EMMA GRAY—To an Olive Tree on a Hilltop
Lyric, Aug., '24
 A Lady at the Opera " Dec., '24
- TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND—Trush *Buccansee*, Dec., '24
 A Study in Gray *S. W. Rev.*, July, '25
- TROTH, JOHN T.—The Pound *Step Lad*, July, '25
- TROTTER, ELIZABETH STANLEY—A May Day Orison
Forum, May, '25
- TROUTMAN, RUTH H.—Snow in April *DePauw*, May, '25
- TRUEBLOOD, PAUL G.—Spring *Harp*, May, '25
- TUCKER, ALLEN—White Peacocks *Am. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24

- TUNNELL, SOPHIE—Fall Branding *Buccaneer*, Sept., '24
 First Glimpses " Nov., '24
 Of First Importance " Apr., '25
 April *Cont. V.*, May, '25
- TURNBULL, BELLE—A Small Magic *Overland*, Nov., '24
 The Gambler *Mesa*, Jan., '25
 Night " "
 Storm " "
 Winter Morning " "
 I Attempt a Large Gesture *Voices*, Jan., '25
 Here Endeth the First Lesson *Mesa*, Spring, '25
 Earthbound " "
- TURNER, ALVA N.—The Psychological Moment of Love
Poetry, Jan., '25
- TURNER, L. LUCILE—Songs of the Dakotas, II.
 (trans. from the Teton) *Wand.*, Aug., '24
- TURNER, NANCY BYRD—"A Slim Youth Called Shelley"
Scribner's, July, '25
- TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE—The Cosmos *Lyric*, Oct., '24
 Ballad of the Gypsy *Cont. V.*, Oct., '24
 Delilah *Fugitive*, Dec., '24
 Porcelaine De Saxe *Lyric*, Dec., '24
 Flowers of the Dust *Lyric West*, Dec., '24
 They Sleep So Quietly *Lyric*, June, '25
 Spring Dusk in Williamsburg " "
- TYLER, THOMAS WATT—The Moths *Dumbook*, May, '25
- URBINA, LUIS G.—Ascension (trans. from the Spanish by Alice Stone Blackwell)
Wild. Tmrow., Nov., '24
- The Song of the Nightingale (trans from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)
Commonweal, Jan. 28, '25
- Clear Night (trans. by Muna Lee)
Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- UGARTE, MANUEL—Ballo in Maschera (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas Walsh)
Commonweal, June 10, '25
- UNTERMEYER, LOUIS—Song Tournament: New Style
Am. Mercury, Sept., '24
 After *New Rep.*, Oct. 1, '24
 Jewish Lullaby " Nov. 19, '24
 Nightmare by Day " Jan. 7, '24
 Yet Nothing Less *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '25
 Apocryphal Soliloquies, Goliath: David *New Rep.*, July 15, '25
- UPPER, JOSEPH—"I Have Been Faithful to Thee, Cynara, in My Fashion"
Wand., Aug., '24
 Nocturne " "
 Petition Signed by a Fool " "
 Confession " Oct., '24
 Moon Fancy *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24

UPPER, JOSEPH (*Continued*)

- Seekers *Bohemian*, Apr., '25
 Finale *Dbl. Dlr.*, June, '25
 History " "
 Silence " "
 URQUHART, WYNN—Robin at the Pool *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
 The Girl *Bard*, Winter, '24
 URRUTIA, DIEGO DUBLE—From "The Mines" (trans.
 by Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
 Life (trans. from the Spanish by Thomas
 Walsh) *Commonweal*, July 29, '25
 USCHOLD, MAUD ELFRID—Home *Lyric West*, Jan., '25
 Arraignment " "
 La Golondrina *Dbl. Dlr.*, June, '25
 Sundown Wind " "
 When Night Is a Silver Moon " "
 Ephemera *Lyric West*, June-July, '25
 Tragedy " "
 Will-O'-the-Wisp " "
 VAIL, LAWRENCE—Pills *International Arts*, June, '25
 VALENCIA, GUILLERMO—From "Anarchs" (trans by
 Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
 VALLIANT, WILSIE MAY—Across the Years *Circe*, Nov.-Dec., '24
 VANCE, JOHN FRAZIER—The Train *Stratford*, Dec., '24
 Rain " "
 Twilight " "
 The Rover *Buccaneer*, May, '25
 VANCE, MORTON—To Deborah *Heacock's*, Jan., '25
 Istar *Muse and Mirror*, Jan., '25
 Madge *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 When You Return *Scroll*, June, '25
 VAN DE POELE, ROMANIE—Fay-Flowers *L'Alouette*, Sept., '24
 VANDERBILT, SANDERSON—December *Lin. Lore*, Jan., '25
 Queen of the Pond " "
 Lantern " Mar., '25
 Anchorite " Apr., '25
 VAN DOREN, MARK—Waterfall Sound *Century*, Aug., '24
 High Meadows *Poetry*, Sept., '24
 Former Barn Lot *Century*, Oct., '24
 Sunset Fear *N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, Nov. 16, '24
 Segments " "
 Cornish Villages *Century*, Dec., '24
 Seven P. M. " Feb., '25
 First Night Alone *New Rep.*, July 15, '25
 Cross-Roads Hero *Wld. Tmrow.*, July, '25
 VAN DUSEN, WASHINGTON—Browning *Step Lad.*, Sept., '24
 The Mount of Vision *Circle*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Memories of Roosevelt *Phila. Eve. Bulletin*, Oct. 27, '24

- VAN DUSEN, WASHINGTON (*Continued*)
 Twilight in Paradise Valley *United Amateur*, July, '25
 A Flower of Memory " "
- VAN NESS, DOROTHY—Nocturne Noir *Wo. Pr.*, Oct., '24
- VAN NOSTRAND, JR., J. J.—Chanson de l'este
Wand., Sept., '24
- VAN SYLKE, BERENICE K.—The Pomegranate
Dial, Aug., '24
 The Poet Reads to His Love *Cont. V.*, Sept., '24
 Warning *Voices*, Dec., '24
 Rest " Jan., '25
 Time Is a Space " Mar., '25
 To Da Vinci " " "
 Sea-Change *Dial*, Mar., '25
 Sketch " " "
 I Heard Seven Boys *Voices*, Apr., '25
 Interruption " " "
 Pastorale " " "
 Diver's Song " " "
 Absence *Cont. V.*, June, '25
- VAUGHN, VENITA—The Invisible *Town Crier*, Dec. 13, '24
 A Word *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
 Echo-Shadows " Apr., '25
 Quietude " " "
 Color-Panel " " "
 Moon-Petals " " "
 Change " July, '25
- VEGA, LUIS ROSADO—To the Unknown Goddess
 (trans. by Muna Lee) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- VERNE, E.—Motif *Muse and Mirror*, Mar., '25
 Lone Heart " July, '25
- VELIZ, CARLOS PEZOA—Age (trans. from the Span-
 ish by Thomas Walsh) *Commonweal*, July 29, '25
- VERNON, WEIR—Resquiescat *Harpers'* Oct., '24
 Revokal *Voices*, Mar., '25
- VESTAL, STANLEY—Oliver Wiggins *S. W. Rev.*, Apr., '25
 Mistress White " " "
 Kit Carson's Last Smoke " " "
 Saddle Songs *Poetry*, July, '25
 Kit Carson's Mule " " "
 Kit Carson of the U. S. N. " " "
 The Lost Trail " " "
- VICKLEY, BEULAH VICK—The Creed of Love
Club Woman's., Mar., '25
- VILAS, FAITH VAN VALKENBURGH—Surgeon
Voices, Feb., '25
 Character Actor " " "
- VINAL, HAROLD—Circle *Palms*, Vol. II., No. V.
 Second Quatrain *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 Quatrain " " "
 Two Swimmers, Capri " " "
 Girl, Capri " " "

VINAL, HAROLD (Continued)	
Late Evening, Capri	<i>Voices</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
Tree at Salerno	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Nov., '24
Cry from Capri	" "
Cessation	<i>Lyric West</i> , Dec., '24
Old Story	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 3, '24
David	" Dec. 17, '24
Penelope	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Jan., '25
Farmer	" "
Winter	<i>Lyric</i> , Jan., '24
Land Youth	<i>Centurq</i> , Feb., '25
Apple Tree	<i>Voices</i> , Feb., '25
Seth	" "
During Dances	<i>Commonweal</i> , Feb. 11, '25
Adventure into Anthropology	<i>Voices</i> , Mar., '25
Bed-Ridden Earth	" "
Ghost Among the Roses	" "
Enoch	<i>Nation</i> , Mar. 11, '25
Time Mends	<i>Lyric</i> , Apr., '25
Early Sleep	<i>Commonweal</i> , July 15, '25
Coda	<i>New Rep.</i> , July 22, '25
VLAHUTA, A.—To My Enemy (trans. from the Rou-	
manian by Philip Gray)	<i>Step Lad.</i> , June, '25
VON HEIDENSTAM, VERNER—The Paradisal Hour	
(trans. from the Swedish by Charles Whar-	
ton Stork)	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Jan., '25
VOSS, ELIZABETH—My Silent Friends	
	<i>Interludes</i> , Oct.-Nov., '24
Three Loves	<i>Scroll</i> , Dec., '24
Useless Regrets	<i>Bard</i> , Winter, '24
The Sea	" "
A Trial	" "
Temperament	<i>Interludes</i> , Jan.-Mar., '25
Mother	<i>Club Woman's</i> , May, '25
A Song In Maytime	<i>Scroll</i> , June, '25
VORIS, VIRGINIA—Absence	<i>Lin. Lore.</i> , Apr., '25
WADE, ISAAC W.—Declaration	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Sept., '24
Rattlesnake Hills	" Nov., '24
Old Farmer	" "
Forsaken Orchard	" "
Farm House at Dusk	" "
Travelers of Uncertain Ways	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Feb., '25
Winter Harvest	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Feb., '25
After the Festival	<i>Bohemian</i> , Feb., '25
Third David	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Mar., '25
The Lover Mourns the Lack of Words	" Apr., '25
Spring Harvest, A One-Act Play in Blank	
Verse	<i>S. W. Rev.</i> , July, '25
WADE, OTIS—Love Song	<i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '25
WADHAMS, BEATRICE—French Minuet	<i>Lin. Lore.</i> , Nov., '24
First Snow	" Dec., '24

WADHAMS, BEATRICE (Continued)	
Song	<i>Lin. Lore</i> , Jan., '25
Tinsel	" Feb., '25
Charm	" Apr., '25
WAGNER, CHARLES—River	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '24
WAINWRIGHT, VIRGINIA—Jordan Almonds	<i>Am. Poetry</i> , Nov.-Dec., '24
Star	<i>L'Alouette</i> , Nov., '24
WAKEFIELD, PIERRE—Miniatures of Nature	<i>Buccanier</i> , May., '25
Summer Clouds	" "
Night Wind and Moonlight	" "
In a Desert Solitude	" "
A Ship on the Horizon	" "
Dawn on North Bay	" "
Puget Sound	" "
The Indian	" "
Rain on Puget Sound	" "
Thunder on a Summer Noon	" "
The Sunrise Mountains	" "
Wind and Rain in Puget Sound Forest	" "
Spirit Lake	" "
A Robin Opera	" "
Wieppe	" "
Storm and Calm, North Bay, Puget Sound	" "
Olympic Mountains from North Bay	" "
Phantom Valley	" "
A Wilderness River	" "
On a Night of Stars	" "
Beadman Islet, Puget Sound	" "
WAKELEY, CHARLES R.—Disclosure	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , July 2, '25
WALDRON, MARION PATTON—The Tree-Toad	<i>Century</i> , Jan., '25
WALES, JULIA GRACE—Iscaariot	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Sept. 11, '24
The Long Window	<i>Wisconsin</i> , Oct., '24
WALKER, FLORA BROWNLEE—One of the Times Ma	
Was Sold	<i>Bard</i> , Summer-Autumn, '24
Lawrence	" Winter, '24
WALKER, HELEN—Rain at Night	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 17, '24
WALLACE, GRACE—The Sonnet	<i>Step Lad.</i> , Feb., '25
WALLACE, MARY STONE—The Daily Prayer	
	<i>C. S. Jour.</i> , Jan., '25
WALLACE, OLIVER—Fragment	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Feb., '25
Denunciation	" "
Questioning	" June, '25
The Negro	" July, '25
WALLIS, JESSA EULA—A Cotton Wood	
	<i>Bard</i> , Summer-Autumn, '24
At Peace	" Winter, '24
WALSH, ERNEST—A Reply, I-IV.	<i>Poetry</i> , Oct., '24
Quarrel	" "
Sonnet (Why Should I Say, etc.)	" "

- WALSH, ERNEST** (*Continued*) *Poetry*, Oct., '24
 Sacrcrow " "
 Tunisian " "
 Brancusi
WALSH, THOMAS—To Alice Meynell, In Pace *Commonweal*, Nov. 12, '25
 Armenian Road Songs " Nov. 19, '24
 The Cry of Ibn-Levi (A Romance Relating the
 History of the Ruby of the Black Prince,
 Now in the Royal Crown of England) *Commonweal*, Dec. 3, '24
 To a Poet Hesitating " Dec. 10, '24
 The Inebriate " Dec. 31, '24
 The Silent Pilgrim " Apr. 1, '25
 The Feast of Padre Chala (Tacaima, Colombia) *Commonweal*, May 13, '25
WALSH, WILLIAM—April Skies *Commonweal*, Apr. 15, '25
 In a Garden " May 20, '25
WALTHER, ALICE MCCRAY—The Buddhist's Bell *Lyric West*, Nov., '24
WALTON, EDA LOU—Gods of the Navajo *Laughing Horse*, Sept., '24
 The Judge *Bohemian*, Mar., '25
 Spinsterhood " "
 To One Who Fears For Me *Measure*, Apr., '25
 Wind Fear " June, '25
 When I Had Left You " July, '25
 Marriage " "
 Haven *Palms*, Summer, '25
 Piano Burial " "
 Take Whom You Will " "
WARD, BERNARD D.—Autumnal Musings *Mag'at*, Oct., '24
WARD, MAY WILLIAMS—Compliments *Cont. V.*, Sept., '24
 Gifts *Nation*, Oct. 8, '24
 Psycho-Analyst *Lyric West*, Nov., '24
 Busybody " "
 Roue " "
 Reproach to a Tree *Voices*, Apr., '25
 Emily Dickinson " Jan., '25
 My Little Sister *Poetry*, Feb., '25
WARDELL, BERTHA—Sacrilege *Poetry*, Apr., '25
WARNER, LORRAINE ROOSEVELT—The Poet *Scribner's*, Jan., '25
WARREN, ALVAH MEYER—Spring's Awakening *Circle*, May-June, '25
WARREN, CHARLES—Books *Pro. Teach.*, Nov., '24
WARREN, ROBERT PENN—Praises for Mrs. Dodd *Fugitive*, Aug., '24
 Sonnet of August Drouth " "
 Sonnet of a Rainy Summer " "
 Portraits of Three Ladies *Dbl. Dir.*, Aug.-Sept., '24
 Admonition to the Dead *Dbl. Dir.*, Oct., '24

- WEBSTER, PAUL FRANCIS—Portrait
International Arts, June, '25
- WECHSLER, ALINE G.—Cavalier's Ditty *Lin. Lore*, Jan., '25
- WELKER, GERTRUDE M.—The Open Door *Lyric*, Apr., '25
- WELLMAN, WHITTIER—With Joy I Pay
Dumbbook, June, '25
- WELLS, CAROLYN—A Society Sensation
Col. Humor, May, '25
- WENTWORTH, CLARENCE—The Spanish Mystics
Mag'tat, Aug., '24
" *Mar.*, '25
- Revelation
- WERFEL, FRANZ—The Wise Man to His Enemies
(trans. from the German by Margaret Munsterberg)
Stratford, Oct., '24
- WERNER, HELEN J.—A Thought *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '25
- WEST, JR., RICHARD S.—Change of Weather
Fugitive, June, '25
- WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL—Reverberation
Harper's, Aug., '24
- The Undiscovered Country *Yale Rev.*, Oct. '24
- The Home-Coming *Cont. V.*, Oct., '24
- The Dark Memory *S. W. Rev.*, Oct., '24
- I Sought You *Scribner's*, Dec., '24
- The Masque of Being *Outlook*, Jan. 7, '25
- Hushed Midnight *Bookman*, June, '25
- The Lowland Country *Va. Quarterly Rev.*, July, '25
- WHICHER, GEORGE MEASON—On a Prayer to Apollo
N. Y. World, Conning Tower, Sept., '25
- From Sirmio *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- On the Alexandrine Line *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 13, '24
- On Coming to an End
N. Y. Her.-Tri. Lit. Sup., Jan. 3, '25
- De Senectute " "
- On the Present Scorn of Fig Leaves *N. Y. Times*
- On Freer Verse *Cont. V.*
- On Borrowing Plumes *Harper's*
- For the Ides of March
N. Y. World, Conning Tower, Mar. 14, '25
- On a Lesson from Ornithology
N. Y. Times, Apr. 7, '25
- On Speaking Comfortable Things *Scroll*, May, '25
- On a Vision of the Night
Hunter Col. Bulletin, May, '25
- On the Oracle of Dodona *Pan*, June, '25
- WHITAKER, NOAH F.—Apostrophe to Time
United Amateur, July, '25
- WHITCOMB, SELDEN LINCOLN—The Path-Makers
Poetry, Aug., '24
- WHITE, DELMA LOUISE—Death *Interludes*, Oct.-Dec., '24
- WHITE, ELEANOR DE FOREST—In the Rain *Echo*, June, '25
- WHITE, FLORENCE BRANCH—Sands
Am. Poetry, Nov.-Dec., '24

- WHITE, GRACE HOFFMAN**—Wings to Dare *Voices*, Nov., '24
 Morning *Min.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
 In New England " *May-June*, '25
WHITE, HAL SAUNDERS—Sure It Is Wisdom *Nation*, May 27, '25
 I Heard You Call *Pan*, June, '25
WHITE, HERVEY—Nikkon *Hue-Cry*, Aug., '24
 A Song " "
WHITE, OWEN SHEPPARD—View-Points *Commonweal*, June 10, '25
WHITESIDE, MARY BRENT—A Lace Maker of Nazareth *Independent*, Aug. 16, '24
 Perfume *Westminster*, Sept., '24
 The Minor Poets " "
 Blue Heron *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '24
 Sonnets of Palestine *Stratford*, Dec., '24
 Bethlehem " "
 Tiberias at Dawn " "
 Samaritan " "
 Gates of Jerusalem " "
 A Child's Hours *Holland*, Dec., '24
 Mary at the Well " "
 Joseph's Thought " "
 Interlude, A Poetic Drama in One Act *Step Lad.*, Dec., '24
 The Song of Joseph *Lyric West*, Dec., '24
 Mary and the Babe " "
 The Mating " "
 Invocation " "
 The Stain *Sur. Graphic.*, Jan., '25
 Egyptian Evening *Lyric West*, Jan., '25
 Beside a Minaret *Cont. V.*, Jan., '25
 Self *Forum*, Jan., '25
 Completion *Lyric West*, Feb., '25
 Fragments *Forum*, Apr., '25
 The Winds of Palestine *The Reviewer*, July, '25
WHITFIELD, JUSTINE L.—Premature *Scroll*, Sept., '24
 To an Old Window Covered with Ivy *Step Lad.*, Mar., '25
WHITING, HERBERT R.—Renunciation *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 19, '25
WHITMAN, 3RD, WILLIAM—The Monk *Independent*, Jan. 17, '25
WHITTAKER, GEORGE S.—Idealism *Scroll*, Aug., '24
 Infinitude " "
 Heart's Desire " Sept., '24
 "In Pensive Mood" " "
 Death of Autumn " Oct., '24
 Lest We Forget " "
 Anticipation *Buccaneer*, Oct., '24
 Dull November *Scroll*, Nov., '24
 Farewell " "
 Eternal Hope " "

WHITTAKER, GEORGE S. (Continued)

House of Dreams	<i>Scroll</i> , Dec., '24
Aeolian	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Jan., '25
Oceanic	<i>Bohemian</i> , Feb., '25
Revelation	<i>Overland</i> , Feb., '25
Pathway of Life	<i>Bohemian</i> , Mar., '25
Age	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , Mar., '25
Lilies and Poppies	" Apr., '25
One of These Nights	" June, '25
I Shall Not Be Lonely	" " "
Eternal Hope	<i>Scroll</i> , June, '25
Deeds, Not Words	" " "
Make Me Sure	" " "
Invocation	<i>Muse and Mirror</i> , July, '25
Drouth	" " "
WIDDEMER, MARGARET—Youth Asks	<i>Harper's</i> , Aug., '24
New Worlds	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Sept., '24
Interior	<i>Overland</i> , Sept., '24
Ghosts	<i>Min.</i> , Sept.-Oct., '24
Waiting Maid	<i>Outlook</i> , Oct. 15, '24
Orange Birds	<i>Harper's</i> , Nov., '24
Winter Snow-Time	<i>Overland</i> , Nov., '24
Pageant	<i>Outlook</i> , Nov. 19, '24
After	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 31, '24
Disguises	" Dec. 10, '24
Wounds	<i>Voices</i> , Jan., '25
Reconciliation	" " "
Swords	" " "
Green Grass	<i>Min.</i> , Jan.-Feb., '25
Guild Learning	" May-June, '25
Helen's Heart	<i>Cont. V.</i> , June, '25
WIEGAND, CHARMION VON—Portrait	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Dec., '24
WIERNAN, FRANCES—Finale	<i>Overland</i> , Aug., '24
An Explanation	" Oct., '24
Hove-To	<i>Lyric West</i> , Feb., '25
Women	" " "
A Sailor's God	" " "
The Husband of Lady Godiva	" Apr., '25
WIERNAN, FRANK—Money	<i>Lyric West</i> , Feb., '25
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS—The Sunshine of Thine Eyes	<i>Overland</i> , Apr., '25
WIGHT, HILLIARD—Waiting	<i>Scroll</i> , June, '25
WILCOX, ALMIRA RICHARDSON—From Afar	<i>Overland</i> , Mar., '25
WILDE, ROBIN—Twilight	<i>Fantasia</i> , Feb., '25
WILHITE, WINIFRED ANNE—"I's"	<i>Vagabond</i> , Mar., '25
WILKINSON, FLORENCE—Chopin (Played by a Virtuoso)	<i>Lit. R.</i> , July 7, '24
	<i>Phila. Pub. Ledg.</i> , July 8, '24
WILKINSON, MARGUERITE—Immortality	<i>Buccaneer</i> , Dec., '24
An Old Argument	<i>Commonweal</i> , Dec. 17, '24
God's Peace	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Feb. 19, '25

- WILKINSON, MARGUERITE** (*Continued*)
 Never Hurt the Proud *Bookman*, May, '25
 Arbutus *Commonweal*, May 27, '25
 Example *Ch. Cent.*, July 2, '25
 The Almighty Spinner " July 30, '25
WILLARD, EDNA CONSTANCE—The Missive
 Lyric West, Nov., '24
WILLIAMS, HAZEL WYETH—Summer Morning
 Bard, Summer-Autumn, '24
 Sir " Winter, '24
WILLIAMS, MICHAEL—Michael the Archangel
 Commonweal, Nov. 19, '24
 The Poet " Feb. 4, '25
 To a Poet Who Wrote of Lincoln (Edward Wil-
 liam Thomas—Requiescat in Pace)
 Commonweal, Feb. 11, '25
 The Drum " Mar. 18, '25
WILLS, JESSE—The Survivors (A Fragment)
 Fugitive, Aug., '25
 Premonition " Dec., '24
 Dream " "
 Red Even " June, '25
WILSON, ADELAIDE—A Song of Death, After the
 Coahuilla Chant *Poetry*, Nov., '24
WILSON, ALBERT FREDERICK—On Clyburn Hill a
 Lantern Is *Poetry*, Dec., '24
WILSON, ANNE ELIZABETH—Eager Footsteps
 Stratford, Dec., '24
WILSON, CLAIRE—The Windmill *Lyric West*, Jan., '25
WILSON, ETHEL BRODT—Ornaments *Wand.*, Aug., '24
 Telephone (To Evelyn Vaughan) *Overland*, Sept., '24
 Fog in the Mountains " "
 Criss-Cross Pattern *Lyric West*, Oct., '24
 After the Weeks of Rain *Overland*, Dec., '24
WILSON, FRANCES I.—The Coyote
 Muse and Mirror, Feb., '25
WILSON, FRED—Magic of the Silver Hand
 Buccaneer, Dec., '24
 Tints of a Hearth " "
 Sunburnt Pictures " "
 Amethyst Hills " "
WILSON, LORETTA POWER—The Return
 Interludes, Jan.-Mar., '25
WINN, LUCY—Poppies Over Her Garden Wall
 Circle, May-June, '25
WINSLOW, ANNE GOODWIN—An Alpine Village
 Harper's, Aug., '24
 The Spinners *Century*, Sept., '24
 San Michele Di Pagana *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '25
 Alcestis *Scribner's*, May, '25
WINSTOWE, NORINE—Trains *Buffalo Arts Jour.*, May, '25
 Light " June, '25

- WINTERS, YVOR—October Night *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
 The Upper Meadows *Poetry*, Jan., '25
 The Solitude of Glass " " " "
- WIRRIES, MARY MABEL—Resignation *Mag'at*, Aug., '24
- WIRTH, ANNA MARY—The Cardinal Bird *Am. Poetry*, Nov.-Dec., '24
Dbl. Dlr., Nov.-Dec., '24
- WOGAN, DANIEL—Eyes
- WOLF, H. P.—Burlesque Show Comedian *Step Lad.*, Feb., '25
Wand., Aug., '24
Dial, Sept., '24
- WOLF, ROBERT L.—Second Coming
 The Man in the Dress Suit
 Double, Double, Toil and Trouble *N. Y. Her.-Tri.*, Sept. 28, '24
Voices, Jan., '25
Nation, Apr. 22, '25
- WOOD, ANNA HAMILTON—Grey Hairs, A Rondeau
L'Alouette, Sept., '24
Scroll, Oct., '24
L'Alouette, Oct., '24
Circle, Nov.-Dec., '24
- WOOD, CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT—Cradling Wheat
Measure, Aug., '24
Buccaneer, Sept., '24
- WOOD, CLEMENT—Rolling
 Shore and Sea " " " "
 Beyond the Candle " Oct., '24
 Return " " " "
 The Mirror *Cont. V.*, Oct., '24
 Let Me Unloose— *Voices*, Feb., '25
 Winter Laughter " " " "
 Out of a Young Month " Mar., '25
 The Master Goes *Nation*, Mar. 25, '25
 The Jack and the Jiliad *Lit. R.*, Apr. 3, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Apr. 4, '24
New Rep., Apr. 8, '25
Lit. R., May 23, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., May 24, '25
 In Sorrow *Scribner's*, June, '25
 Excommunicate *Nation*, June 3, '25
- WOODRUFF, JAMES LLOYD—Ad Valorem *Scroll*, Nov., '24
- The Radio " " " "
 Verboten *Buccaneer*, Nov., '24
 Kismett " " " "
 Mystery " " " "
- WOODWORTH, EDITH IVES—Contrasts *Scribner's*, Sept., '24
- WOOLLEY, LAWRENCE FOSS—In the Studio *Lyric West*, May, '25
- WORTH, KATHRYN—Autumn Chant
Bost. Trans., Oct. 15, '24
 April *Gd. Hskpg.*, '25
 To a Questioning Lover *Breezy Stories*, Dec., '24
 For a Little Girl *N. Y. Sun*, Feb. 19, '25
 To Any Actor *N. Y. Times*, Mar. 28, '25
 A New England Portrait *Harper's*, Apr., '25

- WORTH, KATHRYN** (*Continued*)
 Lad April *N. Y. Times*, Apr. 2, '25
 Two Wedding Songs " *May 28, '25*
 To an Execrable Modern Artist *Am. Poetry*, May-June, '25
 Dreamers *N. Y. Times*, July 25, '25
 To an Elder Doctor *N. Y. Sun*
 Elegy for a Small Pilgrim *N. Y. Times*
 October Chant "
 For Jean *N. Y. Sun*
 Eight Girls "
 Anne and Doloris "
 The Difference "
 Penitent "
 Portrait "
 To Autumn "
WRIGHT, CUTHBERT—A Sonnet *Dial*, June, '25
WEYNN, ANTHONY—Salon *Dial*, Apr., '25
WYLIE, ELINOR—Miranda's Supper (Virginia, 1866) *Century*, Dec., '24
 A Courtesy *Harper's*, June, '25

YARNALL, AGNES—Flight *Cont. V.*, Mar., '25
 Litany "
YOAKUM, G. D.—Providence *Ch. Cent.*, May 21, '25
YENNY, CORDELIA—The River Sings *Scroll*, Nov., '24
YOUNG, BARBARA—Peacock's Feather *Commonweal*, July 15, '25
YOUNG, JESSIE M.—Snow King *Bard*, Summer-Autumn, '24
 The Radio " *Winter*, '24

ZABEL, MORTON—The Garden *Commonweal*, Mar. 11, '25
ZEISS, J. ROY—Transitory *Scroll*, Nov., '24
 Cash on Hand *Harmonial Thinker*, Jan., '25
 Thought *Hustler*, Feb., '25
 Two Good Books and True *Writer's Digest*, Feb., '25
 The Spoken Word *John-Three-Sixteen*, Feb., '25
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 June " *June*, '25
 Decried *Bookfellow Anthology*, June, '25
 Y'Betcha That's Livin' *Mich. Farmer*, June, '25
ZUKER, ANNIE—The Plaint of the Highbrow *Writers' M.*, Jan., '25

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- Anonymous—Are Poets Born *Lit. R.*, Sept. 27, '24
 When We Spoke Pieces *Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Sept. 28, '24
 The Mystery of Poe *Nation*, Sept. 24, '24
 Writ in Brass ("John Keats," by Amy Lowell) " Dec. 10, '24
Guardian, May-June, '25
 Pure Poetry and Joseph Hergesheimer
Bookman, Mar., '25
 Shakespeare: Business Man *Lit. R.*, Apr. 18, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Apr. 19, '25
 A Symbolic Poet ("The Pot of Earth," by A. MacLeish) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, June 7, '25
 A Poetic Experiment (An Estimate of "Four" and its Group) *Overland*, Aug., '24
 Poets and Things " Sept., '24
 Poets and Things " Oct., '24
 Poets and Things " Nov., '24
 Poets and Things " Dec., '24
 Poet of the Pick and Shovel (Pascal D'Angelo, Son of Italy. The Autobiography of Pascal D'Angelo, the Pick-and-Shovel Poet) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Jan. 4, '25
 Petrarch Celebrating the Solitary Life ("The Life of Solitude," by Francis Petrarch) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Jan. 4, '25
 Notes on Criticism *Step Lad*, July, '25
 Amy Lowell *Outlook*, May 27, '25
 Adams, Bill—Singers of the Sea " May 27, '25
 Adams, Leonie—On Proprieties in Sphinxes (Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson) *Measure*, June, '25
 Aiken, Conrad—"It Is In Truth a Pretty Toy" (a study of love poetry) *Dial*, Feb., '25
 John Keats ("John Keats," by A. Lowell) " June, '25
 Aldington, Richard—A New English Poet ("Exile," by B. G. Brooks) *Lit. R.*, Aug. 23, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 24, '24
 John Donne: A Study in Discord (Hugh L'Anson Fausset) *New Rep.*, Apr. 1, '25
 A Note on Contemporary English Poetry *Nation*, May 18, '25
 Allen, Hervey—Grail Gold ("Christchurch," by P. Tristram Coffin) *Voices*, Jan. '25
 Street Dust and Pollen ("Indian Summer," by

- A. Scudder; "Flame and Dust," by Vincent Starrett; "The Poets of the Future, A College Anthology," Edited by H. T. Schnittkind; "University of Washington Poems, First Series," Edited by G. Hughes; "Column Poets, Edited by K. Preston) *Bookman*, Mar., '25
- The Passing of Amy Lowell " *July*, '25
- Arvin, Newton—Emily Dickinson ("Complete Poems") *Voices*, Feb., '25
- Bakeless, John..Kit Marlowe Was Killed After Supper ("The Death of Christopher Marlowe," by J. L. Hotson) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, May 24, '25
- Baker, Emely L.—Edward Rowland Sill, Poet-Teacher *Overland*, Apr., '25
- Baldwin, Summerfield—The Last of the Symbolists (John Gray) *Commonweal*, June 17, '25
- Barry, Thomas B.—Sunrise Trumpets ("Sunrise Trumpets," by J. Auslander) *Dbl. Dlr.*, Aug.-Sept., '24
- Bates, Katharine Lee—Four Books of Verse (R. V. Johnson, C. M. Lewis, J. & F. H. Crowell, L. Binyon) *Lit. R.*, Dec. 27, '24
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Dec. 28, '24
- A House of Rose ("The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson," by M. D. Bianchi; "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson") *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '25
- Poets of Nature ("The Marble Faun," by W. Faulker; "For the Morning," by J. R. McCarthy) *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 28, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Mar. 29, '25
- Beauty and Bitterness ("Ulysses Returns, and Other Poems," by R. M. Montgomery; "The Letters of Glaucon and Sarai, and Other Poems," by D. P. Berenberg) *Lit. R.*, Apr. 18, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Apr. 19, '25
- Three Generations ("The Poems of William Henry Venable," edited by E. Venable; "Bitter Brew," by C. Y. Rice; "Once in a Blue Moon," by M. Strobel) *Lit. R.*, Apr. 25, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Apr. 26, '25
- Beauty of the Wilds Garnered in Verse of a Well-Known Novelist ("A Lover of the Land, and Other Poems," by F. Niven; "Darkening Sea," by B. R. C. Low; "Wings to Dare," by G. H. White) *Lit. R.*, July 3, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, July 5, '25
- New Poems (by John Drinkwater) *Lit. R.*, July 18, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, July 19, '25
- Beach, Joseph Warren—Shakespeare and Harlequin *V. Quarterly Rev.*, July, '25
- Bellemin, Frank J.—Stand Is Taken for Beauty Above Truth in Poetry *Ore. Sun. Jour.*, Apr. 12, '25

- Benedetti, Anna—An Italian Poet (Giovanni Alfredo Cesareo) *Lit. R.*, Feb. 14, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Feb. 15, '25
- Benét, Laura—Thin Perfume ("Apples Here in My Basket," by Helen Hoyt; "Black Babylon," by Dorothy Dow) *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- Benét, William Rose—"The New Pierides" ("Hesperides," by R. Torrence; "Earth Moods," by H. Allen; "A Poetry Recital," by J. Stephens; "Voices of Stones," by Æ., "Sonata, and Other Poems," by J. Erskine; "Nor Age Nor Youth," by H. Vinal; "American Mystical Verse," edited by I. Hunter) *Outlook*, July 15, '25
- Benham, Allen R.—Sidelights on English Romanticism *Per'st*, Apr., '25
- Beers, H.—Shelley ("Ariel: The Life of Shelley," by A. Maurois; "Shelley and the Unromantics," by W. W. Campbell) *Yale Rev.*, Jan. '25
- Berry, William—A Trinity of Virtues ("Mirrors," by M. T. Ritter) *Verses*, Summer No., '25
Some Elusive Words Are Captured ("Will-o'-the-Wisp," by D. Dow) *Verses*, Summer No. '25
A Poet Considers His Fellows ("Poets of America," by C. Wood) *Verses*, Summer No. '25
- Beston, Henry—The Real Wreck of the Hesperus (Being the True Story of the Famous Poem, Told for the First Time) *Bookman*, May, '25
- Biographical and Critical Notes of Spanish-American Poets* *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- Bodenheim, Maxwell—Mr. Bodenheim is Dissatisfied *Poetry*, Apr., '25
- Bond, George—Heliodora, and Other Poems (by H. D.) *Buccaneer*, Dec., '24
A Book of the Year Nineteen Twenty-Four (Yearbook of The Poetry Society of Texas) *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
- Boyd, Ernest—The Poet Turned Critic ("Literary Studies and Reviews," by R. Aldington) *Lit. R.*, Sept. 27, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. 28, '24
- A New Way With Old Masterpieces: I., William Shakespeare *Harper's* Feb., '25
- A New Way With Old Masterpieces: II., John Milton *Harper's*, Mar., '25
- A New Way With Old Masterpieces: IV., Lord Byron *Harper's*, May, '25
- "Voices of Stones," by Æ.; "A Poetry Recital," by J. Stephens *Independent*, July 18, '25
- Bradford, Gamaliel—Lamb and the Fools of Shakespeare *Century*, Nov., '24

- A Poet's Life of a Poet ("John Keats," by A. Lowell) *Lit. R.*, Feb. 14, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Feb. 15, '25
- Glittering Satire ("Ph. D.'s," by L. Bacon) *Lit. R.*, Mar. 14, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Mar. 15, '25
- Brawley, Benjamin—On Re-Reading Browning *Rev.*, Apr., '25
- Brégy, Katherine—"From Bersabee to Dan, and Other Ballads" *Commonweal*, Jan. 21, '25
 The Spirit of Laurence Housman " *Apr.* 15, '25
- Brickell, Herschell—"Ballets" Old and New ("Folk Songs of the South," edited by F. H. Cox) *Lit. R.*, Feb. 7, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Feb. 8, '25
- Bruncken, Ernest—Shelley *Min.*, Nov.-Dec., '24
- Bruncken, Herbert Gerhard—Dionysus in Doubt (by E. A. Robinson) *Min.*, July-Aug., '25
- Burgess, Dorothy—Poetry and Science ("Earth Moods, and Other Poems," by H. Allen) *Nation*, July 29, '25
- Burke, Kenneth—The Poetic Progress *Guardian*, May-June, '25
 Deposing the Love of the Lord ("Selected Religious Poems of Solomon Ibn Gabirol," trans. by Israel Zangwill) *Dial*, Aug., '24
- Burton, Richard—The South and Literature *Bookman*, Feb., '25
- Butts, Nellie Doty—Walt Whitman's Sister *Bookman*, Jan., '25
- Bynner, Witter—Edna St. Vincent Millay *New Rep.*, Dec. 10, '24
- Carey, Myrtle J.—In Shakspeare's Homeland *Mag'tat*, Sept., '24
- Carter, John—Lines Written in the Guest Book of Wordsworth's Daughter ("Dora Wordsworth: Her Book," by F. V. Morlev) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, May 31, '25
- Catel, Jean—As It Is in Paris *Poetry*, Feb., '25
- Chase, Chilton—Poetry Can Still Ring the Bells of Heaven *Wrtrs. M.*, Sept., '24
- Chew, Samuel C.—Byron: The Last Phase ("Byron: The Last Journey," by H. Nicolson; "Byron and Greece," by H. Spender) *Nation*, Aug. 6, '24
 More "Avowals" (Pure Poetry, An Anthology," by George Moore) *Nation*, Dec. 10, '24
- Clark, William Russell—The New Spoon River *Buccaneer*, Nov., '24
- Judging Poets and Poetry " " "
 Is Poetry Worth While? " Dec., '24
 "The Makers" " "
 Sunrise Trumpets (J. Auslander " Jan., '25

- Spring Thunder, and Other Poems (by Mark Van Doren) *Buccaneer*, Feb., '25
- Immortality in Poetry
Clark, Edwin—American Verse and a Trumpet Blast ("Poets of America," by C. Wood) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, May 17, '25
- Coblentz, Stanton A.—The Bronte Poems Complete ("Complete Poems" of Emily, Charlotte and Anne Bronte) *Lit. R.*, Oct. 4, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Oct. 5, '24
- Poetry Dissected ("Some Aspects of Modern Poetry," by A. Noyes) *Lit. R.*, Dec. 13, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 14, '24
- From the Hidden Way ("From the Hidden Way," by J. B. Cabell) *Voices*, Jan., '25
- New Sidelights on Shakespeare and His Friends ("Master Richard Quyny," by E. I. Fripp) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Jan. 4, '25
- Collins, Joseph—The Sanity of William Blake ("William Blake in This World," by Harold Bruce) *Bookman*, July, '25
- Colum, Padraic—Mr. Yeats' Plays and Later Poems ("Plays in Prose and Verse, and Later Poems," by W. B. Yeats) *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '25
- Louise Townsend Nicholl: An Appreciation, *Measure*, July, '25
- A Holocaust of Song ("The Hidden Ireland," by D. Corkery) *Commonweal*, July 22, '25
- Colum, Mary—A Poet of Lasting Things ("Wild Cherry," by L. W. Reese) *New Rep.*, Nov. 26, '24
- Connor, D. J.—Manzoni and His Masterpiece *Commonweal*, Apr. 15, '25
- Corning, Howard McKinley—Short Rein ("Secrets," by W. H. Davies) *Voices*, Jan., '25
- Cournos, John—Poetry and Non-Poetry *Lit. R.*, Jan. 10, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Jan. 11, '25
- Society Women in Shakespeare's Time *Lit. R.*, May 16, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., May 17, '25
- Cowley, Malcolm—Festoons of Fishes ("Less Lonely," by A. Kreymborg) *Dial*, Apr., '25
- Cox, Eleanor Rogers—Our American River of Dreams (the Hudson in Poetry) *Mag'at*, Apr., '25
- Crawford, Nelson Antrim—A Poet's Progress (A. Kreymborg) *Poetry*, Aug., '24
- A Disappointing Survey (From Whitman to Sandburg in American Poetry) *Poetry*, Dec., '24
- Cullen Countée—Spring Thunder ("Spring Thunder," by M. Van Doren) *Measure*, Jan., '25
- Curtis, Jr., F. S.—Spanish Songs of New Mexico (with Music) *Publications Texas Folk-Lore Soc.*, No. IV., May, '25
- D. H.—People of Sparta *Bookman*, Dec., '24

- Dalton, Power—Robert Frost's Poetry ("New Hampshire," by R. Frost) *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- Davidson, Donald—Homage to John Dryden (by T. S. Eliot) *Fugitive*, June, '25
- Davidson, Gustav—Joseph Auslander: An Appreciation *Voices*, Apr., '25
- Davis, Marguerite Norris—The Singer by the Window (Hazel Hall) *Overland*, Aug., '24
- Dawson, Mitchell—Sound and Fury ("The Flaming Terrapin," by Roy Campbell) *Poetry*, Jan., '25
- De Blacam, Hugh—The Secret of Spenser
Lit. R., Dec. 6, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 7, '24
- Dell, Floyd—The Ficke Wing ("Out of the Silence, and Other Poems," by A. D. Ficke)
Measure, Aug., '24
- De Roulet, Marie Antoinette—The Poetry of Vincent Starret *Magnat*, Jan., '25
- Desmond, Shaw—The Irish Renaissance (treats of poets, Yeats, Colum, etc.) *Outlook*, Oct. 15, '24
- Deutsch, Babette—Wreaths and Broomsticks ("Heliodora," by H. D.; "The Sleeping Beauty," by E. Sitwell) *Lit. R.*, Aug. 23, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 24, '24
- Haunches of Unicorn ("The Flaming Terrapin," by Roy Campbell) *Lit. R.*, Sept. 6, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. 7, '24
- De Gustibus Again ("Modern American Lyrics," edited by S. A. Coblenz; "An Anthology of English Verse," edited by J. Drinkwater; "A Most Friendly Farewell to Sir Francis Drake," by H. Robarts; "Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson," by C. Aiken) *Lit. R.*, Nov. 1, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Nov. 2, '24
- Poetaster and Poet ("Flame and Dust," by V. Starrett; "Spring Thunder, and Other Poems," by M. Van Doren) *Lit. R.*, Jan. 17, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Jan. 18, '25
- Impure Poetry ("Tutankhamen and After," by W. E. Leonard; "Poems for the New Age," by S. Felshin; "A Far Land," by M. Ostenso; "Lotuses of the Mahayana," edited by K. Saunders) *Lit. R.*, Apr. 11, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Apr. 12, '25
- Intimations of Personality ("A Harp in the Winds," by D. Henderson; "Christchurch," by R. P. T. Coffin; "Poems for the New Age," by S. Felshin) *Nation*, Apr. 29, '25
- Brains and Lyrics ("An Anthology of Pure Poetry," by G. Moore; "New Poems," by J. Drinkwater; "First Poems," by E. Muir; "Tamar, and Other Poems," by R. Jeffers;

- "Chills and Fever," and "Grace after Meat,"
by J. C. Ransom) *New Rep.*, May 27, '25
- Diethelm, Sara Kountz—Carol Literature *Mag'tat*, Dec., '24
- The Poetry of Reverend William F. Field, S. J.
Mag'tat, Feb., '25
- Dixon, James Main—The Foremost American Poet
Lyric West, Nov., '24
- Dobie, J. Frank—Verses of the Texas Vaqueros
Publications Texas Folk-Lore Soc., No. IV., May, '25
- Dole, Nathan Haskell—Miss Amy Lowell's Biography of Keats ("John Keats," by A. Lowell)
Independent, Mar. 7, '25
- Dondo, Mathurin—French Vers Libre
Univ. of So. Cal. Chronicle, Oct., '24
- Donelson, John—Burying Poets ("Ariel," by Maurois; "Byron: The Last Journey," by H. Nicolson; "Political Career of Lord Byron," by D. N. Raymond; "Byron and Greece," by H. Spender; "Shelley and the Unromantics," by O. W. Campbell; "Byron in England," by S. C. Chew; "Poems of Lord Byron," edited by H. J. C. Grierson) *Bookman*, Aug. '24
- Three English Lyrists ("Heliodora," "H. D.," "Secrets," by W. H. Davies; "The Sleeping Beauty," by Edith Sitwell) *Bookman*, Oct., '24
- Downey, Fairfax—Tom Moore and Bermuda
Bookman, Feb., '25
- Dublin, Frances—Mr. Hardy ("Life of Thomas Hardy," by E. Brennecke, Jr.; "Thomas Hardy's Universe," by E. Brennecke, Jr.; "Life and Art—by Thomas Hardy," edited by E. Brennecke, Jr.) *Nation*, July 22, '25
- Dunn, Waldo H.—Tragic Poets Deceive Not and Are Not Deceived ("Tragedy," by W. M. Dixon) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Feb. 8, '25
- Milton Esteemed by a French Writer ("Milton: Man and Thinker," by D. Sturat)
N. Y. T. B. Rev., May 24, '25
- Duvall, Ellen—Two Aspects of the Poetic Imagination
Per'st, Oct., '24
- Farrar, John—Amy Lowell Analyzes Creative Genius ("John Keats," by Amy Lowell)
Bookman, Apr., '25
- Faulkner, William—Verse Old and Nascent: A Pilgrimage
Dbl. Dlr., Apr., '25
- Feld, Rose C.—De Madariaga Discusses Spanish Poetry
Bookman, Nov., '24
- Flanner, Hildegard—The Poetry of Gerard Hopkins
Dbl. Dlr., Aug.-Sept., '24
- Fletcher, John Gould—Blake the Philosopher ("William Blake, His Philosophy and Symbols," by S. Foster Damon) *New Rep.*, Aug. 20, '24

- Flewelling, Ralph Tyler—Creative Imagination and life *Per'st*, Apr., '25
- Frank, Waldo—Mr. Kreymborg Woos America ("Troubadour," by A. Kreymborg) *Dial*, July, '25
- Fuller, Henry B.—Eugene Field ("Eugene Field's Creative Years," by C. H. Dennis) *Nation*, Dec. 10, '24
- Furness, Jr., Horace Howard—Bullen's Farewell ("Elizabethans," by A. H. Bullen) *Lit. R.*, Oct. 25, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Oct. 26, '24
- Edgett, Edwin Francis—Keats the Immortal Through Amy Lowell's Eyes *Bost Trans.* Feb. 14, '25
- Edman, Irwin—"H. D." ("Heliodora, and Other Poems," by "H. D.") *Nation*, Nov. 12, '24
A Poet Lapses ("Tutankhamen and After," by W. E. Leonard) *Nation*, June 17, '25
- Elliott, G. R.—Gentle Shades of Longfellow *S. W. Rev.*, Apr., '25
An Undiscovered America in Frost's Poetry. *Va. Quarterly Rev.*, July, '25
- Elliot, T. S.—Why Rural Verse ("Spring Thunder, and Other Poems," by M. Van Doren) *Nation*, (Apr. 15, '25
- Erskine, John—John Keats and Amy Lowell ("John Keats," by Amy Lowell) *Va. Quarterly Rev.*, July, '25
Amber and Citron ("Ropes and Threads," by Mary Atwater Taylor) *Voices*, Apr., '25
Amy Lowell Founded New School of Poetry *N. Y. Times*, May 17, '25
- G., R. M.—The Art of the Anthologist *C. S. Mon.*, June 17, '25
- Gard, Wayne—The Seer of Bengal (R. Tagore) *Step Lad.*, July, '25
- Galantiere, Lewis—The Problem of Rimbaud ("Rimbaud, The Boy and the Poet," by E. Rickword; "Le Probleme de Rimbaud, Poete Maudit," by Marcel Coulon) *Dial*, Jan., '25
- Garrison, Winfred Ernest—Amy Lowell Finds Keats Modern ("John Keats," by A. Lowell) *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 12, '25
- Anthologies and Other Poetry ("A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse," by L. Robinson; "Poems for Youth: An American Anthology," by W. R. Benet; "The Best Poems of 1924," by L. A. G. Strong; "Poets of America," by C. Wood; "Hesperides," by R. Torrence; "Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson; "Mirrors," by M. T. Ritter; "A Harp in the Winds," by D. Henderson) *Ch. Cent.*, July 2, '25

- Gilbert, Katherine—The Complete Poems of Emily
Dickenson *Rev.*, Apr., '25
- Gorman, Herbert S.—"There is No Death—" ("The
New Spoon River," by E. L. Masters) *Lit. R.*, Sept. 27, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. 28, '24
- A Poet of the Celtic Twilight ("The Poems of
Seumas O'Sullivan) *Poetry*, Oct., '24
- Cosmic Reaches ("The Sea," by J. Oppenheim)
Poetry, Mar., '25
- Poetry's Battleground of Substance and Form
("Profiles from Home," by E. Tietjens;
"Along the Trail to Santa Fe, and Other
Poems," by J. Friend) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Mar. 1, '25
- Three Centuries of Early French Poetry ("The
Early French Poets," by H. F. Cary)
N. Y. T. B. Rev., Mar. 19, '25
- The Sitwells, One, Two and Three ("Troy
Park," by E. Sitwell; "Out of the Flame," by
O. Sitwell; "The Thirteenth Caesar," by S.
Sitwell) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, May 24, '25
- Mature Craftsmanship of Ridgley Torrence
("Hesperides," by R. Torrence)
N. Y. T. B. Rev., June 7, '25
- E. A. Robinson and Some Others ("Dionysus
in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson; "New Poems,"
by J. Drinkwater; "The Venture," by J. K.
Mackenzie; "Mirrors," by M. T. Ritter;
"Will-o'-the-Wisp," by D. Dow; "The Wand-
ering Eros," by M. D. Bianchi; "A Lover of
Land," by F. Niven; "The Dark Tower," by
A. Brush) *Bookman*, July, '25
- Graham, Jr., Melbone W.—Some Folk-Tales of the
Chibeha Nation
Publication Texas Folk-Lore Soc., No. IV., May, '25
- Grattan, C. Hartley—William Cullen Bryant
Rev., Apr., '25
- Graves, Robert—Poetic "Control," by Spirits
S. W. Rev., Apr., '25
- Green, Alexander—A Shakespeare Find ("The
Shakespeare Signatures and "Sir Thomas
More," by Sir G. Greenwood; "Shakespeare's
Hand in the Plays of Sir Thomas More," by
A. W. Pollard, W. W. Greg, E. M. Thompson,
J. D. Wilson and R. W. Chambers)
Lit. R., Dec. 18, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 14, '24
- Green, Clara Bellinger—A Reminiscence of Emily
Dickenson *Bookman*, Nov., '24
- Keats Under a Microscope ("John Keats," by
Amy Lowell) *Outlook*, July 29, '25
- Green, Paul—A Plain Statement About Southern
Literature *Rev.*, Jan., '25

- Guiterman, Arthur—News from Parnassus ("The Flaming Terrapin," by R. Campbell; "Church," by R. P. Coffin; "Loves and Losses of Pierrot," by W. Griffith; "Patchwork," by G. Hall; "Heliodora," by H. D.; "Songs and Sonnets of Pierre de Ronsard," trans. by C. H. Page; "The Swallow Book (Das Schwalbenbuch)," by E. Toller, trans. by A. Dukes; "When We Were Very Young," by A. A. Milne) *Outlook*, Dec. 31, '24
- Hare, Maud Cuney—Mabed Ibn Ouhab (Arab poet) *Crisis*, Apr., '25
- Hellman, George S.—Exquisite Lyricism ("Later Poems," by W. B. Yeats) *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- Henderson, Archibald—William Morris—Socialist and Craftsman ("The Kelmscott Press and William Morris," by H. H. Sparling) *Va. Quarterly Rev.*, July, '25
- Henderson, Daniel—The Triple Flame of Keats *Step Lad*, Feb., '25
- Heyward, DuBose—The New Note in Southern Literature *Bookman*, Apr., '25
- Hibbard, Addison—Literature South—1924 *Rev.*, Jan., '25
- Hill, Frank Ernest—After the Trumpets (Joseph Auslander's art) *Voices*, Apr., '25
- Hillman, Carolyn—The Second Spoon River ("The New Spoon River," by E. L. Masters) *Voices*, Nov., '24
- Thomas Hardy ("Thomas Hardy's Universe: A Study of a Poet's Mind," by E. Brennecke) *Voices*, Jan., '25
- Hillman, Gordon Malherbe—Songs for Saint Nicholas *Voices*, Dec., '24
- Tender Lyrics ("Enzio's Kingdom, and Other Poems," by W. A. Percy) *Voices*, Dec., '24
- Prometheus in New Jersey ("A Harp in the Winds," by Daniel Henderson) *Voices*, Apr., '25
- Hills, E. C.—Meter in Anglo-American Free Verse, *Univ. of Cal. Chronicle*, July, '24
- Hillyer, Robert—William Blake, The Philosopher ("William Blake: His Philosophy and Symbols," by S. Foster Damon) *Dial*, Sept., '24
- Hefer, Col. E.—The Making of a National Poet (Charles Erskine Scott Wood) *Overland*, Apr., '25
- Hofmann, Isabelle—Iowa Composers and Poets *Am. Poetry*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- Holloway, Emory—Whitman's Embryonic Verse *S. W. Rev.*, July, '25
- Horwill, Herbert W.—Swinburne Baffles a Biographer *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Mar. 1, '25
- Hubbell, Lindley Williams—The Stretched Metre of an Antique Song ("Exile, and Other Poems," by Richard Aldington) *Voices*, Nov., '24

- Cicily and Captain Q. ("A Far Land," by Martha Ostenso) *Voices*, Apr., '25
- Hughes, Glenn—Exile ("Exile, and Other Poems," by R. Aldington) *New Rep.*, Feb. 25, '25
- Japanese Poetry ("Japanese Poetry" by C. H. Page; "Nargas: Songs of a Sikh," by Bhai Vir Singh) *New Orient*, June, '25
- Hughes, Merritt Y.—Camoens, 1524-1924
Lit. R., Sept. 20, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. 21, '24
- Humphries, Rolfe—Art and Revolution ("Mammon-art," by U. Sinclair) *Measure*, May, '25
- Precieuse, Model 1924 ("Observations," by M. Moore) *Measure*, July, '25
- Hutchison, Percy A.—Piping on Parnassus ("Ship's Log, and Other Poems," by G. H. Conkling; "Frontier," by I. F. Conant; "In Earthen Bowls," by N. B. Miller; "Windy Leaf," by F. Gill) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Nov. 30, '24
- Hark, Hark. First Warblings of the Spring-time Poets ("Mostly Moonshire," by M. Nightingale; "Darkening Sea," by B. R. C. Low; "Ulysses Returns," by R. M. Montgomery; "For the Morning," by J. R. McCarthy; "Oxford Poetry, 1924"; "Wind Free," by M. D. Clark) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Mar. 22, '25
- This "Unransomed Juvenile Miscalled Democracy" ("Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Mar. 29, '25
- Poetry With a Cosmic Urge and a Bus Driver's Dream of Beauty ("Earth Moods, and Other Poems," by H. Allen; "Sonata, and Other Poems," by J. Erskine) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, May 31, '25
- Jennings, Leslie Nelson—Dynamiting the Ivory Tower (Joseph Auslander's Art) *Voices*, Apr., '25
- Johnson, Gerald W.—Call for a Custom-Built Poet
S. W. Rev., Apr., '25
- Jones, Howard Mumford—The Vitality of Byron ("Byron in England: His Fame and After-Fame," by S. C. Chew; "The Political Career of Lord Byron," by D. N. Raymond; "Byron and Greece," by H. Spender)
New Rep., Oct. 1, '24
- Jones, Llewellyn—Chicago—Our Literary Center (mentions the poets of the city) *Bookman*, Jan., '25
- Jones, William Cole—A Georgian's Achievement in the World's Poetic Art (Mary Brent Whiteside)
Atlanta (Ga.) Jour., June 25, '25
- Kantor, Louis—William Morris, Type Designer, Printer and Book-Maker ("The Kelmscott

- Press and William Morris, Master Craftsman," by H. H. Sparling) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, May 24, '25
- Keeler, Floyd—Richard Crashaw, Mystic *Mag'at*, Aug., '24
- Kenyon, Bernice Lesbia—Poetry for Every Taste ("Up and Down," by E. J. Blake; "A Pilgrim's Scrip," by C. Y. Rice; "By Haunted Stream: An Anthology of Modern English Poets," Edited by L. A. C. Strong; "Chills and Fever," by J. C. Ransom) *Bookman*, Nov., '24
- Kerr, Evelyn Nichols—The Chinese Lyrics of Pal Ta-shun *New Orient*, June, '25
- Kirchwey, Freda—The Birth of a Ballad, A Note on a Cow-Boy Minstrel ("The Cow-Boy's Lament) *Century*, Apr., '25
- Knister, Raymond—Gusto and Malaise ("Songs of Unrest," by B. L. Kenyon) *Poetry*, Oct., '24
- Carmus and Others ("The Hills Give Promise, and Carmus: A Symphonic Poem," by R. S. Hillyer) *Poetry*, Feb., '25
- From Hawaii ("Slants," by C. F. Gessler) *Poetry*, May, '25
- Lane, Winthrop D.—Pegasus in the Paddock *New Rep.*, Jan. 7, '25
- Larsson, R. Ellsworth—The Image and the Pedestal Thereof ("Spring and All," by W. C. Williams; "Atlas and Beyond," by E. J. Coatsworth) *Voices*, Nov., '24
- Fastidious Eclecticism: Notes on Miss Moore's "Observations," *Voices*, Feb., '25
- Lee, Muna—A Word from the Translator *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- Two New Anthologies ("Anthology of the Modernista Movement in Spanish America," edited by Alfred Coester) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- A Mexican Poet ("Poemas," by Jaime Torres Bodet) *Poetry*, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- Hesperides (by Ridgely Torrence) *Wld. Tmrow*, July, '25
- Le Gallienne, Richard—Mr. Santayana's Poetic Tragedy of a Heavenly Truce ("Lucifer; or, The Heavenly True," by G. Santayana) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, Feb. 22, '25
- Leach, W. H.—The Swallow Book ("Das Schwabenbush) by Ernst Toller, trans by Ashley Dukes) *Lyric West*, Feb., '25
- Letts, W. M.—Bridge-Builders (much about Long-fellow) *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '25
- Lewis, J. H.—Stephane Mallarme *Lit. R.*, Nov. 15, '24
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Nov. 16, '24

- Littell, Robert—The New Spoon River ("The New Spoon River," by E. L. Masters) *New Rep.*, Oct. 8, '24
- Locke, Alain—Enter the New Negro (comments on Negro poets) *Sur. Graphic*, Mar., '25
- Long, Jr., Frank Belknap—Pirates and Hamadryads (Poetry of Samuel Loveman) *United Amateur*, July, '25
- Lovett, Robert Morss—Miss Lowell's Keats ("John Keats," by Amy Lowell) *New Rep.*, Feb. 18, '25
- The Greatness of Milton ("Milton, Man and Thinker," by Denis Saurat) *New Rep.*, May 20, '25
- Amy Lowell " " *May 27, '25*
- Loving, Pierre—A German Poet (Roland Verlag) *Lit. R.*, Oct. 18, '24
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Oct. 17, '24
- A German Poet (Max Herrmann) *Lit. R.*, Nov. 29, '24
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Nov. 28, '24
- A Woman Poet (Henriette Hardenberg) *Lit. R.*, Jan. 10, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Jan. 11, '25
- A Sincere Poet (Oskar Schirer) *Lit. R.*, Jan. 24, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Jan. 25, '25
- The Poet as Artist (Hermann Kasack) *Lit. R.*, Feb. 21, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Feb. 22, '25
- Are Poets Becoming Too Sentimental? *Lit. R.*, June 6, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, June 7, '25
- Lucas, F. L.—Few, .But Roses (A. E. Housman) *Dial*, Sept, '24
- McClure, John—An Outland Piper ("An Outland Piper," by Donald Davidson) *Dbl. Dlr.*, Aug.-Sept., '24
- The Enchanted Mesa ("The Enchanted Mesa, and Other Poems," by G. W. Dresbach) *Dbl. Dlr.*, Aug.-Sept., '24
- The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson *Dbl. Dlr.*, Oct., '24
- Two Books by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth ("Atlas and Beyond," and "Fox Footprints") *Dbl. Dlr.*, Oct., '24
- Introduction to Counter-Sound *Dbl. Dlr.*, Nov.-Dec., '24
- Defense of Verse " " Jan.-Feb., '25
- "Heliadora, and Other Poems" by "H. D." *Dbl. Dlr.*, Apr., '25
- The Home Book of Modern Verse, by B. E. Stevenson *Dbl. Dlr.*, July, '25
- Hesperides, by R. Torrence " "
- McCord, David—This Charming Reticence ("New Poems," by John Drinkwater) *Voices*, May-June, '25

- McCormick, Virginia—The Artistry of May Sinclair ("The Dark Night," by M. Sinclair)
Voices, Sept.-Oct., '24
- The Survival in Poetry
Revr., Oct., '24
- Fashions in 1924 Poetry *Ledg.-Disp.* (Va.), Oct. 18, '24
- Henri de Regnier
Voices, Dec., '24
- The Garden in Poetry
Per'st. July, '25
- McDowell, G. Tremaine—Browning and the Problem of Evil
Per'st. July, '25
- McWilliams, Carey—Miss Edna Millay: An Informal Appreciation
Lyric West, Oct., '24
- M., J. P.—Skylines and Horizons, by DuBose Heyward
Dbl. Dlr., Nov.-Dec., '24
- "Enzio's Kingdom, and Other Poems," by W. A. Percy
Dbl. Dlr., Nov.-Dec., '24
- MacLeish, Archibald—Four Poets ("Ding Dong Bell," by W. de la Mare; "Secrets," by W. H. Davies; "Heliodora, and Other Poems," by H. D.; "The Sleeping Beauty," by E. Sitwell
Yale Rev., Apr., '25
- Magg, Carl—Verse of Real Beauty Sometimes Marred by Obscurity of Theme ("Hesperides," by R. Torrence)
Lit. R., June 27, '25
- Manly, John M.—The Elizabethan Stage ("The Elizabethan Stage," by E. K. Chambers)
Phila. Pub. Ledg., June 28, '25
- Marie, Jeanne—St. Thomas Aquinas and the Latin Hymns
New Rep., Sept. 3, '24
- Marin, Luis Munoz—Pan-American Concord
Mag'tat, Oct., '24
- Poetry, Spanish-American No., June, '25
- Markino,, Yoshio—The Poetry of Japan
Lit. R., Apr. 25, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Apr. 26, '25
- Marshall, Lenore G.—Buried Poetry ("Ship's Log, and Other Poems," by G. H. Conkling)
Nation, Jan. 7, '25
- Matos, Pablo—Two New Anthologies ("Nuestros Poetas. Antologia Chilena Moderna," edited by Armando Donoso)
Poetry, Spanish-American No. June, '25
- Matthews, Brander — Austin Dobson's Poems ("Complete Poetical Works," by A. Dobson)
Outlook., Aug. 27, '24
- Maynard, Theodore—Poet and Churchman ("Father Tabb," by F. A. Litz)
Lit. R., Dec. 13, '24
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Dec. 14, '24
- "Windows of Night," by Charles Williams
Commonweal, June 17, '25
- McCourtie, William B.—The Verse Magazines
Writers, Oct., '24

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- Ezra Pound *Poetry*, May, '25
 American "Profiles" ("Profiles from Home," by
 E. Tietjens) *Poetry*, July, '25
 Amy Lowell on Keats ("John Keats," by A.
 Lowell) *Poetry*, July, '25
 Memories of Amy Lowell
 In Texas and Oklahoma (A poetic pilgrimage)
Poetry, July, '25
 Montenegro, Ernesto—New Tendencies
Poetry, Spanish-American No. June, '25
 Montgomery, Elizabeth Shaw—Delicate Precisions
 ("Frontier," by I. F. Conant) *Voices*, Dec., '24
 Morton, David—When Editors Write Verse ("The
 Difference, and Other Poems"; "The Middle
 Twenties," by John Farrar; "Anthology of
 Newspaper Verse for 1923," edited by F. P.
 Davis) *Bookman*, Sept., '24
 Dreams and Tapestries (Loves and Losses of
 Pierrot," by W. Griffith; "Ship's Log, and
 Other Poems," by G. H. Conkling)
Bookman, Jan., '25
 Muir, Edwin—Currents (Unromantic Poets)
Lit. R., Aug. 16, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 17, '24
 Edith Sitwell *Nation*, Apr. 15, '25
 Mumford, Lewis—Troubadour ("Troubadour," by
 Alfred Kreymborg) *New Rep.*, Apr. 15, '25
 Munson, Gorham B.—The Single Portent of Carl
 Sandburg *Dbl. Dlr.*, Oct., '24
 The Others Parade (a study of Kreymborg's
 poetry magazine "Others") *Guardian*, Apr., '25
 Murphy, Elmer—Poetry and Politics *Bookman*, Aug., '24
 Mynning, Harold—Song Lyrics and Words
Writers', Sept. '24
 Nadel, Michael—Mr. Cabell Selects His Trouba-
 dours ("From the Hidden Way," by J. B.
 Cabell) *Guardian*, Feb., '25
 Nardi, Marcia—Heliodora, ("Heliodora," by H. D.)
New Rep., Jan. 28, '25
 Newton, Joseph Fort—The Presence *Ch. Cent.*, June 25, '25
 Nichol, Louise Townsend—Aline Kilmer's Poetry
 Pleases Best When She Forgets She is a
 Poet ("The Poor King's Daughter," by A.
 Kilmer) *Lit. R.*, May 29, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., May 30, '25
 Noble, Hollister—Montmartre Mourns Its Poet
 Laureate (Aristide Bruant)
N. Y. Times Mag. Sec., Mar. 29, '25
 Norman, Charles—Poets and a Book ("Christ-
 church," by R. P. T. Coffin; "A Harp in the

- Winds," by D. Henderson; "The Best Poems of 1924," edited by L. A. G. Strong)
Lit. R., Feb. 25, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Mar. 1, '25
- Norris, William A.—Assembled Poetry ("Out of Silence," by A. D. Ficke) *New Rep.*, Sept. 8, '24
 The Dark Wood ("The Man Who Died Twice," by E. A. Robinson) *New Rep.*, Jan. 21, '24
- Nott, G. William—John McClure: Poet *Revr.*, Jan., '25
- O'Connor, Norreys Jephson—A New Yeats Collection ("Later Poems," "Plays in Prose and Verse, written for an Irish Theatre," by W. B. Yeats. *Bookman*, Sept., '24
- Overton, Grant—Kipling's Career *Bookman*, Mar., '25
- Pearson, Edmund Lester—The Complete Limerick Book ("The Complete Limerick Book: The Origin, History and Achievements of the Limerick, with about 350 Selected Examples," by Langford Reed) *Outlook*, Mar. 11, '25
- Peck, Walter Edwin—Two Poems of Keats
Lit. R., Feb. 14, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Feb. 15, '25
- Percy, William Alexander—"Chills and Fever," by J. C. Ransom *Dbl. Dir.*, Jan.-Feb., '25
- Post, Edwin—Another Book About Horace ("Horace and His Influence," by G. Showerman) *DePauw*, Dec., '24
- Powys, Llewelyn—Milk of Dandelion ("The Harp-Weaver, and Other Poems," by Edna St. Vincent Millay) *Dial*, Jan., '25
- Purinton, Theodore—The Arthur Upson Room: University of Minnesota *Ski-U-Mah*, Apr., '25
- Rascoe, Burton—Carl Sandberg *Lit. R.*, Sept. 27, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Sept. 28, '24
- Ransom, John Crowe—Mixed Modes *Fugitive*, Mar., '25
 Thoughts on the Poetic Discontent " June, '25
- Reese, Lizette Woodworth—Teaching Days (Chapters from Unwritten Autobiographies) *Bookman*, Sept., '24
- Richter, Rae—A Pick and Shovel Poet ("Pascal D'Angelo, Song of Italy: An Autobiography") *Lit. R.*, Dec. 18, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Dec. 14, '24
- Rollins, Leighton—Wormwood and Wafers ("Marriage Songs," by M. C. Davies; "Inheritance," by Gertrude Callaghan) *Voices*, Dec., '24
- Root, E. Merrill—After Disillusion ("After Disillusion," by R. L. Wolf) *Measure*, Aug., '24
- Rorty, James—A Land Half Seen ("A Far Land," by Martha Ostenso) *Nation*, Jan. 28, '25

- Rosenfeld, Paul—James Oppenheim ("The Sea,"
by J. Oppenheim) *New Rep.*, Dec. 10, '24
- Rubio, David—Personality and Work of Spain's
Great Poet, viewed and reviewed ("Luis De
Leon: A Study of the Spanish Renaissance,"
by A. F. G. Bell) *Lit. R.*, July 18, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., July 19, '25
- Ryan, Kathryn White—The Great Evacuee,
Voices, Nov, '24
- From Whitman to Sandburg *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- Two Photographs ("The Difference, and Other
Poems," by H. Monroe) *Voices*, Sept.-Oct., '24
- A Half Century of Sonnets *Stratford M.*, Oct., '24
- The Man Who Died Twice (E. A. Robinson)
Voices, June, '24
- S., W. H.—The Arthur Upson Room, University of
Minnesota *Min. Alumni Weekly*, Apr. 30, '25
- Sandoz, Paul—Staccato ("Heliodora," by "H. D.")
Voices, Dec., '24
- Sapir, Edward—Emily Dickinson, A Primitive
(Complete Poems) *Poetry*, May, '25
- Schauffer, Robert Haven—The Most Important Book
(The School Reader's Selection of Poems)
New Rep., Dec. 31, '24
- Seaver, Edwin—A Real Contribution Toward a Crit-
tical Estimate of Whitman ("Walt Whit-
man: A Study and a Selection," by G. Bul-
lett) *Lit. R.*, May 29, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., May 30, '25
- Seiffert, Marjorie Allen—Glacial Bloom ("Heliodora,
and Other Poems," by "H. D.") *Poetry*, Dec., '24
- Seymour, George Steele—The Poetry of Richard
Kirk *Step Lad.*, Oct., '24
- Poets of America ("Poets of America," by
Clement Wood) *Step Lad.*, June, '25
- Sherry, Laura—Desert Complexes ("The Enchanted
Mesa," by G. W. Dresbach) *Voices*, Nov., '24
- Shipley, Joseph T.—Song of the South ("Skyline
and Horizens," by D. Heyward) *Lit. R.*, Aug. 9, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 10, '24
- Verse Versus Prose *Guardian*, Feb., '25
- The Growth of Sounds ("Studies in English
Rhythms from Surrey to Pope," by H. C.
Wyld) *Guardian*, Feb., '25
- Against Time ("Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A.
Robinson) *Lit. R.*, Apr. 4, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Apr. 5, '25
- An Authentic Poet Swings an Ax On Some of
His Fellow Craftsmen ("Poets of America,"
by C. Wood) *Lit. R.*, May 16, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., May 17, '25

- Strong Language ("Poets of American" by
Clement Wood) *Voices*, May-June, '25
- Siegrist, Mary—Poems that Have the Wand of
Ariel ("The Wandering Eros," by M. B.
Bianchi) *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, June 7, '25
- Skinner, Constance Lindsay—The Aztec Poets
Poetry, Spanish-American No. June, '25
- Skinner, Henrietta Dana—In Old New England
("Authors and Friends," by Annie Fields)
Commonweal, Feb. 25, '25
- Smith, Harry B.—Byron: His Books and Autographs
Scribner's, Sept. '24
- Smith, Logan Pearsall—Michael Field *Dial*, Feb. '25
- Smith, Mary Adams—Writing Sentiments For
Greeting Cards *Writers'*, Oct., '24
- Snow, Royall—Paths and Bye-Paths in Paradise
(Three Religious Poets—Herbert, Donne,
Crashaw) *Dbl. Dlr.*, July, '25
- Souday, Paul—M. Francis Jammes, Poet and Nove-
list *N. Y. T. B. Rev.*, May 24, '25
- Strachey, J. St. Loe—Facsimiles of Early Editions
of English Poetry ("Thomas Gray: Ode of a
Distant Prospect of Eton College"; "Alexan-
der Pope: On the Characters of Women";
"John Dryden: Mac Flecknoe"; "William
Shenstone: The Schoolmistress")
N. Y. T. B. Rev., Mar. 1, '25
- Sterling, Hope—Hassan ("Hassan," by J. E. Flecker)
Lin. Lore, Dec. '24
- Stork, Charles Wharton—Consonantal Color
Cont. V., Aug., '24
- Rhyme " *Sept.*, '24
- Blank Verse " *Oct.*, '24
- An Indispensable Book ("Studies in Idealism,"
by H. I. Fausset) *Cont. V.*, Nov., '24
- Choosing a Subject " *Jan.*, '25
- Poetry and Puritanism " *Mar.*, '25
- Street and Study " *May*, '25
- Charles Wharton Stork Discovers Poet with
Qualities of Greatness ("Jupiters Moons," by
G. N. Carver) *Lit. R.*, May 2, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, May 3, '25
- The Source of Imagery *Cont. V.*, June, '25
- A Summer Drift " *July*, '25
- Strobel, Marion—Mellowness ("Spring Thunder,
and Other Poems," by Mark Van Doren)
Poetry, Feb., '25
- Swett, Margery —Peaceful Beauty ("Hill Solitudes")
by B. Rosenbaum *Poetry*, Aug., '24
- Dreamer and Satirist ("Prophet and Fool," by
Louis Golding) *Poetry*, Sept., '24
- The Laureate They Deserve " *Oct.*, '24

- A Book of the Desert ("The Enchanted Mesa,
and Other Poems," by G. W. Dresbach *Poetry*, Oct., '24
- Poetry and the Listening Ear *Writer's M.*, Nov., '24
- Free Verse Again *Poetry*, Dec., '24
- Here Again is Mr. Vierick " *Jan.*, '25
- Song and Philosophy ("Turning Earth," by
Power Dalton) *Poetry*, Mar., '25
- The Intellectual Element in Poetry
Writer's M., Apr., '25
- Taggard, Genevieve—Emily Dickinson ("Life and
Letters of Emily Dickinson," by M. D. Bian-
chi; "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickin-
son") *Nation*, Oct. 8, '24
- Miss Lowell's Keats ("John Keats," by Amy
Lowell) *Nation*, June 10, '25
- Tanaquil, Paul—Manna in the Grand Manner
Voices, Nov., '24
- Sacred Relic ("Flame and Dust," by Vincent
Starrett) *Voices*, Feb., '25
- Tate, Allen—If We Shall Have Messiahs ("The
New Spoon River," by E. L. Masters)
Guardian, May-June, '25
- Brilliant Decoration ("The Thirteenth Caesar,"
by S. Sitwell; "Out of the Flame," by O.
Sitwell) *New Rep.*, July 29, '25
- Teall, Gardner—Presidents as Poets
Golden Galleon, Spring, '25
- Thompson, Roy Towner—Book Notes ("In Earthen
Bowls," by N. B. Miller; "Voices of the
Wind," by V. McCormick; "Rosy Thorn," by
E. C. Elliott; "Our Dead Selves," by P. Eld-
ridge; "In the Southland, and Other Poems,"
by L. C. Schultz) *Lyric West*, Dec., '24
- A Scholar-Poet ("Poems," by C. M. Lewis)
Lyric West, Feb., '25
- Minor Poets " *Mar.*, '25
- Japanese Hokku " *Apr.*, '25
- Connotation " *May*, '25
- Amy Lowell *Lyric West*, June-July, '25
- Tinker, Chauncey Brewster—Assault Upon the Poets
Yale Rev., July, '25
- Towne, Charles Hanson—A Visit With Masefield
Bookman, Jan., '25
- Towse, J. Rankin—Shakespeare's Sonnets ("The
Shakespearean Enigma and an Elizabethan
Mania," by J. F. Forbis) *Lit. R.*, Feb. 7, '25
- James Elroy Flecker's Premature Death was a
Great Loss to Poetry ("The Life of James
Elroy Flecker," by Geraldine Hodgson),
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Feb. 8, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, June 28, '25

- Turner, Arthur R.—Preacher and Pagan ("John Donne," by H. L'Anson Fausset) *Lit. R.*, Apr. 25, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledy., Apr. 26, '25
- Untermeyer, Louis—Five American Poets ("New Hampshire," by R. Frost; "The Harp-Weaver, and Other Poems," by E. St. Vincent Millay; "Harmonium," by W. Stevens; "Body of This Death," by L. Bogan; "An Outland Piper," by D. Davidson) *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '24
 Seven Against Realism ("The Man Who Died Twice," by E. A. Robinson; "Out of the Silence, and Other Poems," by A. D. Ficke; "The Happy Marriage," by A. MacLeish; "Apples Here in My Basket," by H. Hoyt; "The Ancient Beautiful Things," by F. S. Davis; "Chills and Fever," by J. C. Ransom) *Yale Rev.*, July, '25
- Utter, Robert P.—"Such Compulsion Doth in Music Lie" (a "demand for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Poetry")
Univ. of So. Cal. Chronicle, Oct., '24
- Van Doren, Mark—Spoon River, Illinois ("The New Spoon River," by E. L. Masters) *Nation*, Oct. 8, '24
 First Glance ("The Sleeping Beauty," by Edith Sitwell; "Chills and Fever," by J. C. Ransom) *Nation*, Oct. 22, '24
 First Glance ("Pascal D'Angelo, Son of Italy") *Nation*, Dec. 17, '24
 First Glance ("Tamar, and Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers) *Nation*, Mar. 11, '25
 First Glance ("Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson) *Nation*, Apr. 15, '25
 First Glance ("Troubadour," by A. Kreymborg) *Nation*, May 6, '25
 First Glance ("Sonata, and Other Poems," by John Erskine) *Nation*, May 27, '25
 First Glance ("First Poems," by Edwin Muir) *Nation*, June 24, '25
 First Glance: "XLI. Poems," by E. E. Cummings *Nation*, July 8, '25
- Vinal, Harold—Creme De Menthe Frappe ("The Sleeping Beauty," by Edith Sitwell) *Voices*, Nov., '24
- The Happy Child ("Selected Poems," by W. H. Davies) *Voices*, May-June, '25
- Von Klenze, Camille—Brandes's Goethe ("Wolf-gang Goethe," by Georg Brandes) *Nation*, Dec. 10, '24
- W., G.—Concerning the Sitwells *Lit. R.*, Sept. 27, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledy., Sept. 28, '24
- Wade, Isaac W.—"Bobbed Prose" *Buccaneer*, Jan., '25

- Wagstaff, Blanche Shoemaker—Three Singers
("Tides," by F. L. White; "Sometimes," by
M. R. Smith; "Indian Summer," by A. Scud-
der) *Voices*, Apr., '25
- Walker, Frances A.—The Debt of English to Italian
Literature *Magat*, June, '25
- Walrond, Eric—A Negro Anthology ("An Anthol-
ogy of Verse by American Negroes," by New-
man Ivey White and Clinton Jackson, with
an Introduction by James Hardy Dillard)
New Rep., Sept. 10, '24
- Walsh, James J.—Physicians, Poets and Suicides
Commonweal, July 1, '25
- Walsh, Thomas—"Knight Errant, and Other
Poems," by Sister M. Madeleva
Commonweal, Jan. 7, '25
- "Dionysus in Doubt," by E. A. Robinson
Commonweal, May 13, '25
- The Collected Yeats "Nov. 19, '24
- Walton, Eda Lou—Within an Orchard ("A Far
Land," by M. Ostenso; "A Tree in Bloom," by
H. Flanner) *Measure*, May, '25
- Wann, Louis—The "New" Spoon River ("The New
Spoon River," by E. L. Masters)
Lyric West, Jan., '25
- Browning's Theory of Love *Per'st*, Jan., '25
- Warner, Arthur—Folk-Lore of the Fo'c'le ("Roll
and Go; Songs of American Sailormen," by
Joanna C. Colcord) *Nation*, Apr. 15, '25
- Warren, Robert Penn—Chills and Fever ("Chills
and Fever," by J. C. Ransom) *Voices*, Nov., '24
- The Flaming Terrapin ("The Flaming Terra-
pin," by Roy Campbell) *Voices*, Jan., '25
- "Sunrise Trumpets," by J. Auslander
Fugitive, Mar., '25
- Weaver, Raymond—Aldous Huxley *Bookman*, Nov., '24
- Wescott, Glenway—Concerning Miss Moore's "Ob-
servations" ("Observations," by M. Moore)
Dial, Jan., '25
- Whatley, W. A.—A Mexican Popular Ballad (with
Music)
Publications of Texas Folk-Lore Soc., No. IV., May, '25
- Whicher, George F.—Songs of Sailormen ("Roll
and Go; Songs of American Sailormen," by
J. Colcord) *Lit. R.*, Jan. 10, '25
- Phila. Pub. Ledg.*, Jan. 11, '25
- Widdemer, Margaret—Pierrot Again ("Loves and
Losses of Pierrot," by W. Griffith) *Voices*, Dec., '24
- Williams, Stanley T.—New Letters About Poe
Yale Rev., July, '25
- Williams, William Carlos—Marianne Moore *Dial*, May, '25
- H. D.'s Collected Poems Recall Author's Dash

- Into Raging Deep ("Collected Poems of
H. D.) *Lit. Rev.*, May 23, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., May 24, '25
- Wilson, Edmund—Mr. Hemingway's Dry-Points
("Three Stories and Ten Poems"; "In Our
Time," by Ernest Hemingway) *Dial*, Oct., '24
Notes on Modern Literature (Arthur Rimbaud)
New Rep., Dec. 24, '24
- T. S. Eliott and the Seventeenth Century
("Homage to Dryden," by T. S. Eliott)
New Rep., Jan. 7, '24
- Catullus and Horace ("Catullus and His In-
fluence," by K. P. Harrington; "Horace and
His Influence," by G. Showerman) *Dial*, Feb., '25
- W. B. Yeats *New Rep.*, Apr. 15, '25
- Paul Valery ("Le Serpent," by Paul Valery,
with a Translation into English by Mark
Wardle, and an Introduction by T. S. Eliot;
("Paul Valery," by Albert Thibaudet) *Dial*, June, '25
- Two Views of Byron ("Byron: The Last Jour-
ney," by H. Nicholson; "The Political Career
of Lord Byron," by D. N. Raymond) *Dial*, June, '25
- Wilson, James Southall—Apollo in Doubt ("An An-
thology of Pure Poetry," by G. Moore; "New
Poems," by J. Drinkwater; "Bitter Brew,"
by C. Y. Rice; "Sonata, and Other Poems,"
by J. Erskine; "Earth Moods," by H. Allen;
"The New Snoon River," by E. L. Masters;
"Collected Poems by H. D."; "Dionysus in
Doubt," by E. A. Robinson)
Va. Quarterly Rev., July, '25
- Winters, Yvor—"Holiday and Day of Wrath" ("Ob-
servations," by Marianne Moore) *Poetry*, Apr., '25
- Wood, Clement—Tom-a-Bedlam *Lit. R.*, Aug. 9, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 10, '24
- The Tired Poet ("Spring Thunder, and Other
Poems," by Mark Van Doren) *Voices*, Feb., '25
- The Sonnet in America " *Mar.*, '25
- History of the Standard Art Company
Wd. Tmrow, Mar., '25
- Young, James C.—Edwin Markham Wins the Con-
test for a Poem on Edgar Allan Poe
N. Y. T. B. Rev., June 7, '25
- Yust, Walter—A Poet Who Stands Alone ("Com-
plete Poems of Emily Dickinson") *Lit. R.*, Aug. 9, '24
Phila. Pub. Ledg., Aug. 10, '24
- In the Words of the Poet, "Gayly the Trouba-
dour Sings About His Life—and More"
Lit. R., June 20, '25
Phila. Pub. Ledg., June 21, '25
- Zeitlin, Jake—Three Ironies *S. W. Rev.*, Apr., '25

A Selected List of Books About Poets and Poetry Published During 1924 - 1925

Alden, Raymond MacDonald. *A Shakespeare Handbook*
(new Edition). F. S. Crofts & Co.: New York.
Anthony Munday. *The English Romayne Lyfe*, 1582.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

Barber Shop Ballads. A Book of Close Harmony. Edited
by Sigmund Spaeth. Foreword by Ring Lardner.

Bett, Henry. *Nursery Rhymes and Tales. Their Origin*
and History. Henry Holt & Co.

Birrell, Augustine. *More Obiter Dicta* (paper on Byron's
Letters.) Charles Scribner's Sons.

Boyd, Ernest. *Studies from Literatures* (contains a chap-
ter on certain hyphenated poets).

Bradford, Gamaliel. *Bare Souls* (studies of Gray, Cow-
per, Keats, etc.) Harper & Brothers.

Brennecke, Jr., Ernest. *The Life of Thomas Hardy.*
Greenberg, Publisher, Inc.

Brennecke, Jr., Ernest. *Thomas Hardy's Universe. A*
Study of a Poet's Mind. Small, Maynard & Co.

Bridges, Horace James. *Our Fellow Shakespeare. How*
Every Man May Enjoy His Works. Pascal Covici.

Bruce, Harold. *William Blake in His World.*
Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Bullett, Gerald. *Walt Whitman. A Study and a Selec-*
tion. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Carpenter, George Rice. *Walt Whitman.*
The Macmillan Co.

Century Types of English Literature. Chronologically
Arranged. Edited by George William McClelland
and Albert C. Baugh. The Century Co.

Chambers, E. K. *The Disintegration of Shakespeare*
(British Academy Lecture for 1924).

Colvin, Sidney. *John Keats. His Life and Poetry, His*
Friends, Critics and After-Fame (new edition).
Charles Scribner's Sons.

Croce, Benedetto. *European Literature in the Nineteenth*
Century (translated by Douglas Ainslie).
Alfred A. Knopf.

Daly, T. A. *Herself and the Houseful. The Poet's Auto-*
biography. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

- D'Angelo, Pascal. *Pascal D'Angelo, Son of Italy.*
The Macmillan Co.
- Dennis, Charles H. *Eugene Field's Creative Years.*
Doubleday, Page & Co.
- Drinkwater, John. *The Muse in Council. Being Essays on Poets and Poetry.*
Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Elton, Oliver. *A Sheaf of Papers* (studies of Hamlet, Milton, Poetic Romancers, etc.).
Small, Maynard & Co.
- Fausset, Hugh L'Anson. *John Donne. A Study in Discord.*
Harcourt, Brace & Co.
- Ferber, Maurice. *Lord Byron. A Play in Eight Scenes.*
D. Appleton & Co.
- Flickinger, Roy C. *Songs for the Latin Club* (Latin words with Musical Score of the Songs).
University of Chicago Press.
- Forbis, John F. *The Shakespearean Enigma, and an Elizabethan Mania.*
American Library Service.
- Fort, J. A. *The Two Dated Sonnets of Shakespeare.*
Oxford University Press.
- Fripp, Edgar I. *Master Richard Quyny. Bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon and Friend of William Shakespeare.*
Oxford University Press.
- Gest, John Narshall. *The Old Yellow Book. Source of Browning's The Ring and the Book.*
The Chipman Law Publishing Co.
- Gingerich, Solomon Francis. *Essays in the Romantic Poets.*
The Macmillan Co.
- Haight, Elizabeth Hazelton. *Horace and His Art of Enjoyment.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Haines, C. M. *Shakespeare in France. Criticism, Voltaire to Victor Hugo.*
Oxford University Press.
- Hardy, Thomas. *Life and Art. Essays, Notes and Letters Collected for the First Time, with an Introduction by Ernest Brennecke, Jr.*
Greenberg, Publisher, Inc.
- Harrison, G. B. *Thomas Nashe. Pierce Penilesse, His Supplication to the Divell, 1592.*
E. P. Dutton & Co.
- Hazlitt, William. *Lectures on the English Poets* (new Edition, World's Classics Series).
Oxford University Press.
- Henson, Herbert Hensley. *Byron. The Rede Lecture for 1924.*
The Macmillan Co.
- Herford, C. H. *A Sketch of the History of Shakespeare's Influence on the Continent.*
Longmans, Green & Co.
- Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. *The Poetry of John Greenleaf Whittier.*
The Macmillan Co.
- Hodgson, Geraldine. *The Life of James Elroy Flecker. From Letters and Materials Provided by His Mother.*
Houghton Mifflin Co.

- Hopkins, R. Thurston. *The Kipling Country*.
D. Appleton & Co.
- Hotson, J. Leslie. *The Death of Christopher Marlowe*.
Harvard University Press.
- Hubbard, Frank G., Editor. *The First Quarto Edition of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. With Introduction and Notes*.
University of Wisconsin.
- Hulst, Cornelia Steketee. *Homer and the Prophets*.
The Open Court Publishing Co.
- Iijima, Ikuzo. *Langland and Chaucer. A Study of the Two Types of Genius in English Poetry*.
The Four Seas Co.
- Jerrold, Walter, Editor. *The Book of Story Poems*.
Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Jones, Rufus M. *Mysticism of Robert Browning*.
The Macmillan Co.
- Kaufman, Paul. *Outline Guide to Shakespeare*.
The Century Co.
- Kowalsky, Humphrey. *Ukrainian Folk Songs*.
The Stratford Co.
- Kreymborg, Alfred. *Troubadour (A Poet's Autobiography)*.
Boni & Liveright.
- Lowell, Amy. *John Keats*.
Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Madeleva, Sister M. *Chaucer's Nuns, and Other Essays. With an Introduction by B. H. Lehman*.
D. Appleton & Co.
- Mackall, J. W. *Bentley's Milton*.
Oxford University Press.
- MacKenzie, Agnes Mure. *The Women in Shakespeare's Plays. A Critical Study from the Dramatic and the Psychological Points of View*.
Doubleday, Page & Co.
- Mayne, Ethel Colburn. *Byron (new edition)*.
Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Megroz, R. L. *Walter de la Mare. A Biographical and Critical Study*.
George H. Doran Co.
- Morley, F. V. *Dora Wordsworth, Her Book*.
Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Morton, Beatrice. *Negro Poetry in American*.
The Stratford Co.
- Moulton, Richard G. *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Thinker (new edition)*.
The Macmillan Co.
- Murray, Gilbert. *The Rise of the Greek Epic. Being a Course of Lectures Delivered at Harvard University*.
Oxford University Press.
- Noyes, Alfred. *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry*.
Frederick A. Stokes Co.
- Paul, Herbert W. *The Poetry of Matthew Arnold*.
The Macmillan Co.

- Phelps, Ruth Shepard. *Italian Silhouettes* (studies of Carducci, Annie Vivanti. Ada Negri, etc.). Alfred A. Knopf.
- Phelps, William Lyon. *The Poetry of William Cullen Bryant*. The Macmillan Co.
- Powicke, Frederick J. *A Life of the Reverend Richard Baxter, 1615-1691*. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Priestly, J. B. *Figures in Modern Literature* (studies of W. de la Mare, A. F. Housman, G. Santayana, J. C. Squire, etc.). Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur. *Adventures in Criticisms* (among the essays are studies on "Excursionists in Poetry," "Poets on Their Own Art," "Who Wrote the Odyssey?" etc.). G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Redfield, Bessie G. *Aid to Rhyme*. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Reed, Amy Louise. *The Background of Gray's Elegy. A Study in the Taste for Melancholy Poetry, 1700-1751*. Columbia University Press.
- Reilly, Joseph J. *Newman as a Man of Letters*. The Macmillan Co.
- Rickford, Edgell. *Rimbaud. The Boy and the Poet*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- Roman Literature in Translation. Selected and Edited by George Howe and Gustave Adolphus Harrer*. Harper & Brothers.
- Rusk, Ralph Leslie. *The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier. 2 vols.* Columbia University Press.
- Sands, P. C. *Literary Genius of the Old Testament* (study of its prose and poetry). Oxford University Press.
- Saurat, Denis. *Blake and Milton*. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press.
- Scott, John A. *Homer and His Influence*. Marshall Jones Co.
- Simpson, Evelyn M. *A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne* (with an exposition of Donne's poetry). Oxford University Press.
- Smith, J. A. *The Nature of Art. An Open Letter to the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford*. Oxford University Press.
- Smyth, Herbert Weir. *Aeschylean Tragedy*. University of California Press.
- Southey, Robert. *The Lives and Works of the Uneducated Poets* (new edition). Oxford University Press.
- Studies in the First Folio 1623-1923. Written for the Shakespeare Association in Celebration of the First Folio Tercentenary. By M. H. Spielmann, R. Crompton Rhodes and Others. With an Introduction by Sir Israel Gollancz.* Oxford University Press.

Sukes, H. Dugdale. *Sidelights of Elizabethan Drama. A Series of Studies Dealing with the Authorship of Six Seventeenth Century Plays.*

Oxford University Press.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. Explained and Translated into French. By Fabre D'Olivet. Done into English by Nayan Louise Redfield.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Literary Spotlight. With a Preface by John Farrar (studies of E. A. Robinson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, A. Lowell, etc.). George H. Doran Co.

The Lyric Portions of Two Dramas of Euripides Iphigenia at Aulis. Iphigenia Among the Taurians. Set to Music by James Peers Newhall.

C. W. Thompson & Co.

The Negro and His Songs. A Study of Typical Negro Songs in the South. By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson.

Univ. of No. Car. Press.

The Poets of the Greek Anthology. A Comparison Volume to The Girdle of Aphrodite. Translated by F. A. Wright. With Biographical and Critical Prefaces.

E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Song of Roland. Newly Translated into English, with an Introduction by Jessie Crosland.

Oxford University Press.

The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. A study with the Text of the Folio of 1623. By George MacDonald. With an Introduction by Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

E. P. Dutton & Co.

Tuell, Anne Kimball. *Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation.*

E. P. Dutton & Co.

Wilkinson, Marguerite. *The Way of the Makers.*

The Macmillan Co.

Wilson, Violet. *Society Women of Shakespeare's Time.*

E. P. Dutton & Co.

Wood, Clement. *Poets of America.*

E. P. Dutton & Co.

Volumes of Poems

Published During 1924 - 1925

- Anonymous. *Random Rhymes*.
 Boston: Published by the Author.
- A Bookfellow Anthology. The Bookfellows: Chicago
- Abbott, Charles Leo. *Thoughts on the Great Northland,
 and Other Poems*. The Stratford Co.
- Acton, Harold, and Qunnell, Peter. *Oxford Poetry*, 1924
 D. Appleton & Co.
- Adams, Franklin P. *So Much Velvet*.
 Doubleday, Page & Co.
- Adams, John Quincy. *Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas.
 A Selection of Plays Illustrating the History of
 the English Drama from its Origin to Shakespeare*.
 Houghton Mifflin Co.
- A.E. *Voices of Stones* The Macmillan Co.
- Aiken, Conrad, Editor.. *Selected Poems, by Emily Dick-
 inson*. Jonathan Cape, Ltd.: London.
- Aldington, Richard. *A Fool & the Forest*.
 Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press
- Aldington, Richard. *Exile, and Other Poems*.
 The Four Seas Co.
- Allen, Hervey. *Earth Moods, and Other Poems*.
 Harper & Brothers.
- An Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.
 by Thomas Gray. Oxford University Press.
- Apré La Guerre. By Captain John George McKay.
*Edited, with a Memoir and the Tributes of Friends,
 by Neilson Campbell Hannay*.
 The Fort Hill Press, Samuel Usher: Boston.
- Atwater, Richard. *Rickety Rimes*.
 Robert O. Ballou: Chicago.
- Austin Dobson. *An Anthology of Prose and Verse. With
 a Foreword by Edmund Gosse*.
 Oxford University Press.
- Babcock, Edwina Stanton. *Nantucket Windows*.
 The Little Book House: Nantucket.
- Bacon, Leonard. *Ph. D.'s Male and Female Created He
 Them*. Harper & Brothers.
- Baldwin, Faith. *Sign Posts*. Small, Maynard & Co.
- Baring, Maurice, Editor. *The Oxford Book of Russian
 Verse*. Oxford University Press.
- Beachley, Elizabeth. *The Coconut Slide, and Others*.
 The Stratford Co.
- Beebe, Lucius M. *Corydon, and Other Poems*.
 B. J. Brimmer Co.
- Benét, William Rose. *Poems for Youth. An American
 Anthology*. E. P. Dutton & Co.

- Bickley, Beulah Vick. *Love's Tapestry*.
B. J. Brimmer Co.
- Bianchi, Martha Dickinson. *The Wandering Eros*.
Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Binyon, Laurence, *Editor*. *The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics*.
The Macmillan Co.
- Blamfield, Charles. *Basic Aims*. The Bailey Press: Boston.
- Blunt, Hugh F. *The Book of the Mother of God*.
The Magnificat Press: Manchester, N. H.
- Booth-Smithson, Alice Hill. *Songs of Gladness*.
Boston: Published by the Author.
- Braithwaite, William Stanley. *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1924 and Yearbook of American Poetry*.
B. J. Brimmer Co.
- Brett-Smith, H. F. B., *Editor*. *The Shepherd's Week. In Six Pastorals by Mr. J. Gay*. D. Appleton & Co.
- Brush, Frederic. *Susquehanna*. The Mosher Press.
- Buck, Katherine, *Translator*. *Dietrich of Bern and His Companions. Preceded by the Saga of Wayland Smith. Part I. The Song of Wayland*.
A. H. Mayhew: London.
- Buchan, John, *Editor*. *The Northern Muse. An Anthology of Scott's Vernacular Poetry*.
Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Burns, Robert. *Songs and Ballads. With Illustrations by Nora England*. George H. Doran Co.
- Burton, Sir Richard. *The Kasidah of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi*. Alfred A. Knopf.
- Bynner, Witter. *Young Harvard. First Poems of Witter Bynner. With a Foreword by Dr. Kuno Franke*.
Alfred A. Knopf.
- Cabell, James Branch. *From the Hidden Way. Dizain des Echos*. Robert M. McBride & Co.
- Campbell, Roy. *The Flaming Terrapin*.
Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press.
- Carver, Gertrude Nason. *Jupiter's Moons*. Dorrance & Co.
- Chalmers, Patrick. *Pancakes*.
The Poetry Bookshop: London.
- Cloud, Virginia Woodward. *Candlelight*.
The Norman, Remington Co.
- Coblentz, Stanton A., *Editor*. *Modern American Lyrics*.
Minton, Balch & Co.
- Code, Grant. *Volume Two*.
Cambridge: Published by the Author.
- Coffin, Robert P. Tristram. *Christchurch*.
Thomas Seltzer.
- Cole, Cornelius. *Ideals in Verse*. The Times-Mirror Press.
- Cole, Samuel Valentine. *Goals Afar*. Marshall Jones Co.
- Conkling, Grace Hazard. *Ship's Log, and Other Poems*.
Alfred A. Knopf.
- Conkling, Hilda. *Silverhorn. The Hilda Conkling Book For Other Children*.
Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Copy 1925. Stories, Plays, Poems and Essays. Selected by Blanche Colton Williams, Dorothy Brewster and Others. Introduction by Donald Lemen Clark.

D. Appleton & Co.
Cox, Edwin Marion. *The Poems of Sappho. With Historical and Critical Notes, Translations, and a Bibliography.* Charles Scribner's Sons.

Cox, John Harrington, Editor. *Folk-Songs of the South. Collected Under the Auspices of the West Virginia Folk-Lore Society.* Harvard University Press.

Crosby, Caresse. *Crosses of Gold.* Paris: Albert Messein.

Crowell, Joshua Freeman, and Crowell, Florence Hathaway, Editors. *Cape Cod in Poetry.*

The Four Seas Co.

Cummings, E. E. *XLI. Poems.*

Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press.

Curran, G. E. *The Last Judgment.*

The Courier Press: Zanesville, Ohio.

D., H. *Collected Poems.*

Boni & Liveright

Darlington, James Henry. *Verses by the Way. Second Series. With Forewords by His Friends Henry Van Dyke and Edwin Markham.* Brentano's.

Davies, W. H. *Selected Poems.* Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Day, Sarah J. *Wayfares and Wings.*

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

De Leeuw, Adele. *Berries of the Bittersweet.*

B. J. Brimmer Co.

Deming, Judson Keith. *Vagrant Verses and Random Rhymes.* The Four Seas Co.

Die Schonste Lengevitch. By K. M. S. *With an Introduction by Richard Atwater.* (Humorous verse in German-English dialect.) Pascal Coviell.

Dobson, Austin. *Selected Poems.* (Revised and enlarged edition in World's Classics Series.)

Oxford University Press.

Dow, Dorothy. *Will-o'-the-Wisp.*

Boni & Liveright

Doty, William Kavanaugh. *Between Dawn and Sunrise. Verses of Illusion.* The Norman, Remington Co.

Draves, Albert. *The Iron String.*

Dorrance & Co.

Drinkwater, John. *New Poems.*

Houghton Mifflin Co.

Drinkwater, John, Editor. *An Anthology of English Poetry.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

Dukes, Ashley, English translator. *The Swallow-Book (Das Schwalbenbuch, by Ernst Toller).*

Oxford University Press.

Dunn, S. G., Editor. *Tennyson: Selected Poems.*

Oxford University Press.

Elliston, George. *Through Many Windows.*

B. J. Brimmer Co.

Emmons, Elise. *The Parliament of Birds, and Other Poems.* The Christopher Publishing House.

Erskine, John. *Sonata, and Other Poems.* Duffield & Co.

Erwin, Hugh. *Drifted Leaves*.

The Marmor Book & Art Shop: New York.
Farrington, Harry Webb. *Rough and Brown (Spirituals)*.

Rough and Brown Press: Bradley Beach, N. J.
Faulkner, William. *The Marble Faun*. The Four Seas Co.
Fifty New Poems for Children. An Anthology.

D. Appleton & Co.
Fisher, Arthur William. *Niagara, and Other Poems*.

The Christopher Publishing House.
Fletcher, Francis. *The Banquet, and Other Poems*.

Dorrance & Co.
Folk Songs of French Canada. Collected and Edited by
Marius Barbeau and Edward Sapir.

Yale University Press.
Foster, Agnes Greene. *Your Happy Way, and Other
Verses for Occasions*. The Stratford Co.

Frantz, Milton Newberry. *Odd-Moment Verses*.
Collegeville, Pa.: Published by the Author.

Fraser, David B. *A Yankee Tale of Rome*. An Historical
Poem. The Christopher Publishing House.

Frederick, France. *Just Echoes*.
Frederick H. Hitchcock: New York.

Garrett, Erwin Clarkson. *Jenghiz Khan, and Other
Verses*. The John C. Winston Co.

Gibson, Charles Hammond. *Year Book of Poems*.
Published by the Boston Chapter of the

American Literary Association.
Gibbs, Winifred Stuart. *The Children's Book of Food
Verses*. M. Barrows & Co.

Goodman, William McDonald. *From Down South*.
The A. J. Showalter Co.: Dalton, Ga.

Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle. As She Saw
it from the Belfry. (New Edition).

Houghton Mifflin Co.
Gray, Alexander, Editor and Translator. *Songs and Bal-
lads, Chiefly from Heine*. Covici McGee Co.

Greenbie, Marjorie Barstow. *Ashes of Roses*.
The Rider Press, Inc.: New York.

Griffith, William. *Loves and Losses of Pierrot*.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

Grissom, Irene Welch. *The Passing of the Desert*.
The Country Life Press.

Guiterman, Arthur. *A Poet's Proverbs*. *Being Mirthful,
Sober, and Fanciful Epigrams on the Universe*.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

Guiterman, Arthur. *The Laughing Muse; The Mirthful
Lyre; The Light Guitar*, 3 vols.
Harper & Brothers.

Halkett, Sarah Phelps Stokes (Aunt Sadie). *Elf King's
Flowers*. E. P. Dutton & Co.

- Hanes, Ernest and McCoy, Jane. *Readings in Literature* (selections from Shakespeare, Schiller, Tennyson, Morris, etc.) The Macmillan Co.
- Harrison, Alan. *Poems*. The Sheldon Press: Lynn, Mass.
- Hart, Nina. *Blazed Trails*. The Four Seas Co.
- Haynes, Louise Marshall. *Through the Church Door*. With Pictures by Clara Atwood Fitts.
- Hen-Toh (Wyandot). *Yon-Doo-Shah-We-Ah (Nubbins)*. Harlow Publishing Co.: Oklahoma City.
- Henderson Daniel. *A Harp in the Wind. Lyrics from a Garden, and Songs of City, Sea and Road*. D. Appleton & Co.
- Herschell, William. *Meet the Folks*. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- Heyer, George. *The Retrospect of Francois Villon. Being the Rendering into English Verse of Huitain's I. to XLI. of Le Testament and of the Three Ballades to which they lead*. Oxford University Press.
- Hill, William Earl. *The Voice of the Seven Thunders, and Other Poems*. The Four Seas Co.
- Hodgson, Ralph. *Poems*. The Macmillan Co.
- Hunter, Irene, Editor. *American Mystical Verse. An Anthology*. D. Appleton & Co.
- Irani, D. J. *The Divine Songs of Zarathushtra. With an Introduction by Rabindranath Tagore*. The Macmillan Co.
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Poetry Prize Contests, with the Awards and Winners for the Year. August, 1924—July, 1925

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
The Dial Prize.....	\$2000.00		Marianne Moore
Pulitzer Prize.....	\$1000.00	The Man Who Died Twice....	Edwin Arlington Robinson
Poetry Society of South Carolina: The Blindman Prize..... Honorably Mention..... The Southern Prize..... Carolina Sinkler Prize for the Best book of poems by a Southerner	250.00.... 100.00.... 50.00.... 15.00....	Coal Black Jesus..... The Lost Grove..... Chills and Fever..... Noches	Keene Wallis Frederick R. McCreary Karle Wilson Baker John Crowe Ransom Elizabeth H. Boatwright
Drama League of America Prize for the best religious drama	200.00 ...	Saint Claudia (poetic play) ...	Marshall Gould

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Prizes:			
The Helen Haire Levinson Prize	\$200.00	Evelyn Ray.....	Amy Lowell
The Anonymous Prize.....	100.00	The Ballad of the Three Sons.....	Amanda Benjamin Hall
The Young Poet's Prize.....	100.00	A Dialogue and Lyrics.....	Marjorie Meeker
The John Reed Prize.....	100.00	Four Horses of the Apocalypse.....	Marya Zaturensky
English Poetry Review Poe Prizes:			
The Poet Cottage Prize (divided)	200.00	London	Lucy Malleson
		New York	Morris Gray
The Poe Prize.....	100.00	Our Israfel—In Memory of Poe.....	Edwin Markham
The Poetry Society of America Prizes:			
For the Best Poem of the year Voted by the Society.....	150.00		
Mrs. William Elder Marcus Prize	100.00		
For the Second Best Poem.....	100.00		
Alva Lane Prize for Best Philosophic Poem	100.00		
The Witter Bynner Undergraduate Prize.....	150.00	Old Ellen Witherspoon, Daphne	Martha E. Keller

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
Honorable Mention			Countée Cullen C. T. Lanham Norman F. Maclean Roberta Teale Swartz Mary Robertson Evans Tom Freeman
The Fugitive Prizes:			
Associated Retailers of Nashville Prize	\$100.00	Poems	Laura Ridding Gottschalk
Ward-Belmont College Prize..	50.00	Far Bugles	Olive Tildford Dargan
Presbyterian Book Store of Nashville Prize	25.00	Poems	Louis Gilmore
The Southern Methodist University Prizes:			
The National Undergraduate Prize	100.00	Blue Northern	Isaac W. Wade
Second Prize		Spring Articulate: Eight Poems	George H. Dillon
Third Prize		A Group of Poems	Roberta Teale Swartz
The Texas Prize	50.00	Blue Northern	Isaac W. Wade
Local Prize	25.00	Within Seven Walls	Dawson Powell
(Donor: William Russell Clark.)			
Kansas Authors' Club Prize....	100.00		Katherine Perkins Briggs

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
The Stratford Monthly Prize:			
First Quarter Prize.....	\$100.00....	The Halt in the Garden.....	Robert Hillyer
Second Quarter Prize divided equally between.....	100.00....	The Blind Men.....	Edward J. O'Brien
		...The Dunes	Harry Kemp
The Nation Prize.....	100.00....	Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana	Eli Siegel
Honorable Mention			Frank Ernest Hill
			Robert Wolf
			Clement Wood
			Joseph Auslander
			Babette Deutsch
			Maxwell Bodenheim
The Foster Ballad Prize.....	50.00		
The Watson Star Poem Prize.. (Donor: Aries Club of Buffalo)	50.00		Evelyn M. Watson
University of Chicago: John Billings Fiske Prize...	50.00....	White Spring	George H. Dillon (Class '27)
Irene Glascok Prize: Intercollegiate Poetry Contest	50.00		Roberta Teale Swartz

Prizes	Awards	Poems	Winners
The Lyric Prizes:			
Isabelle Mercein Tunstall Prize	50.00	Magister Linguisticus	Francis Mason
The Best Sonnet Prize	25.00	The Gulf Stream	Henry Bellamann
Elizabeth Davis Richards Prize		... Conviction	Sally Bruce Kinsolving
Charles Granger Blanden Prize:			
Overland Monthly	50.00	Alien	Nancy Buckley
The Parr-Gere Prize for Poem on Music			
	50.00	tie between: N. O. Lincoln E. Joyce Harrison Winnifred M. Heath	
Contemporary Verse Prizes:			
Five equal awards	40.00	Hervey Allen Marie Emilie Gilchrist William Alexander Percy Clement Wood Margaret Lee Ashley Maxwell Bodenheim Power Dalton Helen Hoyt Margaret Tod Ritter	
Five second awards	20.00		

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
The Best Sonnet Choir Practice	Marguerite Reed
The Bookfellows Prizes:			
Eugenie Du Maurier Ballad Prize	\$25.00		Lucile Kendrick
Mary McKibben Harper Prize	25.00	March-Pipes	
The Laura Blackburn Lyric Prizes: First	25.00	The Tall Gray Cities.....	Mildred Plew Merryman
Second	15.00	Vision	Leslie H. Phinney
Third	10.00	En Passant	Josephine Craven Chandle
Marie Tello Phillips Prize....	25.00	Song for the Rocky Moun- tain Folk.....	Margery Swett
The Minaret Prize:			
Muezzin Prize	25.00	Replying to the Many Kind Friends Who Ask Me if I No Longer Write Poetry...	Shaemas O'Sheel
The Associated Junior League of America Prize.....			
	25.00		Ruth Fitch Barlett

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
Interludes: A Magazine of Verse Prizes:			
The New Members' Prize...	\$10.00	...The Strength of the Hills...	Mary Davis Todd
First Honorable Mention...		...The Pigeons	Eleanor Beverley Smith
Second Honorable Mention		...At the Harbor's Edge.....	James Harvey Spencer
The New Subscriber's Prize.		...Star Dust	Jamie Sexton Holme
		...I Shall Forget.....	Ralph D. Rutenber
Honorable Mention.....		...Zacchaeus	Ruth Evelyn Henderson
American Poetry Magazine Prize:			
Isabel Luke Old Lace Prize.	10.00		Julia Boynton Green
League of American Penwomen Prize	5.00	...Ballad of the Three Trees....	Mary Atwater Taylor
The Sonnet Shop Prizes.....	5.00	...The Will o' the Wisp.....	George O. Taylor
	5.00	...Ballade of Lost Loves.....	Mary-Lou Reis
The Irene Leache Memorial Prizes:			
The Ballad Prize.....		...Dark Ellen	Julia Johnson Davis
The Sonnet Prize.....		...They Sleep So Quietly.....	Virginia Lyne Tunstall
The Blank Verse Prize..		...The Proffered Cup.....	Mary Sinton Leitch
General Federation of Women's Clubs—Literature DivisionHeritage	Lytton Cox

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
Near East Relief Prize on Golden Rule SundayGolden Rule Sunday	Bertha Gerneaux Woods
The Garden Magazine Dahlia Prize			Robert Hillyer
Columbia (New Haven) Prizes: First PrizeChrist in the Morn	Harry A. McGuire
Second PrizeNocturne	Patricia Burns Flinn
Third PrizeShadows	Philip Gray
The Poetry Lovers of America Prizes (Chicago): First PrizeThe Quest	Janet Norris Bangs
Second PrizePigeons on the Art Institute	Bertha E. Jaques
Third PrizeVision	May Thielgaard
The Texas Poetry Society Prizes: The Old South Prize..... (Donor: T. Lindsey)		...Child of Spring.....	Jan Isabelle Fortune
The Alamo PrizeThe Sonnet.....	Hilton Greer

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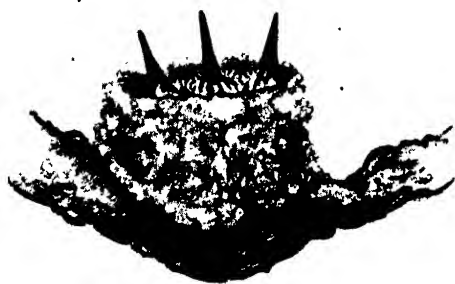
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